



GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

The Renowned
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM,

St. GEORGE of ENGLAND, | St. ANDREW of SCOTLAND,
St. DENIS of FRANCE, | St. PATRICK of IRELAND,
St. JAMES of SPAIN, | And
St. ANTHONY of ITALY, | St. DAVID of WALES;

And their S O N S.

S H E W I N G,

Their Memorable and Glorious Battles by Sea and Land: Their Tilts, Juffs and Tournaments for Ladies: Their Combats with Giants, Monsters, and Dragons: Their Adventures in Foreign Nations: Their Enchantments in the Holy Land: Their Knighthoods, Prowess and Chivalry, in *Europe, Africa and Asia*: With their Victories over the Enemies of CHRIST.

A L S O,

The true Manner and Place of their Deaths, being Seven TRAGEDIES; and how they came to be called the Seven SAINTS OF CHAMPIONS of *Christendom*.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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The Renowned
H I S T O R Y
O F T H E
S E V E N C H A M P I O N S
O F
C H R I S T E N D O M.

C H A P. I.

The strange and wonderful Birth of St. George of England. The Manner of his being cut out of his Mother's Womb, and afterwards stolen from his Nurse, by Kalyb, the Lady of the Woods: Her Love to him, and her Gifts: He incloses her in a Rock of Stone, and redeems six Christian Knights out of Prison.



AFTER the angry Gods had ruined the capital City of *Pbrygia*, and turned King *Priam's* glorious Buildings to a waste and desolate Wilderness, Duke *Aeneas*, driven from his native Habitation, with many of his distressed Countrymen, wandered about the World,

like Pilgrims, to find some happy Region, where they might erect the *Palladium*, or Image of their subverted *Troy*: But before that Labour could be accomplished, *Æneas* ended his Days in the Confines of *Italy*, and left his Son *Ascanius* to govern in his Stead; *Ascanius* dying, left the sovereign Power to *Sylvius*, from whom it descended to the noble and adventurous *Brute*, who, being the fourth in lineal Descent from *Æneas*, first conquered this Island of *Britain*, then inhabited with Monsters, Giants, and a kind of wild People, without any Form of Government: He had no sooner subdued these, but he established good and wholesome Laws, and then first laid the Foundation of *New Troy*, which he named *Troynovant*, but, in Process of Time, it came to be called *London*.

Thus began the Island of *Britain* to flourish, not only in magnificent and sumptuous Buildings, but in courageous and valiant Knights, whose most noble and adventurous Attempts in the truly heroic Feasts of Chivalry, Fame shall draw forth, and rescue from the dark and gloomy Mansions of Oblivion.

The Land was now replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires or Counties: Dukedoms, Earldoms, and Lordships, were the Rewards of Merit, and noble Services performed in Martial Fields, and not bestowed as Bribes to enslave the State, or
given

given to indulge the slothful Pride and Effeminacy of the Panders to their Prince's Lust.

The ancient City of *Coventry* gave Birth to the first *Christian* Hero of *England*, and the first who ever sought Adventures in a Foreign Land; whose Name is to this Day held in high Esteem thro' all Parts of *Europe*, and whose bold and magnanimous Deeds in Arms gave him the Title of *The valiant Knight, St. GEORGE* of *England*, whose Golden Garter is not only worn by Nobles but by Kings, and in Memory of whose Victories the Kings of *England* fight under his Banner. It is the History of this worthy Champion of our native Country, that, by the Assistance of the Heavenly Muse, divine *Caliope*, I have undertaken to write.

Ere Nature yet, and the due Course of Time had called him from the safe Recesses of his Mother's Womb, she dreamed that she had conceived a Dragon, which should cause her Death: This frightful Dream she long kept secret, 'till the painful Burthen grew so heavy, that her Womb was scarce able to endure it; so taking an Opportunity to disclose it to her Lord and Husband, then Lord High Steward of *England*, she spoke to him in this Manner:

My

‘ My Honourable Lord,

‘ You know I am by Birth the Daugh-
‘ ter of a King, of *England’s* King, and
‘ that I have been, for one and twenty
‘ Years, your true and loyal Wife, and yet,
‘ ’till now, had never any Hope of hav-
‘ ing Child, whereby your Name might
‘ survive, when you shall be no more ;
‘ therefore I conjure you, by the Pleasure
‘ of your Youth, and by the dear and na-
‘ tural Love you bear the Infant in my
‘ Womb, that you will seek, by some art-
‘ ful Means, to unfold the mysterious In-
‘ dications of my frightful Dreams, which
‘ for thirty Nights together have dis-
‘ turbed my soft Slumbers. When me-
‘ thought I had conceived a dreadful Dra-
‘ gon that would cause its Parents Death.
‘ Thus *Hecuba*, the beauteous Queen of
‘ *Troy*, when *Paris* was in her Womb,
‘ dreamed, that she had conceived a Fire-
‘ brand, which indeed proved true ; for
‘ this *Paris* having ravished the Paragon
‘ of *Greece*, and brought *Helen* into *Troy*,
‘ the *Grecians*, in Revenge thereof, turned
‘ the Towers of *Ilium* into Flames of Fire.
‘ Therefore, most dear and belov’d Lord,
‘ let us consult how to prevent the like
‘ Danger, and my being Mother of a vi-
‘ perous Son.’

These

These Words struck such Terror to his Heart, that, for a Time, he stood speechless, but having recovered his lost Senses, he answered in this Sort.

‘ My dearest and most beloved Lady,
‘ What Art and Science can perform,
‘ with all convenient Speed shall be es-
‘ say’d; for never will I close my Eyes
‘ ’till I have found some skilful Person, who
‘ will undertake to unfold the mysttick Mean-
‘ ing of these terrifick Dreams.’

This noble Lord leaving the delightful Partner of his Bed, in Company with other Ladies, who came to comfort her in her melancholy Condition, took his Journey to the solitary Walks of *Kalyb*, the wise Lady of the Woods, attended only by a single Knight, who bore under his Arm a white Lamb, which they intended to offer as a Sacrifice to the Enchantress. Thus travelling, for the Space of two Days, they came to a Thicket beset about with old withered and hollow Trees, wherein they were entertained with such dismal croakings of the Night Raven, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Bulls, and roaring of Monsters, that it seemed to be rather the Habitation of Furies than a mortal Dwelling; but here was the dark and dreary Mansion of the enchanting *Kalyb*, Lady of the

the Woods, in the Midst of which she took up her Abode, in a lonely Cave, which had a strong Iron Gate at its Entrance, whereon there hung a Brazen Trump for those to sound, who wanted Audience of the Sorcerers.

The Lord and Knight first offering their Lamb, with all Humility, before the Postern of the Cave, then casting off all Fear, blew the Trump, the Sound of which, with one Blast, seemed to shake the very Foundation of the Earth: After which they heard a loud and hollow Voice utter the following Words:

Sir Knight, from whence thou cam'st return,
Thou hast a Son most strangely born:
A Dragon that shall split in twain
Thy Lady's Womb with racking Pain;
Champion bold, from thence shall spring,
Who'll practice many a wond'rous Thing:
Return, therefore, make no Delay,
For all is true that here I say.

This dark Riddle, or rather mystick Oracle, being thrice repeated in this Order, so much amazed them, that they stood in Doubt whether it were best to return, or sound the brazen Trump a second Time; but the Lord High Steward, being persuaded by the Knight, not to move the Impatience

tience of *Kalyb*, rested content with the Answer she had given them, and, quitting the enchanted Cave, made all the Speed he could to his native Habitation ; but in the mean Time his Lady, being over-charged with the extreme Pain and Anguish of her labouring Womb, was forced either to give up her own Life, or destroy that of the Infant ; but she, regarding more the Benefit of her Country than her own Safety, and for the Preservation of her own Offspring, most willingly committed her tender Womb to be opened, that the Infant might be taken out alive.

Thus after a learned Consultation of many of the most eminent Surgeons, to try if there was any Possibility of saving her, which being found impracticable ; this noble and magnanimous Lady was cast into a deep Sleep, at which Time her Womb being laid open by the proper Instruments of Incision, the Infant was taken alive from the Bed of its Creation. Nature, on his Breast, had pictured the lively Image of a Dragon ; upon his Right-Hand a blood-red Cross, and a Gold Garter on his Left-Leg. He was named *George*, and three Nurses were provided for him, one to give him suck, another to lull and rock him asleep, and the third to prepare his Food. Not many Days after his Nativity, the fell Enchantress *Kalyb*, being an utter Enemy

to all true Nobility, by the Help of Charms and Witchcraft, found Means to steal away the Infant from his careless Nurses.

The Lord High-Steward of *England*, at this Time returning, how were his Expectations frustrated! when instead of the safe Delivery of his Lady, and the Comfort of a Son, he found the one in her cold Grave, and the other carried he knew not whither: The News of these Disasters for a while bereaved him of his Wits, and he stood senseless, like weeping *Niobe*, but at last he broke forth into these bitter Exclamations:

‘ O Heavens! why cover ye not the
 ‘ Earth with everlasting Night? Why do
 ‘ these Eyes accurs’d behold the Sun? O
 ‘ that the Waves of *Oenipus* would end
 ‘ my Days; or you high Mountains crush
 ‘ me with their Fall! Or Heavens! let
 ‘ me rove a wretched Exile and forlorn,
 ‘ in solitary Woods to make my Moan,
 ‘ the senseless Trees, the savage and un-
 ‘ tam’d Beasts, would grieve at Miseries
 ‘ like mine. What Monster has bereav’d
 ‘ me of my Child? What Tyrant’s glut-
 ‘ ted with his Blood? O that the Winds
 ‘ would bring me Tidings of him, tho’
 ‘ from the most distant Quarters of the
 ‘ World, thither would I fly to see him,
 ‘ or

‘ or were he hid beneath the Ocean’s
‘ deepest Floods, thither would I dive to
‘ bring him forth. Or if, like feather’d
‘ Fowls, he wing’d the liquid Air, thither
‘ would I mount to catch him in my Arms,
‘ and embrace him that never yet mine
‘ Eyes beheld. But why do I rave? and
‘ vainly thus exclaim? when neither Earth,
‘ or Air, or Seas, or any Thing in Earth,
‘ Air or Seas, can bring me Comfort.’

Thus complained he many Months for the Loss of his Son, and sent Messengers into every Circuit of the Land, to make Enquiry after him; but no Man was fortunate enough to return with happy Tidings. He therefore storing himself with Gold, and many precious Jewels of an inestimable Value, resolved to travel the World over, to find what he wanted, or to leave his Bones in some remote Region. So leaving his native Country, he wandered from Place to Place, without Success, ‘till, thro’ Care and Age, his Locks were turned to Silver Grey, and his venerable Beard became like Down upon a Thistle: ‘Till at length, quite wearied out with Grief, and fruitless Toil, he laid himself down close by the ruined Walls of a decayed Monastery in the Kingdom of *Bobemia*, and finished his Enquiry, and his Life together. The common People of the Country, coming

ing to the Knowledge of his Name, by a Jewel he wore in his Bosom, caused it to be engraven on a Marble Stone, right over the Place where he was buried : And there we will leave him to sleep in Peace, and return to his Son, still kept by *Kalyb*, the Lady of the Woods, in her enchanted Cave.

And now twice seven Times the Sun had ran his annual Course, and passed through every Sign of the Zodiack, since *Kalyb* had first in Keeping the noble St. *George* of *England*, whose Mind many Times thirsted after honourable Adventures, and who many Times attempted to set himself at Liberty ; but the fell Enchantress, tendering him as the Apple of her Eye, appointed twelve sturdy *Satyrs* to attend his Person, so that neither Force nor Policy could farther his Intent. She kept him not to insult over as a Slave, nor triumph in his Wretchedness, but daily fed his Fancy with all the Delights that Art or Nature could afford ; for she placed her whole Felicity in him, and lusted after his Beauty. But he seeking Glory from Martial Discipline, and Knightly Achievements, utterly refused her proffered Embraces, and highly disdained so wicked a Creature. She, seeing how much he neglected her Love, drawing him to a private Part of the Cave, begun thus to court him to her Arms.

‘ Thou

‘ Thou knowest, Divine Youth, how
‘ eagerly I have sought thy Love, and
‘ how I doat upon thy Manly Charms, yet
‘ thou, more cruel than the *Lybian* Ty-
‘ ger, can’st reject my Sighs and Tears.
‘ But now, my dear Knight, if thou wilt
‘ make me happy in thy wish’d Embrace,
‘ for thy Sake I will shew all the Power
‘ of my magick Charms, move Heaven,
‘ if thou requestest it, to rain down Stones
‘ in Showers upon thy Enemies, I will
‘ convert the Sun and Moon to Fire and
‘ Blood, depopulate whole Regions, and
‘ lay the Face of Nature waste.’

Our noble Knight *St. George*, considering that Love might blind the Wisest, and guessing, by these fair Promises, that he might find an Opportunity to obtain his Liberty, made her this Answer.

‘ Most wise and learned *Kalyb*, thou
‘ Wonder of the World, I will conde-
‘ scend to all thy Heart desires upon these
‘ Conditions: That I may be sole Gover-
‘ nor and Protector of this enchanted Cave,
‘ and that thou discoverest to me my Birth,
‘ my Name and Parentage.’

She very willingly consented to these Terms; and began to answer his Demands as follows: ‘ Thou art by Birth, said she,
No. 1. B Son

14 *The Renowned History of the*

‘ Son to the Lord *Albert*, High Steward
 ‘ of *England*, and from thy Birth to this
 ‘ Day have I kept thee, as my own Child,
 ‘ within these solitary Woods.’ So taking
 him by the Hand, she led him into a Bra-
 zen Castle, wherein remained Prisoners, six
 of the bravest Knights of the whole World.
 ‘ These (said she) are Six worthy Cham-
 ‘ pions of *Christendom*: The first is St.
 ‘ *Denis* of *France*, the second St. *James* of
 ‘ *Spain*, the third St. *Anthony* of *Italy*, the
 ‘ fourth St. *Andrew* of *Scotland*, the fifth
 ‘ St. *Patrick* of *Ireland*, the sixth St. *Da-*
 ‘ *vid* of *Wales*; and thou art born to be
 ‘ the Seventh, thy Name St. *George* of *Eng-*
 ‘ *land*, for so shalt thou be named in Times
 ‘ to come.’

Then leading him a little farther, she
 brought him into a magnificent Building,
 where stood seven of the beautifulest Steeds
 that ever Eye beheld. ‘ Six of these (said
 ‘ she) belong to the Six Champions, and
 ‘ the Seventh, whose Name is *Bayard*, will
 ‘ I bestow on thee.’ Then she led him
 to another Apartment, where hung the
 richest Armour in the World; there choo-
 sing out the strongest Crosslet from her
 Armory, she with her own Hands buckled
 it upon his Breast, laced on his Helmet,
 and dressed him in the Armour; afterwards
 bringing forth a mighty Faulchion, she
 likewise

likewise put it in his Hand, and said to him. ' Thou art now cloathed in richer
' Armour than *Ninus* the first Monarch of
' the World. Thy Steed is of such Force
' and invincible Power, that whilst thou
' art mounted on his Back, no Knight in
' the World shall be able to conquer thee.
' Thy Armour is of the purest *Lydian*
' Steel, that no Battle-Ax can bruise, nor
' any Weapon can pierce. Thy Sword,
' which is called *Ascalon*, was made by the
' *Cyclops*, it will hew in sunder the hardest
' Flint, or cut the strongest Steel; and in
' its Pummel there lies such magick Vir-
' tue, that neither Treason, Witchcraft,
' nor any other Violence can be offered to
' thee as long as thou wearest it.'

Thus the lascivious *Kalyb* was so blinded by the Love, or rather the Lust she had for him, that she not only bestowed all the Riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him Power and Authority, by putting a Silver Wand in his Hand, to work her own Destruction. For coming by a huge Rock of Stone, he struck it with this enchanted Wand, whereupon it immediately opened, and laid in his View a vast Number of young Infants, whom the Enchantress had murdered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries.
' This (said she) is a Place of Horror,
' where nought is heard but Shrieks and

‘ Groans of dying Men and Babes ; but
‘ if your Ears can endure to hear, and Eyes
‘ behold them, I will lead you that Way.’
So the Lady of the Woods, boldly stepping in before, and little suspecting any Danger from the secret Policy of St. George, was deceived in her own Practices ; for no sooner was she entered the Rock, but he struck the Silver Wand thereon, and it closed in an Instant ; and there confined her to bellow forth her lamentable Complaints to senseless Stones, without any Hope of being released.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantress *Kalyb*, and likewise set the other Six Champions at Liberty, who rendered him all Knightly Courtésies, and gave him Thanks for their safe Delivery. So providing themselves with all Things suiting their generous Purposes, they took their Journey from the enchanted Grove. Their Proceedings, Fortunes, and Heroical Adventures shall be shewn in the following Chapters.

C H A P. II.

Kalyb's Lamentation in the Rock; her last Will and Testament; she is torn to Pieces by Spirits; with other Passages in the Cave.

AFTER the Departure of the Seven worthy Champions, *Kalyb*, finding herself close imprisoned in the Rock, by the Policy of the *English* Knight, grew into such extreme Passion of the Mind, that she cursed the Hour of her Creation, and bitterly inveighs against all the horrid Powers of her barbarous and bloody Art. The Earth she wearied with her Cries, and even the flinty Stones seem to weep in Pity of her Anguish. The Oaks were blasted round the enchanted Rock, and hollow Winds re-echo Murmurs to her hideous Groans. ‘O
 ‘ miserable *Kalyb* (cried she) cursed be thy
 ‘ Destiny, for now thou art inclosed within
 ‘ a desolate and darksome Den! where nei-
 ‘ ther Sun can lend thee Comfort with his
 ‘ enlivening Beams, nor the cool Breath of
 ‘ Air refresh thy parched and burning Body,
 ‘ thou art thyself, by magick Art, empaled
 ‘ and rooted to the Centre of Earth, who
 ‘ were’t thyself the Wonder of the Times
 ‘ for Magick. I, that by Art have made
 ‘ my Journey to the lowest Depths of Hell,
 ‘ where Multitudes of black and ugly Spirits
 B 3 have

' have trembled at my Charms; I, that have
 ' bound the Furies in my Iron Chains, and
 ' caused them to attend my Pleasure, thro'
 ' the Wilds of *Egypt*, or where the tawny
 ' Moor inhabits, am now myself constrained
 ' to languish in eternal Darknefs. Woe to
 ' my Soul! Woe to my Charms! and Woe
 ' to all my magick Spells! for they have
 ' bound me in this hollow Rock! Let the
 ' Sun grow pale, and the Earth be covered
 ' with eternal Darknefs. Let the Firma-
 ' ment be turned to Pitch; Roar Hell!
 ' Quake Earth! Swell Seas! and all ye Stars
 ' and Planets burft from your Spheres, let
 ' all Nature be convulsed and tortured with
 ' the Misery of wretched *Kalyb*!

Thus wearied she the Hours, one while
 accusing Fortune of Tyranny, another blam-
 ing the Falshood and Treachery of the *Eng-
 lish* Knight, sometimes tearing her curl'd
 Locks, that, like wreathing Snakes, hung
 dangling down her deformed Neck; then
 beating her Breasts, and rending her Gar-
 ments, she thunders forth these Terms of
 Conjurat[i]on: ' Come! come, ye Princes of
 ' the Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Wa-
 ' ter! come, tear this Rock in Pieces, this
 ' Rock that holds confined in Adamantine
 ' Chains the Limbs and Body of excruciat-
 ' ed *Kalyb*. Appear ye Shadows of black
 ' Night; *Magol*, *Cumoth*, *Helveza*, *Zon-
 toma*, come when I call.' At which Words
 the

the Earth began to quake, and all the elemental Spirits were obedient to her Voice, some from the Fire, in the Resemblance of burning Dragons, breathing flaming Sulphur from their Nostrils; some from the Water in the Shape of hideous and unwieldy Fish; some from the Air, the purest of the Elements, like the Shadows of human Beings; and others from the gross Earth, most ugly, black and dreadful to behold. Now when these Legions of Spirits had encompassed the wicked Enchantress about, Hell began to bellow forth such harsh and jarring Sounds, that the enchanted Rock was burst asunder with the very Noise thereof, and then lost *Kalyb's* Charms were gone for ever. The hundred Years her Magick was to last, were now completely finished, and the Bond subscribed with her own precious Blood, and sealed with her own Hands, were brought in Witnesses against her, by which she knew her Life was at an End. Therefore in this most fearful Manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

‘ First, Welcome (said she) my sad Executors. Welcome my Grave and everlasting Tomb, which are prepared in the fiery Lakes of *Pblegeton*. The winding Sheet, wherein is to be wrapped my foul Body and condemned Soul, is melted Lead
‘ and

‘ and boiling Brimstone. No Worms shall
 ‘ consume this horrid Carcase, but it shall
 ‘ be tossed about with fiery Forks, from
 ‘ Place to Place, and from one Furnace to
 ‘ another : Therefore attend to *Kalyb’s* woe-
 ‘ ful Testament, and engrave the Legacies
 ‘ she gives, in Rolls of Brass upon the
 ‘ burning Banks of *Acheron*.’

‘ First, These Eyes that now begin too
 ‘ late to weep with hapless Tears, I give
 ‘ unto the watry Spirits, for they have
 ‘ ransacked all the Treasures of the hid-
 ‘ den Deep, to satisfy my unsatiable De-
 ‘ sires ; next I bequeath these Hands, which
 ‘ did subscribe the bloody Obligation of
 ‘ my perpetual Banishment from Joy, un-
 ‘ to those Spirits that hover in the Air ; my
 ‘ Tongue, that did conspire against the
 ‘ Majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits
 ‘ that have their Being in the Fire ; my earth-
 ‘ ly Heart, I bequeath to those gross *Demons*
 ‘ that dwell in the dark Dungeons of the
 ‘ Earth ; and the rest of my condemned
 ‘ Body, to the Torments due to my
 ‘ Demerits.’

· This strange and dreadful Testament was
 no sooner made, than all the Spirits seized
 upon the Enchantress, and tore her Body
 into a Thousand Pieces, scattering her
 Members among the four Elements, some

to

to the Spirits of the Air, some to the Water, others to the Fire and Earth, and these carried them away with such terrible Noises, that all Nature seemed amazed, and all Things within hearing of them, died instantly away; Birds, Beasts, and even the reptile Worms that crawled upon the Ground; Trees, which but just before were flourishing and green, were blasted all at once, and the Grass faded away for Want of that natural Moisture, that the Clouds denied to shed on so vile a Place.

Thus, by the just Judgment of Heaven, was *Kalyb* punished for her Wickedness, whom we leave to endless Torments, and return to the Seven worthy Champions of *Christendom*, whose laudable Adventures Fame has enrolled in the Records of Eternity.

C H A P. III.

St. George slays the burning Dragon in Egypt, and redeems Sabra, the King's Daughter, from Death. Is betrayed by Almidor, the black King of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lions, and remained seven Years in Prison.

AFTER the Seven Champions departed from the enchanted Cave of *Kalyb*, they made their Abode in the City of *Conventry*,

ventry, for the Space of nine Months, in which Time they erected a sumptuous Monument over the Herse of St. George's Mother. And at that Time of the Year, when *Flora* had embroidered the green Mantle of the Spring, they armed themselves like Knights-Errant, and took their Journey to seek for foreign Adventures, accounting nothing more dishonourable than to spend their Times in Idleness, and not achieve somewhat that might make their Names memorable to Posterity. So travelling thirty Days, without any Adventures worth noting; at length they came to a broad Plain, where stood a brazen Pillar, and where seven several Ways met, which the worthy Knights thought a proper Place to take Leave of each other, and every one went a contrary Road, in which we will, for this Time, likewise take Leave of Six, that we may accompany the Fortunes of our *English* Knight, who, after many Months Travel, by Sea and Land, happily arrived within the Territories of *Egypt*, which Country was then greatly annoyed by a dangerous Dragon: But before he had journeyed far in this Kingdom, the silent Night outspread her sable Wings, and a still Horror seemed to cover every Part of Matter. At length, he came to a poor old Hermitage, wherein he purposed to seek some Repose for himself and Horse, till the rosy-fingered Morning

Morning should again reluminate the Vault of Heaven, and light him on his destined Course : But entering the Cottage, he found an ancient Hermit bowing under the Weight of Age, and almost consumed with holy Watching, and religious Tears, to whom he thus address'd himself :

‘ Father,
‘ May a Traveller, for this Night, crave
‘ Shelter with you, for himself and Horse ;
‘ or can you direct me to any Town or
‘ Village to which I may proceed on my
‘ Journey with Safety ?’

The old Man, starting at the sudden Approach of *St. George*, made him Answer :

That he need not enquire of his Country, for he knew it by his Burgonet, (for indeed thereon were engraved the Arms of *England*) ‘ But, I sorrow (continued he) for
‘ thy hard Fortune, and that it is thy Destiny to arrive in this our Country of
‘ *Egypt*, wherein those alive are scarce sufficient to bury the Dead, such cruel Devastation is made thro’ the Land by a
‘ most terrible and dangerous Dragon, now
‘ ranging up and down the Country, the
‘ raging Appetite of which must every
‘ Day be appeased with the Body of a real
‘ Virgin, whom he swalloweth down his
envenomed

‘ envenomed Throat, and the Day on
‘ which this horrid Sacrifice is omitted,
‘ he breathes such a pestiferous Stench, as
‘ occasions a mortal Plague; and this hav-
‘ ing been practiced for Twenty-four Years,
‘ there is not now one true Virgin left
‘ throughout all *Egypt* but the King’s
‘ Daughter, and she, To-morrow, is to be
‘ made an Offering to the Drangon, unless
‘ there can be any brave Knight found who
‘ shall have Courage enough to encounter
‘ with him, and kill him; and then the
‘ King hath promised to give such Knight
‘ his Daughter, whose Life he shall have
‘ saved, in Marriage, with the Crown of
‘ *Egypt*, after his Decease.

‘ This royal Reward so animated the *Eng-
lish* Knight, that he vowed he would either
redeem the King’s Daughter, or lose his
own Life in so glorious an Enterprize. So
taking his Repose that Night in the old
Man’s Hermitage, till the chearful Cock,
the true Messenger of Day, gave him No-
tice of the Sun’s Uprise, which caused him
to buckle on his Armour, and harness his
Steed with all the strong Caparisons of War,
he took his Journey, guided only by the
old Hermit, to the Valley, where the
King’s Daughter was to be offered up in
Sacrifice. When he approached within
Sight of the Valley, he saw at a Distance,
the

the most amiable and beautiful Virgin that ever Eyes beheld, array'd in a pure white *Arabian Silk*, leading to the Place of Death, accompanied by many sage and modest Matrons : The Courage of the brave *English Knight* was so stimulated by this melancholy Scene, that he thought every Minute a whole Day, till he could rescue her from the threatened Danger, and save her from the unsatiable Jaws of the fiery Dragon ; so advancing towards the Lady, he gave her Hopes, that her Deliverance was at Hand, and begg'd her to return to her Father's Court.

The noble Knight, like a bold and daring Hero, then entered the Valley where the Dragon had his Abode, who no sooner had Sight of him, but his leathern Throat sent forth a Sound more terrible than Thunder. The Size of this fell Dragon was fearful to behold, for, from his Shoulders to his Tail, the Length was fifty Feet, the glittering Scales upon his Body were as bright as Silver, but harder than Brass ; his Belly was of the Colour of Gold, and larger than a Tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assailed the gallant Champion, with his burning Wings, that at the first Encounter he had almost felled him to the Ground ; but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a Thrust with his Spear, that it

shiver'd in a thousand Pieces ! upon which the furious Dragon smote him so violently, with his venomous Tail, that then, indeed, he brought both Man and Horse to the Ground, and sorely bruised two of St. George's Ribs in the Fall ; but he stepping backwards, chanced to get under an Orange-Tree, which had that rare Virtue in it, that no venomous Creature durst come within the Compass of its Branches ; and here the valiant Knight rested himself, till he had recovered his former Strength ; but he no sooner felt his Spirits revived, than, with an eager Courage, he smote the burning Dragon under his yellow burnished Belly, with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, and from the Wound there came such an Abundance of black Venom, that it spouted on the Armour of the Knight, which, by the meer Force of the Poison, burst in two, and he himself fell on the Ground, where he lay, for some Time, quite lifeless, but had rolled himself under the Orange-Tree, in which Place the Dragon had not Power to offer him any farther Violence. The Fruit of this Tree was of that Excellence, that whoever tasted it was immediately cured of all Manner of Wounds and Diseases.

Now, it was the noble Champion's good Fortune to recover himself a little, by the pure Effluvia of the Tree, and then he
chanced

chanced to espy an Orange, which had lately dropped from it, by tasting of which, he was so refreshed, that in a short Time he was as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then kneeled he down and made his humble Supplication, that Heaven would send him such Strength and Agility of Body as might enable him to slay the fell Monster; which being done, with a bold and courageous Heart, he smote the Dragon under the Wing, where it was tender, and without Scale, whereby his good Sword *Ascalon*, with an easy Passage, went to the very Hilt, through the Dragon's Liver and Heart, from whence there issued such an Abundance of reeking Gore, as turned all the Grass in the Valley to a Crimson Hue, and the Ground, which was before parched up by the burning Breath of the Dragon, was now drenched in the Moisture that proceeded from his venomous Bowels, the Loss of which, forced him to yield his vital Spirit to the Champion's conquering Sword.

The noble Knight *St. George for England* having performed this, first paid due Honour to the Almighty for his Victory, and then with his Sword cut off the Dragon's Head, and fixed it on a Truncheon, made of that Spear, which, at the beginning of the Battle shivered in Pieces against the Dragon's scaly Back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed

lay, as it were, in a Swoon, without any Motion; but the *English* Champion now squeezing the Juice of one of the Oranges in his Mouth, the Virtue of it immediately expelled the Venom of the Poison, and recovered his former Strength.

There was then in the *Egyptian* Court, and had been for some Time, *Almidor*, the black King of *Morocco*, who had long sought the Love of *Sabra*, the King's Daughter, but by no Policy, Means, or Manhood, could he accomplish what his Heart desired. And now having less Hopes than ever, by the successful Combat of *St. George* with the Dragon, he resolved to try the utmost Power of Art, and treacherously despoil the Victor of his Laurels, which he falsely designed to crown his own Temples with, and thereby obtain the Grace of the Lady, who loathed his Company, and more detested his Person than the Crocodile of *Nile*. But, even as the Wolf barks in vain against the Moon, so shall this fantastical and cowardly *Almidor* attempt to seize in vain the Glory won by the *English* Knight, altho' he had hired, by Gifts and Promises, twelve *Egyptian* Knights to beset the Valley where *St. George* slew the burning Dragon, who were to bereave him, by Force, of the Spoils of his Conquest. Thus, when the magnanimous Champion came riding in Triumph, from the Valley, expecting to have

have been received as a Conqueror, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Bells throughout the Kingdom ringing with the joyful Peels of Victory, and every Street illuminated with Bonfires, and blazing Tapers; contrary to his Expectation, he was met with Troops of armed Knights, not to conduct him in Triumph to the *Egyptian* Court, but, by insidious Baseness and Treachery, to bereave him of his Life, and the Glory he had that Day so nobly acquired by his invincible Arms: For, no sooner had he passed the Entrance of the Valley, but he saw the *Egyptian* Knights brandishing their Weapons, and dividing themselves, to intercept him in his Journey to the Court. So, tying his Horse to a Tree, he resolved to try his Fortune on Foot, there being Twelve to One, yet did St. George, at the first Onset, so valiantly behave himself with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, that, at one Stroke he slew Three of the *Egyptian* Knights, and before the Golden Chariot of the Sun had gone another Hour in its Diurnal Course, some he had dismembered of their Heads and Limbs, and some he had cut in two, so that their Entrails fell to the Earth, and not one was left alive to carry Home the News of their Defeat. *Almidor*, the black King, stood the whole Time of the Battle on the Top of a Mountain, to behold the Success of his hired Champions; but when

he saw the dismal Catastrophe of these mercenary Knights, and how the good Fortune of the *English* Champion had carried the Honour of the Day, he cursed his Destiny, and accused blind Chance of Cruelty in thus disappointing the Hopes of his treacherous Enterprize: But having a Heart full fraught with Malice and Envy, he secretly vowed to himself that he would practise some other Treachery, to bring *St. George* to Destruction. So running before to the Court of King *Ptolomy*, and, without relating what had happened to the twelve *Egyptian* Knights, he cried out, *Victoria, Victoria*, the Enemy of *Egypt* is slain. Upon which *Ptolomy* order'd every Street of the City of *Memphis* to be hung with rich Arras, and embroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of massive Gold, the Wheels and other Timber-work whereof were of the purest Ebony, the Covering rich Silk embossed with Gold; this, with an Hundred of the noblest Peers of *Egypt*, attired in Crimson Velvet, mounted on Milk-white Coursers, richly caparisoned, attended the Arrival of *St. George*, who was conducted in the most solemn Manner into the City, all the lofliest as well as sweetest Instruments of Musick, both going before and following after the resplendent Chariot in which he was drawn to the Court of King *Ptolomy*, where he surrendered up
the

the Trophies of his Conquest into the Hands of the beauteous *Sabra*, who was so ravished with the noble Person, and princely Presence of the *English* Knight, that, for a Time, she was scarce able to speak; but having recovered herself, she took him by the Hand, and led him to a rich Pavillion, where she unarmed him, and with the most precious Salves embalmed his Wounds, and with fine Linnen Cloths wiped off the Blood; after which she conducted him to a rich Repast, furnished with all Manner of delicate Meats, where the King, her Father, was present, who enquired of his Country, Parentage, and Name. After the Banquet was over he installed him with the Honour of Knighthood, and put upon his Feet a pair of golden Spurs. But the lovely Princess, his Daughter, could feast on Nothing but the Hopes of the Champion's Love, and having attended him to his Night's Repose, she sat near his Bed, and striking the melodious Strings of her Lute, lulled him to Rest with the sweetest Harmony that ever was heard. No sooner had the blushing Morn displayed her Beauties in the East, and gilded, with her radiant Beams, the Mountain Tops, but *Sabra* repaired to the *English* Champion's Lodgings, and at his first Uprising presented him with a Diamond of inestimable Value, which she prayed him to wear

wear on his Finger, not only as an Ornament, but as it was endued with many most excellent and occult Virtues. The next who entered the Room was *Almidor*, the treacherous black King of *Morocco*, having a Bowl of *Greek* Wine in his Hand, which he offered to the noble Champion *St. George* of *England*; but when he stretched forth his Arm to accept the same, the Diamond, which fair *Sabra* had made him a Present of, waxed pale, and from his Nose fell just three Drops of Blood, which the King's Daughter observing, suspected some secret Poison to be infused in the Wine, whereupon she shrieked out so loudly, and so suddenly, that it alarmed the whole Court, and carried her Suspicions to the Ears of her Father; but so great was his Love for the black King, that he would not give Credit to any Thing could be suggested against him.

Thus was *Almidor* a second Time prevented in his evil Designs, which made him more enraged than a chaced Boar; yet resolving the Third should pay for all, he impatiently expected another Opportunity to put his hellish Purposes in Execution.

St. George remained many Days in the *Egyptian* Court, sometimes revelling among the Gentlemen, dancing and sporting among the Ladies, at other Times in Tilts, Tournaments,

Tournaments, and other noble and heroick Exercises; and all that Time was the Breast of the beauteous *Sabra* inflamed with the most ardent Love for him, of which the treacherous *Almidor* had Intelligence by many secret Practices, and many Times his own Ears were Witnessees to their Discourses. One Evening in particular, after the glorious Sun was set in *The-tis's* Lap, it was his Fortune to wander near a Garden Wall, to taste the cooling Air, where the two Lovers, without seeing him, were seated in a Bower of *Jeffamine*, and after much Talk, he heard the love-sick *Sabra* thus complain :

‘ My Soul’s Delight, my noble *George* of
 ‘ *England*, dearer than all the World beside,
 ‘ why art thou more obdurate than the Flint,
 ‘ since all my falling Tears can never mol-
 ‘ lify thy Heart? Nor all the Sighs, the
 ‘ many Thousand Sighs, I have sent as
 ‘ Messengers of my true Love, were ever
 ‘ yet requited with a Smile. Refuse not
 ‘ her, my dear-lov’d Lord of *England*, re-
 ‘ fuse not her, that, for thy Sake, would
 ‘ leave her Parents, Country and Inheri-
 ‘ tance, altho’ that Inheritance be the Crown
 ‘ of *Egypt*, and would follow thee as a Pil-
 ‘ grim through the wide World. The Sun
 ‘ shall sooner lose its Splendor, the pale
 ‘ Moon drop from her Orb, the Sea forget
 ‘ to

‘ to ebb and flow, and all Things change
 ‘ the Course ordained by Nature, than *Sa-*
 ‘ *bra*, Heirefs of *Egypt*, prove inconstant
 ‘ to *St. George* of *England*; let then the
 ‘ Priests of *Hymen* knit that Gordian Knot,
 ‘ the Knot of Wedlock, which Death alone
 ‘ has Power to untie.’

These Words so fired the Champion’s
 Heart, that he was almost entangled in the
 Snares of Love, he, who before had never
 given Way to any Passion but the Love of
 Arms: Yet, to try her Patience a little
 more, he made her this Answer:

‘ Lady of *Egypt*, art thou not content,
 ‘ that I have risk’d my own Life to preserve
 ‘ your’s, but you would have me also sacri-
 ‘ fice my Honour: Give over the Chace of
 ‘ dazzling Glory! Lay all my warlike
 ‘ Trophies in a Woman’s Lap, and change
 ‘ my Truncheon for a Distaff. No, *Sabra*,
 ‘ *George* of *England* is a Knight, born in a
 ‘ Country where true Chivalry is nourish’d,
 ‘ and hath sworn to see the World, as far as
 ‘ the Lamp of Heaven can lend him Light,
 ‘ before he’s fetter’d in the Chains of Wed-
 ‘ lock: Therefore think no more of one
 ‘ that is a Stranger, a Wanderer from
 ‘ Place to Place, but cast your Eyes on
 ‘ one more worthy your own high Rank.
 ‘ Why do you decline the Suit of *Almi-*
 ‘ *dor*,

‘ *dor*, who is a King, and would think no
‘ Task too arduous to obtain your Love?’

At which Words she instantly replied :

‘ The fell King of *Morocco* is more
‘ bloody-minded than a Serpent, but thou
‘ as gentle as a Lamb; his Tongue more
‘ ominous than the screeching Night-Owl,
‘ but thine sweeter than the Morning-Lark;
‘ his Touch more odious than the biting
‘ Snake, but thine more pleasant than the
‘ curling Vine. What if thou art a Stran-
‘ ger to our Land, thou art more precious
‘ to my Heart, and more delightful to my
‘ Eyes, than Crowns and Diadems.’

‘ But stay, reply’d the *English* Champion,
‘ I am a *Christian*, Madam, thou a *Pagan*.
‘ I honour God in Heaven, you Shadows
‘ earthly of a vile Impostor here below :
‘ Therefore, if you would obtain my Love,
‘ you must forsake your *Mahomet*, and be
‘ baptized into the Christian Faith.’ ‘ With
‘ all my Soul (reply’d the *Egyptian* Lady)
‘ I will forsake my Country’s Gods, and
‘ for thy Love become a *Christian*.’ And
thereupon she broke a Ring, and gave him
one half as a Pledge of her Love, and kept
the other half herself : And so, for that
Time, went out of the Garden.

The treacherous *Almidor*, who had list-
ened during all this Discourse, was galled
to

to the very Heart, to hear how much his Mistress despised him and his proffered Love; but was now resolved to strike a bold Stroke with the King, her Father, to separate her from his too successful Rival; and accordingly hastened away to the *Egyptian* King, and prostrating himself before him, he spoke in the following Manner:

‘ Know, great Monarch of the East,
 ‘ that I am come to unfold a Secret which
 ‘ nearly concerns the Welfare of your Coun-
 ‘ try. It was my Chance this Evening,
 ‘ when *Titan* had withdrawn his radiant
 ‘ Beams, to seek the cool refreshing Air
 ‘ close by your private Garden Wall, where,
 ‘ being myself unseen, I over-heard a deep
 ‘ concerted Plan of Treason, laid between
 ‘ your Daughter and the *English* Knight,
 ‘ for she hath given him a solemn Pledge
 ‘ of Love, and with that Pledge a Promise
 ‘ to forsake the Faith of *Egypt*, sets the
 ‘ great Prophet at Defiance, and will em-
 ‘ brace the *Christian* Doctrine. Nay, she for-
 ‘ sakes not only *Mahomet*, but her Father,
 ‘ and her native Land, to wander with this
 ‘ Stranger Knight, who, for being so high-
 ‘ ly honoured in your Court, thus robs you
 ‘ of your Daughter.’

‘ Now, by our Holy Prophet (replied
 ‘ the King) this damned *Christian* shall
 ‘ not

‘ not reap the Harvest of our Daughter’s
‘ Love, for he shall lose his Head, tho’
‘ not in our Court, where we have heaped
‘ such Honours on him ; but *Almidor*, be
‘ secret, and I’ll acquaint you with my Pur-
‘ pose, I will send him to my Kinsman, the
‘ Soldan of *Persia*, from whom he shall
‘ never more return to *Egypt*, except his
‘ Ghost bring Tidings of his Fate in that
‘ Country.’ And to answer this Purpose
they contrive between them the following
Letter :

To the Soldan of Persia.

‘ I *Ptolomy*, King of *Egypt*, and the
‘ Eastern Territories, send Greeting to
‘ Thee, the mighty *Soldan* of *Persia*, great
‘ Emperor of the Provinces of the larger
‘ *Asia*. I make this my Request, trusting
‘ to the League of Friendship between us,
‘ that thou put the Bearer hereof, thy Slave,
‘ to Death ; for he is an utter Enemy to
‘ all *Asia* and *Africa*, and a proud Con-
‘ temner of our Religion. Therefore fail
‘ no thereof, as thou tenderest our mutual
‘ Friendship. So we bid thee Farewel.’

‘ *thy Kinsman,*

‘ *PTOLOMY King of Egypt.*

As soon as this Letter was signed and
sealed with the great Seal of *Egypt*, St.
No. 2. D George

George was sent, in Embassy, with the bloody Sentence of his own Destruction, and was sworn, by the Honour of Knighthood, to deliver it safe, leaving behind him, as a Pledge of his Fidelity, his good Steed, and trusty Sword *Ascalon*, in the Keeping of *Ptolomy*, taking with him only one of that King's Horses, for his easy travelling.

Thus was the innocent Lamb betrayed by the subtle Fox, and sent to the hunger-starved Lion's Den, not being suffered to give the least Notice to the fair *Sabra*, of his sudden Departure, but travelled Day and Night thro' many a solitary and dismal Wilderness, without any Adventure worth Notice, only hearing the sad Cry of the Night Raven croaking in his Ear, and the fearful Sound of screeching Owls from the blasted Oak, and such like ominous Messengers of ill-boding Fortune, which foretold some direful Accident at Hand. Yet no Fear could daunt his noble Mind, nor Danger hinder his intended Journey, and so at length he arrived within Sight of the Soldan's Palace, which looked more like Paradise than any earthly Habitation: For as History reports, the Walls and Towers of the Palace were of the purest Marble, the Windows Chrystal, set in Work of carved Silver enamelled with oriental Pearl: The outward Walls, the Gates and Pillars
were

were of Brass; and the Building gilt with Gold. About the Palace was a River of great Depth and Breadth, over which stood a Bridge erected on Arches adorned with Images, and Carvings in *Alto* and *Basso Relievo*; under these Arches were hung a hundred Silver Bells, so that no Creature could pass into the Palace, but they gave warning to the Soldan's Guard. At the End of the Bridge was built a Tower of Alabastrer, on the Top of which stood an Eagle of Gold, with Eyes of such precious Stones, that all the Palace glittered with the Splendor of them.

On the Day that St. George entered the Soldan's Court, there was a solemn Procession in Honour of the false Prophet *Mahomet*, with which the *English* Champion was so moved, that he tore down their Ensigns and Streamers, and trampled them under his Feet: Whereupon the Infidels presently fled to the Soldan for Succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their *Mahomet*, and trod their Banners in the Dust. Whereupon he sent an Hundred of his armed Knights to know the Cause of that sudden Uproar, and to bring the *Christian* Champion bound before his Majesty: But he entertained these *Persian* Knights with such a bloody Banquet, that some of their Heads were tumbled in the dirty Streets, and the Channels over-

flowed with Streams of their Blood, the Pavement before the Palace was almost covered with slaughtered Men, and the Walls were besprinkled with Purple Gore : So victoriously he behaved himself, that e'er the Sun declined in the West, he had brought to the Ground most Part of the Soldan's Knights, and forced the rest, like frightened Sheep, to fly to their Soldan for Aid, who then remained in his Palace with a Guard of a thousand Men ; but at the Report of this unexpected Tumult, he furnished his Soldiers with all the proper Habilitments of War, and came marching from his Palace with such a mighty Force, as if he had apprehended all the Powers of *Christianity* had been coming to invade the Territories of *Asia*. But such was the invincible Courage of *St. George*, that he encountered with them all, and made such a Massacre in the Soldan's Court, that the whole Area was covered, and the Gates stopped up with Heaps of slaughtered *Persians*. At last the Alarm-Bell was rung, and the Beacons set on Fire, upon which the Populace rose in Arms, and came flocking about the *English* Champion like Swarms of Bees : Whereat, through his long Fatigue, and the Multitude of his Enemies, his undaunted Courage was forced to yield, and his restless Arm, wearied with the Fight, constrained to let his Weapon fall to the Ground. And thus

thus he, whose Fortitude had sent Thousands to wander on the Banks of *Acheron*, stood now obedient to the Mercy of his Enemies, who, with their brandished Weapons, and sharp-edged Faulcheons environed him about.

Now, bloody-minded Monster, said the Soldan, what Countryman so e'er thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbelieving *Christian*, look for a Sentence of severe Punishment for every Drop of Blood thy unhappy Hand hath here shed: First, thy Skin shall be fled from off thy Flesh alive; next, thy Flesh shall be torn with red-hot Pincers from thy Bones; and lastly, thy Limbs parted from each other by wild Horses. This bloody Sentence being pronounced by the Soldan, St. *George* answered in the following Manner:

‘ Great Potentate of *Asia*,

‘ I crave the Liberty and Law of Arms,
‘ whereto all the Kings of the Earth are
‘ by Oath forever bound: First, In my
‘ native Country, my Descent is of Royal
‘ Blood, and therefore I challenge a Com-
‘ bat. Secondly, I am an Ambassador
‘ from the mighty *Ptolomy*, King of *Egypt*,
‘ therefore is my Person sacred. Lastly,
‘ The Laws of *Asia*, and indeed all Nati-
‘ ons, grant me a safe Conduct back; and
‘ *Ptolomy* is answerable for every Thing I
‘ have done.

D 3

Thereupon

Thereupon he delivered the Letter, sealed with the Great Seal of *Egypt*, which was no sooner broke open and read, but the Soldan's Eyes sparkled with Fire, and upon his Brow sat the Image of Wrath and Indignation.

‘ By the Report of *Ptolomy* (said the
‘ Soldan) thou art a great Contemner of
‘ our Holy Prophet, and his Laws; there-
‘ fore his Pleasure is, that you be put to
‘ Death. Which, by *Makomet*, I swear,
‘ shall be fulfilled.

And upon this he gave him up to the safe Custody of an Hundred of his Guards, till the Time of Execution, which was ordered to be in Thirty Days. Hereupon they disrobed him of his rich Apparel, and cloathed him in base and servile Weeds: His Arms, that were lately employed in supporting the mighty Target, and wielding the weighty Battle-Ax, were now strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts; and those Hands, which were wont to be garnished with Steel Gauntlets, they bound with Hempen Cords, till the purple Blood started from his Fingers Ends; and being thus despoiled of all Knightly Dignity, he was conveyed to a dark Dungeon, where the Light of Heaven was never seen, nor the glorious Sun could send one gladening Ray, to shew
a Difference

a Difference betwixt Day and Night. All his Comfort was to reckon up the Number of the *Persians* he had slain ; and sometimes his restless Thoughts were pondering on ungrateful *Ptolomy* ; sometimes running on the Charms of lovely *Sabra*, distracted with reflecting how she would take his sudden Departure. He then sketched out her Picture on the Wall, and to the senseless Form would often thus complain :

‘ O cruel Destiny ! Why am I punished
‘ in this Sort ? Have I conspired against
‘ the Majesty of Heaven, that it has hurled
‘ such Vengeance on my Head ? O ! shall
‘ I never regain my former Liberty, that I
‘ may be revenged on those who have im-
‘ prisoned me ? Frown angry Heavens on
‘ these bloody-minded Infidels, these dar-
‘ ing Rebels against the Truth of thy Di-
‘ vinity ; these professed Enemies of Christ :
‘ And may the Plagues of *Pharaoh* light
‘ upon their Country, and the Miseries of
‘ *Oedipus* upon their Princes : Let them be
‘ Witnesses of their Daughters Ravishments,
‘ and behold their Cities flaming like the
‘ burning Battlements of *Troy*.’

Thus lamented he the Loss of his Liberty, accursing the Day of his Birth, and the Hour of his Creation, wishing it might be never numbered in the Year, but be account-
ed

ed ominous to all future Ages. His Sighs exceeded the Number of Sands on the Seashore, and his Tears the Water Bubbles on its Surface.

Thus Sorrow was his Companion, and Despair his chief Solicitor, till *Hyperion's* Golden Car had rested thirty Times in the purple Palace of *Thetis*; which was the precise Time allotted by the Soldan of *Persia* for him to live; so expecting every Minute to entertain the wished for Messenger of Death, he heard afar off the terrible Roaring of two Lions, that for the Space of four Days had been restrained from Food and natural Sustenance, that with the more Eagerness and Fury they might satiate their Hungar-starved Bowels with the Body of the Thrice renowned *English* Champion. The Cry of these Lions so terrify'd his Mind, that the Hair of his Head grew stiff; and on his Brows were large Drops of Sweat, and in his Soul such Fire and Rage, that with Violence he broke his Chains asunder, then rent the Amber-coloured Tresses from his Head, with which he wrapped his Arms, preparing for the Assault of the Lions, which he imagined were designed to be the Executioners of the Soldan's Sentence upon him, as indeed they were; and at that Instant the Guards, who brought them, let them out of the Dungeon upon him; but such was his invincible Fortitude, and so politick

politick was he in his Defence, that when the starved Lions came running on him with open Jaws, he courageously thrust his sinew-ed Arms, that were covered with the Hair of his Head, into their Throats, whereby they were presently choaked, and then he pulled out their Hearts.

Which Spectacle the Soldan's Guards beholding, were so amazed with Fear, that they ran in all Haste to the Palace to acquaint the Soldan with what had happened, who commanded every Part of the Court to be strongly guarded with armed Soldiers, supposing the *English* Knight rather some Monster, ascended from the Infernal Regions, than one of the Human Species. And such Terror seized the Soldan, when he heard that he had killed the two Lions, after having slaughtered two Thousand *Persians* with his own Hands; and having likewise Intelligence of his having destroyed the burning Dragon of *Egypt*, that he caused the Dungeon, wherein he was kept, to be doubly fortified with Iron Bars, lest, by Force or Stratagem, the Champion should recover his Liberty, and thereby endanger the whole Kingdom of *Persia*. Here, for the Term of seven Winters, he remained in the greatest Want and Distress, feeding upon Rats and Mice, and creeping Worms, which he caught in the Dungeon, nor tasting, in that whole Time, of any Bread but

but what was made of Bran, and drinking only Channel Water, which was daily served him thro' the Iron Gates. Here we will now leave *St. George*, languishing under Want and Oppression, and return to *Egypt*, where we left *Sabra*, the Champion's betrothed Lady, lamenting the Absence of him, whom she loved dearer than all the World besides.

Sabra, the fairest Virgin that ever Mortal Eye beheld, in whom Nature had shewn the utmost Perfection; her Body was straiter than the stately Cedar, and the Tincture of her Skin surpassed the Beauty of the *Paphian* Queen, but one was bending with her Weight of Woes, and the other tarnished with the brackish Tears that daily trickled down the Roses of her Cheeks, whereon sat the Image of Discontent, and she herself seemed a Mirror of patient Sorrow. All Company was loathsome to her Sight, she shunned even the Fellowship of those Ladies who were once her most intimate Companions, and betook herself only to a solitary Cabinet, where, with her Needle, she amused the Time, and having wrought the Figures of many a bleeding Heart, she bathed them with the Luke-warm Tears that fell from the Conduit of her Eyes; then, with her unborn Locks, that hung in wanton Ringlets down her Ivory Neck, she dried them up; and thinking on the plight-
ed

ed Promises of her dear loved Knight, fell into these sad Complainings :

‘ O Love ! (said she) more sharp than
‘ kneeneft Razors, with what Inequality
‘ do’st thou torment my wounded Heart,
‘ not linking my dear Lord’s in like Af-
‘ fection with it. O *Venus* ! whom both
‘ Gods and Men obey, if thou beest ab-
‘ solute in thy Power, command my wan-
‘ dering Lord to return, or let my Soul
‘ be waisted to his sweet Bosom, where my
‘ bleeding Heart already is enshrined. But
‘ foolish Fondling that I am ! he hath re-
‘ jected me, and even shuns my Father’s
‘ Court where he was honoured and esteem-
‘ ed, to wander through the World to
‘ seek another Love. No, no, it cannot
‘ be, he is more constant, his Mind more
‘ noble than to forget his plighted Vows,
‘ and much I fear some Treachery has bereft
‘ me of him, some stony Prison keeps him
‘ from me, for only Chains and Fetters
‘ could thus long with-hold him from my
‘ Arms. If so, sweet *Morpheus*, God of
‘ Golden Dreams, reveal to me my Love’s
‘ Abode, shew me in Sleep the Shadow of
‘ his lovely Form, give me to know the
‘ Reason of his sudden Departure, and of
‘ his long and painful Absence.’

After this Exclamation she closed her
radiant Eyes in Sleep, when presently the
very

very Image, as she thought, of her dear loved Knight, *St. George*, appeared, not as he was wont in shining Arms, and with his Burgonet of glittering Steel, nor mounted on his stately Steed, deckt with a crimson Plume of spangled Feathers, but in over-worn and simple Attire, with pale Looks and emaciated Body, like a Ghost new risen from the hollow Grave, breathing, as it were, these sad and woful Expressions :

SABRA, I am betrayed for Love of Thee,
And lodged in Cave as dark as Night ;
From whence, I never more, ah wo is me !
Shall have the Pleasure of thy beauteous Sight :
Remain thou true and constant for my Sake,
That of my Absence none may 'Vantage make.

Let Tyrants know, if ever I obtain
What now is lost by Treason's faithless Guile,
False *Egypt's* Scourge I ever will remain,
And turn to streaming Blood *Morocco's* Soil.
That hateful Prince of *Barbary* shall rue,
The fell Revenge that is his Treason's due.

The *Persian* Towers shall smoak with Fire,
And lofty *Babylon* be tumbled down :
The Cross of *Christendom* shall then aspire,
To wear the proud *Egyptian* tripple Crown,
Jerusalem and *Judub* shall behold
The Fall of Kings by *Christian* Champions bold.

Thou Maid of *Egypt* still continue chaste,
A Tyger seeks thy Virgin's Name to Spill',
Whilst *George* of *England* is in Prison plac'd,
Thou shalt be forc'd to wed against thy Will :
But after this shall happen mighty things,
For from thy Womb shall spring three wond'rous Kings.

This

This strange and woful Speech was no sooner ended, but she awaked from her Sleep, and presently reached out her Ivory Arms, thinking to embrace him, but met with nothing but empty Air, which caused her to renew her former Complaints.

‘ Oh! wherefore died I not in this my
‘ troublesome Dream, (said the sorrowful
‘ Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted
‘ those inhuman Monsters who have thus
‘ betrayed the bravest Champion that the
‘ Eye of Heaven, or the Sons of Earth have
‘ e’er beheld? For his Sake will I exclaim
‘ against the Ingratitude of *Egypt*, and like
‘ ravished *Philomel*, fill every Corner of the
‘ Land with Ecchoes of his Wrong: My
‘ Woes are greater, and by far exceed the
‘ Sorrows of *Dido*. Queen of *Carthage*, mourn-
‘ ing for *Æneas*.’

With such like plaintive Words wearied she the Time away, till twelve Months were fully finished: At last her Father, understanding what ardent Affection she bore to the *English* Champion, spoke to her in this Manner:

‘ Daughter, I charge thee, on the Obe-
‘ dience and Duty which thou owest to me,
‘ both as thy Father and thy King, to banish
‘ from thy Thoughts all fond Affection for
No. 2. E the

‘ the wandering Knight; whom thou hast
 ‘ made unworthily the Object of thy Love,
 ‘ for he hath neither Home nor Habitation.
 ‘ Thou seest he has forsaken thee, and in
 ‘ his Travels is wedded to another. There-
 ‘ fore, as you value my Love, or dread my
 ‘ Displeasure, I charge thee again to think
 ‘ of him no more: But cast your Eyes on
 ‘ the black King of *Morocco*, who is deserv-
 ‘ ing of thee, and whose Nuptials with
 ‘ thee I intend to celebrate in *Egypt* short-
 ‘ ly, with all the Honours due to my own
 ‘ and his high Rank.’

Having said these Words, he departed,
 without waiting for an Answer, by which
 fair *Sabra* knew, he was not to be thwart-
 ed in his Will. Therefore she poured forth
 these sad Words:

‘ O unkind Father! to cross the Af-
 ‘ fection of thy Child, and thus force
 ‘ Love where there is no Liking: Yet
 ‘ shall my Mind continue true to my dear-
 ‘ loved Lord, altho’ my Body be forced
 ‘ against Nature to obey, and *Almidor* have
 ‘ the Honour of my Marriage-Bed, yet
 ‘ shall *English George* only have my Heart,
 ‘ and my Virginity, if ever he return to
 ‘ *Egypt*.’

Hereupon she pulled forth a Chain of
 Gold, and wrapped it seven Times about
 her Alabaster Neck. ‘ This (said she)
 hath

‘ hath been seven Days steeped in Tygers
‘ Blood, and seven Nights in Dragons
‘ Milk, whereby it hath obtained such
‘ excellent Virtue, that so long as I wear
‘ it about my Neck, no Man on Earth
‘ can enjoy my Virginity, though I should
‘ be forced to the State of Marriage, and
‘ lie seven Years in the Bed of Wedlock, yet
‘ by the Virtue of this Chain, shall I still
‘ continue a true Virgin.’

Which Words were no sooner ended, but *Almidor* entered her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding-Garment, which was of the purest *Median* Silk, embossed with Pearl and glittering Gold, perfumed with sweet *Syrian* Powders; it was of the Colour of the Lilly, when *Flora* had bedecked the Fields in *May* with Nature’s Ornaments; glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so stately were the Nuptial Rites solemnized, that *Egypt* admired the Grandeur of her Wedding, which for seven Days was held in the Court of *Ptolomy*, and then moved to *Tripoly*, the chief City in *Barbary*, where *Almidor*’s forced Bride was crowned Queen of *Morocco*; at which Coronation the Conduits ran with *Greek* Wines, and the Streets of *Tripoly* were beautified with Pageants, and delightful Shews. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony,

E 2

mony, as tho' *Apollo* with his Silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: Such Tilts and Tournaments were performed betwixt the *Egyptian* Knights, and the Knights of *Barbary*, that they exceeded the Nuptials of *Hecuba* the beauteous Queen of *Troy*: Which honourable Proceedings we leave for this Time to their own Contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Revelling, some Tilting, some Banqueting. Leave we also the Champion of *England*, *St. George*, mourning in the Dungeon in *Persia*, as you heard before, and return to the other Six Champions of *Christendom*, who departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his several Way, whose Knightly and Noble Adventures, if the Muses grant me their Assistance, I will most amply discover to the Honour of *Christendom*.

C H A P. IV.

St. Denis, the Champion of France, lives seven Years in the Shape of an Hart ; and proud Eglantine, the King of Theffaly's Daughter, is transformed into a Mulberry-Tree ; but recover their former Shapes by Means of St. Denis's Horse.

CALLING now to Mind the long and weary Travels St. Denis, the Champion of France, endured, after his Departure from the other Six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the Beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandered thro' many a desolate Grove and Wilderness, without any Adventure worth noting, 'till he arrived upon the Borders of Theffaly (being a Land, as than, inhabited only with wild Beasts) wherein he endured such a Scarcity of Victuals, that he was forced, for the Space of seven Years, to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the Fruits of Trees, 'till the Hairs of his Head were like Eagles Feathers, and the Nails of his Fingers like Birds Claws : His Drink, the Dew of Heaven, which he licked from the Flowers in Meadows ; his Attire, the Bay Leaves and broad Docks, that grew in the Wood ; his Shoes the Bark of Trees, in which he travelled thro' many a thorny Brake : But at last, as it was his Fortune, or cruel Destiny, (being over-prest with the Ex-

tremity of Hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an enchanted Mulberry-Tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of his human Substance, and was transformed into the Shape and Likeness of a wild Hart; which strange and sudden Transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted, 'till he espied his mishapen Form in a clear Fountain, which Nature had made in a cool and shady Valley; but when he beheld the Shadow of his deformed Body, and how his Head, late honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, was now disgraced with a Pair of *Sylvan* Horns, his Countenance, which was the Index of his noble Mind, now covered with the Likeness of a Brute; and his Body, which was erect, tall, smooth and fair, now bending to Earth on four Feet, and cloathed in a rough hairy Hide of a dusky brown Colour; having his Reason still left, he ran again to the Mulberry-Tree, supposing the Berries he had eaten to be the Cause of his Transformation, and there laying himself upon the bare Ground, he thus began to complain.

‘ What magick Charms, or what bewitching Spells (said he) are contained in this cursed Tree? whose poisonous Fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and reduced me to this miserable Condition, O thou celestial Ruler of
 ‘ the

‘ the World ! O merciful Power of Hea-
‘ ven ! look down with Pity on my hap-
‘ less State ; incline thine Ears to listen
‘ to my Woes ; I, who was late a Man,
‘ am now an horned Beast. A Soldier,
‘ once my Country’s Champion, now a
‘ timorous Deer, the Prey of Dogs, my
‘ glittering Armour changed into a hairy
‘ Hide, and my brave Array now vile as
‘ common Earth : Henceforth, instead of
‘ princely Palaces, these shady Woods must
‘ be my sole Retreat, wherein my Bed of
‘ Down must be a Heap of Sun-dried Moss ;
‘ my sweet-delighting Musick, blustering
‘ Winds, that with tempestuous Gusts, make
‘ the whole Wilderness tremble : The Com-
‘ pany I am obliged henceforth to keep,
‘ must be the *Sylvan* Satyrs, *Driades*, and
‘ airy Nymphs, who never appear to hu-
‘ man Eyes, but at Twilight, or the Mid-
‘ night Moon ; the Stars that beautify the
‘ Chrystal Vault, and wide Expanse of
‘ Heaven, shall hereafter serve as Torches to
‘ light me to my woful Bed ; the scowling
‘ Clouds shall be my Canopy, and my
‘ Clock to give me Notice how Time runs
‘ stealing on, the dismal Sounds of hissing
‘ Snakes or croaking Toads.’

Thus described he his own Misery, ‘till
the bitter Tears of Wretchedness gushed
out in such Abundance from the Conduits
of

of his Eyes, and his heavy Sighs so violently forc'd their Passage from his bleeding Breast, that they even seem'd to constrain the savage Bears, and merciless Tygers to relent in Pity of his Moan, and like harmless Lambs to sit bleating in the Woods, to hear his mournful Exclamations.

Long and many Days continued this Champion of *France* in the Shape of an Hart, in greater Misery than the unfortunate *English* Champion in *Persia*, not knowing how to recover his former Shape, and human Substance. But on a Day as he lamented the Loss of his natural Form, under the Branches of that enchanted Mulberry-Tree, which was the Cause of his Transformation, he heard a most grievous and terrible Groan, which he supposed to portend that something extraordinary was to ensue: Upon which, suspending his Sorrows for a Time, he heard an hollow Voice breathe from the Trunk of the Mulberry-Tree, the following Words:

The VOICE in the Mulberry-Tree.

Cease to lament, thou famous Man of *France*,
 With gentle Ears come listen to my Moan,
 In former Time it was my fatal Chance
 To be the proudest Maid that e'er was known;
 By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,
 Though now a breathless Tree, and senseless Thing.
 My

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,

A Goddess in my own Conceit I was :

What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,

But deem'd myself all others to surpass,

And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,

The Food of Heaven for me I counted meet.

My Pride despis'd the finest Bread of Wheat,

And purer Food I daily sought to find ;

Refin'd Gold was boiled still in my Meat,

Such Self Conceit my Senses all did blind :

For which the Gods above transformed me,

From human Substance to this senseless Tree.

Seven Years in Shape of Hart thou must remain,

And then the purple Rose by Heaven's Decree,

Shall bring thee to thy former Shape again,

And end at last thy woful Misery :

When this is done, before you cut in twain

This fatal Tree wherein I do remain.

After he had heard these Words from the Mulberry-Tree, he was so much amazed at the Strangeness thereof, that he for some Moments was deprived of Speech, and the Thoughts of his long-appointed Punishment bereave him of his Understanding: But at last, recovering his Senses, though not his human Form, he bitterly complained of his Misfortunes.

‘ Oh ! unhappy Creature (said the distressed Champion) more miserable than *Progne*
 ‘ in her Transformation, and more unfortunate than *Acteon*, whose perfect Picture
 ‘ I am made : His Misery continued but a
 ‘ short Time, for his own Dogs, the same
 ‘ Day,

‘ Day, tore him into a thousand Pieces,
‘ and buried his transformed Carcase in
‘ their hungry Bowels: But mine is ap-
‘ pointed by the angry Destinies, ’till seven
‘ Times the Summer’s Sun shall yearly re-
‘ plenish his radiant Brightness, and seven
‘ Times the Winter’s Rain shall wash me
‘ with the Showers of Heaven.’

Such were the Complaints of the transform’d Knight of *France*, sometimes remembering his former Fortunes, how he had spent his Days in the Honour of his Country, at other Times thinking upon the Place of his Nativity, renown’d *France*, the Nurse and Mother of his Youth, and again treading with his Foot (for Hands he had none) in sandy Ground, the Print of the Words which he had heard from the Mulberry-Tree, and many Times numbering the Minutes of his tedious Punishment with the Flowers of the Field. Ten thousand Sighs he daily breath’d from his Breast, and still when the sable Mantle of the dark and gloomy Night had overspread the Azure Firmament, and drawn her Curtains before the brighter Windows of the Heavens, all Creatures took their sweet Repose, and closed their Eyes in Sleep, but him; and when all Things else were silent but the murmuring Brooks, and Rills, the distressed Champion made their Musick his only Comfort.

The

The Queen of Night was many hundred Times a Witness to his Lamentations. The wandering Owl, that ventures not abroad but in the Dark, sat houting o'er his Head; and the sad, but sweetly complaining, *Philomel*, with mournful Melody, joined in the Chorus of his Sighs. But during the whole Term of his seven Years Misery, his trusty Steed never once forsook him, but with all Love and Diligence attended on him Day and Night, never straying from his Side; and if extream Heat in Summer, or pinching Cold in Winter, grew troublesome to him, his Horse would shelter and defend him.

At last, when the Term of seven Years was fully expired, when he was to recover his former Substance, and human Shape, his good Horse, which he regarded as the Apple of his Eye, clambered an high and steep Mountain, which Nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Gardens of the *Hesperides*; from whence he pulled a Branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his Teeth to his distressed Master, being still in the same Disorder and Discontent, under the Mulberry-Tree. The Champion of *France* no sooner beheld this, but he remembered that by a purple Rose he should recover his former Shape, and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed:

Steed: Then casting his Eyes up to the cœlestial Throne of Heaven, he conveyed these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the Bosom of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound Sleep, that all his Senses and vital Spirits ceas'd to perform their usual Offices, for the space of four and twenty Hours, in which Time the Windows and Doors of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a Shower of Rain, that it wash'd away his hairy Coat and Beast-like Shape; his horned Head and long Visage were turned again into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his Members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Nature's Gifts, receiv'd their former Shape.

But when the good Champion awaked from his Sleep, and perceived the wonderful Workmanship of Heaven, in transforming him to his human Likeness; he first gave Honour to Almighty God; next, bless'd the Ground whereon he had liv'd so long in Misery; then beholding his Armour, which lay near him, quite stain'd, and almost spoil'd with Rust; his Burgonet and keen-edg'd Cutlafs besmear'd over with Dust: Then lastly, pondering in his Mind, the faithful Service his trusty Steed had done him, during the Time of his Calamity,
whose

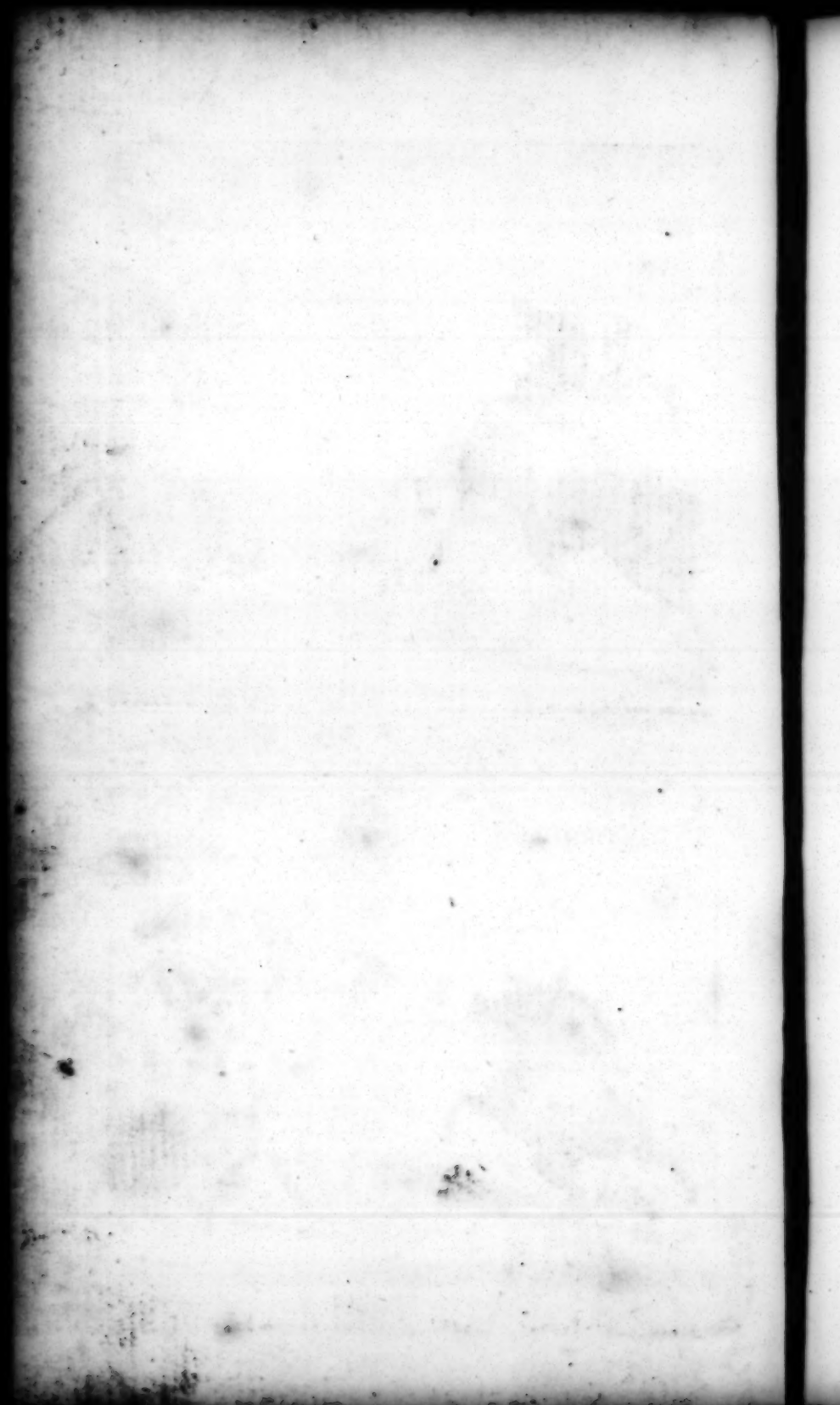
whose sable-colour'd Mane hung frizzling down his brawny Neck, which before was wont to be platted curiously with artificial Knots, and his Forehead, which was always beautified with a tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over-grown Hair, the good Champion, St. Denis of France, was so grieved, that he stroak'd down his jetty Back, 'till the Hair of his Body lay as smooth as *Arabian Silk*; then pull'd he out his trusty Faulcheon, which, in so many fierce Assaults, and dangerous Combats, had been bath'd in the Blood of his Enemies, and by the long Continuance of Time lying idle, was now almost consum'd with canker'd Rust; but by his Labour and great Industry, he recover'd its former Beauty and Brightness again.

Thus both his Sword and Horse, his martial Furniture, and all other Habiliments of War, being brought to their first and proper Qualities, the noble Champion resolv'd to pursue his intended Adventure, in cutting down the Mulberry-Tree: So taking his Sword, which was of the purest *Spanish Steel*, made such a Stroke at the Root thereof, that at one Blow he cut it quite in sunder, from whence immediately flash'd such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Mane was burnt from his Horse's Neck, and likewise the Hair of his own Head had been fir'd, had not his Helmet preserv'd him: And no

sooner was the Flame extinguish'd, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a naked Virgin (in Shape like *Daphne*, which *Apollo* turn'd into a Bay-Tree) fairer than *Pigmalion's* Ivory Image, or the Northern Snow, her Eyes more clear than the Icy Mountains, her Cheeks like Roses dipped in Milk, her Lips more lovely than the *Turkish* Rubies, her Alabaster Teeth like *Indian* Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where Milk-white Doves sate and sung, the rest of Nature's Lineaments a Stain to *Juno*, *Pallas*, or *Venus*, at whose excellent Beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired, than her wonderful Transformation; for his Eyes were ravished with such exceeding Pleasure, that his Tongue could remain no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the Secrets of his Heart, and in these Terms began to utter his Mind:

Thou most divine and singular Ornament of Nature! (said he) fairer than the Feathers of the *Silvan* Swan that swims upon *Meander's* Crystal Streams, and far more beautiful than *Aurora's* Morning Countenance, to thee the Fairest of all Fairs, most humbly and only to thy Beauty do I here submit my Affections. Also I swear by the Honour of my Knighthood, and by the Love of my Country of *France*, (which Vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of Rich





' Rich *America*, or the Golden Mines of High-
 ' er *India*) whether thou art an Angel de-
 ' scended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended
 ' from the vast Dominions of *Proserpine* :
 ' Whether thou art some Fairy or *Silvan*
 ' Nymph, which inhabits in the fatal Wood,
 ' or else an earthly Creature, for thy Sins
 ' transformed into this Mulberry-tree, I
 ' am not therefore Judge. Therefore sweet
 ' Saint, to whom my Heart must pay its
 ' due Devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Pa-
 ' rentage, and Name, that I may the bolder
 ' presume upon thy Courtesies.' At which De-
 ' mand, this New-born Virgin, with a shamefac-
 ' ed Look, modest Gesture, sober Grace, and
 ' blushing Countenance, began thus to reply :

' Sir Knight, by whom my Life, my
 ' Love, and Fortunes are to be commanded,
 ' and by whom my human Shape and na-
 ' tural Form is recovered : First know, you
 ' magnanimous Champion, that I am by
 ' Birth the King of *Thessaly's* Daughter, and
 ' my Name was called for my Beauty proud
 ' *Eglantine* : For which contemptuous Pride,
 ' I was transformed into this Mulberry-Tree,
 ' in which green Substance I have continued
 ' fourteen Years. As for my Love, thou
 ' hast deserved it, before all Knights in the
 ' World, and to thee do I plight that true
 ' Promise before the Omnipotent Judger of
 ' all Things : And before that secret Pro-
 ' mise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease

- to shine by Day, the Moon by Night, and
- all the Planets forsake their natural Order.'

At which Words the Champion gave her the Courtesies of his Country, and sealed her Promises with a loving Kiss.

After which, beautiful *Eglantine*, being ashamed of her Nakedness, weaved herself a Garment of green Rushes, intermixed with such Variety of Flowers, that it surpassed, for Workmanship, the *Indian* Maidens curious Webs; her curling Locks of Hair continued still of the Colour of the Mulberry-Tree, and made her appear like *Flora* in her greatest Royalty, when the Fields were decked with Nature's Tapestry.

She then washed her Lilly Hands, and Rose-coloured Face in the Dew of Heaven, which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus, in green Vestments, she intends, in Company of her true Love, (the valiant Knight of *France*) to take her Journey to her Father's Court; where, after some few Days travel, they arrived safe, and were welcomed according to their Wishes, with the most honourable Entertainments. The King of *Thessaly* no sooner beheld his Daughter, of whose strange Transformation he was ignorant, but he fell into a Swoon through exceeding Joy, but coming to his Senses, he embraced her, and proffered such Courtesy to the strange Knight, that *St. Denis* accounted him the
Mirror

Mirror of all Courtesy, and the Pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiff and wearied Limbs were bathed in new Milk and white Wine, he was conveyed to a sweet smelling Fire made of Juniper, and the Fair *Eglantine* conducted by the Maidens of Honour to a private Chamber, where she was disrobed of her *Silvan* Attire, and apparelled in long Robes of purple Silk: In which Court of *Theffaly* we will leave our Champion of *France* with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures happened to them during the Seven Years.

C H A P. V.

How St. James, the Champion of Spain, continued Seven Years Dumb for the Love of the Fair Jew, and how he should have been shot to Death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other Things which happened in his Travels.

NOW must my Muse speak of St. James of Spain, the Third Champion, and what happened unto him in his Seven Years Travels through many a strange Country by Sea and Land, where his honourable Acts were so dangerous and full of

Wonder, that I want Skill to express, and Art to describe : Also I am forced, for Brevity Sake, to pass over his dangerous Battle with the Burning Drake upon the Flaming Mount in *Sicily*, which terrible Combat continued for the Space of seven Days and seven Nights : Likewise I omit his Travel in *Cappadocia*, through a Wilderness of Monsters, with his Passage over the *Red Seas*, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Mariners drowned, and himself, his Horse and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nymphs and Mermaids : Where after his long Travels, passed Perils, and dangerous Tempests, among the stormy Billows of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy Dominions of *Judab* ; unhappy by reason of the long and troublesome Misery he endured for the Love of a fair Jew. For coming to the beautiful City of *Jerusalem*, (being in that Age the Wonder of the World, for brave Buildings, princely Palace, and wonderful Temples) he so admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richest Place that ever his Eyes beheld) that he stood before the Walls of *Jerusalem*, one while gazing upon her golden Gates, glittering against the Sun's bright Countenance, another while beholding her stately Pinacles, whose lofty peeping Tops seemed to touch the Clouds ; another while wondring at her Towers of *Jasper*, *Jet* and *Ebony*,

Ebony, her strong and fortified Walls, three Times double about the City, glittering Spires of the Temple of *Sion*, built in the Fashion and Similitude of the Pyramids, the ancient Monument of *Greece*, whose Battlements were covered with Steel, the Walls burnished with Silver, the Ground paved with Tin. Thus, as this noble and famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of *Jerusalem*, there suddenly thundered such a Peal of Ordnance within the City, that it seemed, in his ravished Conceit, to shake the Veil of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth; whereat his Horse gave such a sudden Start, that he leaped ten Foot from the Place whereon he stood. After this, he heard the Sound of Drums, and the chearful Ecchoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the valiant Champion expected some honourable Pastime, or some great Tournament to be at Hand; which indeed so fell out: For no sooner did he cast his Eyes toward the East-side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: After them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve warlike Counters, bearing in their Hands twelve Blood-red Streamers, whereon was wrought in Silk the Picture of *Adonis* wounded by a Boar: After them the King drawn in a Chariot by *Spanish* Mares. The King's Guards
were

were a hundred naked *Moors*, with *Turkish* Bows and Darts, feathered with Ravens Wings; After them marched *Celestine* the King of *Jerusalem's* fair Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn. In her Hand a Javelin of Silver, and armed with a Breast Plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were 100 *Amazonian* Dames clad in green Silk: After them followed a Number of Esquires and Gentlemen, some upon *Barbarian* Steeds, some upon *Arabian* Palfreys, and some on Foot, in Pace more nimble than the tripping Deer, and more swift than the tamest Hart upon the Mountains of *Thessaly*.

Thus *Nebuzaradan*, great King of *Jerusalem* (for so he was called) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of *Judab*, being a Country very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lion, the Leopard, the Boar, and such like; in which Exercise, the King appointed, as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Arms, (which he heard repeated by the Shepherd in the Fields) that whosoever slew the first wild Beast in the Forest, should have in Reward a Corslet of Steel so richly engraven, that it should be worth a thousand Sheckles of Silver. Of which honorable Enterprize when the Champion had Understanding, and with what liberal Bounty the adventurous Knight would be rewarded, his Heart was fraught with invincible

eible Courage, thirsting after glorious Attempts, not only for Hope of Gain, but for the Desire of Honour, at which his illustrious and undaunted Mind aimed, to eternize his Deeds in the memorable Records of Fame, and to shine as a Chrystal Mirror to all ensuing Times. So closing down his Beaver, and locking on his Furniture, he scoured over the Plains before the Hunters of *Jerusalem*, in Pace more swift than the winged Winds, till he approached an old unfrequented Forest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boar, lying before his mossy Den, gnawing upon the mangled Joints of some Passenger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the Forest.

This Boar was of wonderful Length and Bigness, and so terrible to behold, that at the first Sight he almost daunted the Courage of the *Spanish* Knight: For his monstrous Head seemed ugly and deformed, his Eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tusks more sharp than Pikes of Steel, and from his Nostrils fumed such a violent Breath, that it seemed like a Tempestuous Whirlwind; his Bristles were more hard than seven times melted Brass, and his Tail more loathsome than a Wreath of Snakes: Near whom, when *St. James* approached, and beheld how he drank the Blood of human Creatures, and devoured their Flesh, he blew his Silver Horn, which as then hung

hung at the Pummel of his Saddle, in a Scarf of green Silk: Whereat the furious Monster turned himself, and most fiercely assailed the noble Champion, who most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Spear struck such a violent Blow upon the Breast of the Boar, that it shivered into twenty Pieces: Then drawing his Falchion from his Side, he gave a second Encounter, but all in vain, for he struck as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, not hurting the Boar: But at last, with staring Eyes and open Jaws, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: But the nimble Knight, as then trusted more to Policy than Fortitude, and so skipped from Place to Place, 'till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Cuttle-Ax down his Throat, and split his Heart in sunder. Which being accomplished to his own Desire, he cut off the Boar's Head, and so presented the Honour of the Combat to the King of *Jerusalem*, who, with his mighty Train of Knights, but now entered the Forest: Who having graciously received the Gift, and bountifully fulfilled his Promises, demanded the Champion's Country, his Religion, and Place of his Nativity: But no sooner had Intelligence that he was a *Christian* Knight, and born in the Territories of *Spain*, but presently his Kindness changed to a great Fury

Fury, and by these Words, expressed his Anger to the *Christian* Champion.

‘ Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said
‘ the King of *Jerusalem*) that it is the Law of
‘ *Judah*, to harbour no uncircumcised Man,
‘ but either to banish him out of the Land,
‘ or end his Days by some untimely Death.
‘ Thou art a *Christian*, and theretore shalt
‘ die: Not all thy Country Treasures, the
‘ wealthy *Spanish* Mines, nor if all the
‘ *Alps* which divided the Countries of *Italy*
‘ and *Spain*, were turned to Hills of burnisht
‘ Gold, and made my lawful Heritage,
‘ they should not redeem thy Life. Yet
‘ for the Honour thou hast done in *Judah*,
‘ I grant thee this Favour by the Law of
‘ Arms to choose thy Death, else hadst thou
‘ suffered most grievous Torment.’ Which
severe Judgment so amazed the Champion,
that desperately he would have killed him-
self with his own Sword, but that he thought
it more Honour to his Country to die in
the Defence of *Christendom*. So like a true-
ly noble Knight, fearing not the Threats
of the *Jews*, he gave his Sentence of his
own Death. First he requested to be bound
to a Pine-Tree, with his Breast laid open na-
ked against the Sun; then to have an
Hour’s Respite to make his Supplication to
his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to
Death by a true Virgin.

Which

Which Words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his Furniture, bound him to a Pine-Tree, and laid his Breast open, ready to receive the bloody Stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: But such Pity, Meekness, Mercy and kind Lenity lodged in the Heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand, or be the bloody Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last the tyrannous *Nabuzaradan* gave strict Commandment, upon Pain of Death, that Lots should be cast betwixt the Maids of *Judab* that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, she should be the fatal Executioner of the condemned *Christian*. But by Chance the Lot fell to *Celestine* the King's Daughter, being the fairest Maid then living in *Jerusalem*, in whose Heart no such Deed of Cruelty could be harboured. Instead of Death's fatal Instrument, she shot towards his Breast, a deep strained Sigh, the true Messenger of Love, and afterwards to Heaven she thus made her humble Supplication.

‘ Thou great Commander of celestial
 ‘ moving Powers, convert the cruel Moti-
 ‘ ons of my Father's Mind, into a Spring
 ‘ of pitiful Tears, that they may wash away
 ‘ the Blood of this innocent Knight, from
 ‘ the Habitation of his stained purple Soul.
 ‘ O *Judab* and *Jerusalem*, within whose Bos-

soms

'soms live a WilderNESS of Tygers, dege-
 'nerate from Nature's Kind, more cruel
 'than the hungry Cannibals, and more ob-
 'durate than untam'd Lions! What merci-
 'less Tygers can unrip that Breast, where
 'lives the Image of true Nobility, the very
 'Pattern of Knighthood, and the Map of
 'a noble Mind? No, no, before my Hand
 'shall be stained with *Christians* Blood, I
 'will, like *Scylla*, against all Nature, sell
 'my Country's Safety, or like *Medea*, wan-
 'der with the Golden Fleece to unknown
 'Nations.'

In such manner complained the beaute-
 ous *Celestine* the King's Daughter of *Jerusa-*
lem, 'till her Sighs stopped the Passage of
 her Speech, and her Tears strained the na-
 tural Beauty of her Rosy Cheeks; her Hair
 which glittered like to Golden Wires, she
 besmeared in Dust, and disrobed herself of
 her costly Garments, and then, with a Train
 of her *Amazonian* Ladies, went to the King
 her Father, where, after a long Suit, she not
 only obtained his Life, but Liberty, yet
 therewithal his perpetual Banishment from
Jerusalem, and from all the Borders of *Ju-*
dab, the want of whose Sight more grieved
 her Heart, than the Loss of her own Life.
 So this noble and praise-worthy *Celestine* re-
 turns to the *Christian* Champion, who ex-
 pected every Minute to be put to Death,
 No. 3. G but

but this Expectation fell out contrary ; for the good Lady, after she had sealed two or three Kisses upon his pale Lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the Bands that bound his Body to the Tree into many Pieces, and then with a Flood of Salt Tears, the Motives of true Love, she thus revealed her Mind.

‘ Most noble Knight, and true Cham-
‘ pion of *Christendom*, thy Life and Liberty
‘ I have gained, but therewith thy Banish-
‘ ment from *Judah*, which is a Hell of
‘ Horror to my Scul ; for in thy Bosom
‘ have I built my Happiness, and in thy
‘ Heart I account the Paradise of my true
‘ Love ; thy first Sight and lovely Counte-
‘ nance did ravish me, for when these Eyes
‘ beheld thee mounted on thy princely Pal-
‘ frey, my Heart burned in Affection to-
‘ wards thee : Therefore, dear Knight, in
‘ Reward of my Love, be thou my Cham-
‘ pion, and for my Sake wear this Ring,
‘ with this Posie engraven in it, *Ardeo*
‘ *Affectione.*’ And so giving him a Ring
from her Finger, and therewithal a Kiss
from her Mouth, she departed with a for-
rowful Sigh, in Company of her Father and
the rest of his honourable Train, back to
the City of *Jerusalem*, being as then near
the setting of the Sun. But now *St. James*,
the Champion of *Spain*, having escaped the
Danger

Danger of Death, and at full Liberty to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many Cogitations, one while thinking upon the true Love of *Celestine* (whose Name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the Cruelty of her Father: Then intending to depart into his own Country, but looking back to the Towers of *Jerusalem*, his Mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have Sight of his Lady and Mistress, and to live in some disguised Sort in her Presence, and be his Love's true Champion against all Comers. So gathering certain black Berries from the Trees, he coloured his Body all over like a Blackmoor; but yet considering that his Country Speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the Time of his Residence in *Jerusalem*.

So all things ordered according to his Desire, he took his Journey to the City, where with Signs he declared his Intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his Time in the Service of the King. Whose Countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural Colour of the *Moors*, he little mistrusted him to be the *Christian* Champion, whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest *Indian* Knights that ever his Eye beheld; therefore he installed him with the Honour of Knighthood; and appointed him

to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughter's only Champion. Thus when St. *James* of *Spain* saw himself invested in that honourable Place, his Soul was ravished with such exceeding Joy, that he thought no Pleasure comparable to his, no Place of *Elysium* but the Court of *Jerusalem*, and no Goodness but his beloved *Celestine*.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving Sigh in the Presence of his Lady and Mistress, not knowing how to reveal the Secrets of his Mind.

So upon a Time, there arrived in the Court of *Nebuzaradan*, the King of *Arabia*, with the Admiral of *Babylon*, both presuming upon the Love of *Celestine*, and craving her in the Way of Marriage, but she exempted all their Motions of Love from her chaste Mind, only building her Thoughts upon the *Spanish* Knight, who she supposed to be in his own Country.

At whose melancholly Passions her importunate Suitors, the King of *Arabia*, and the Admiral of *Babylon* marvelled ; and therefore intended upon an Evening to present her with some rare devised Mask. So choosing out fit Consorts for their courtly Pastimes, of which Number the King of *Arabia* was chief and first Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of *Babylon* was the second, and her own Champion, St. *James*, the third, who was called by the Name of the
the

the *Dumb Knight* : In this Manner the Mask was performed.

First entered a most excellent Consort of Musick, after them the aforesaid Maskers in Cloth of Gold, and most curiously imbroidered, and danced about the Hall, at the End whereof the King of *Arabia* presented *Celestine* with a costly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a Silver Glove, and upon the Point was erected a Golden Crown : Then the Musick sounded another Course, of which the Admiral of *Babylon* was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure Silk of the Colour of the Rainbow, brought in by *Diana, Venus* and *Juno* : Which being done, the Musick sounded the third Time, in which Course St. *James*, tho' unknown, was the Leader of the Dance, who at the End thereof presented *Celestine* with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by three Graces, and put upon her Head. Afterwards the *Christian* Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Mistress, took her by the Hand, and led her a stately *Morisco* Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which she gave him at his Departure in the Woods, which she presently knew by the Posy, and shortly after had Intelligence of his Dumbness, his counterfeit Colour, his changing of Nature, and the great Danger he put

G 3

himself

himself to for her Sake : Which caused her with all the Speed she could possibly make, to break off Company, and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same Evening she had a long Conference with her faithful Lover and adventurous Champion : And to conclude, they made an Agreement betwixt them, that the same Night, unknown to any in the Court, she bad *Jerusalem* Adieu, and by the Light of *Cynthia's* glittering Beams, stole from her Father's Palace, where in Company of none but *St. James*, she took her Journey towards the Country of *Spain*. But this noble Knight by Policy prevented all ensuing Dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary Way.

By this Means escaped the two Lovers from the Fury of the *Jews*, and arrived safely in *Spain* in the City of *Sevil*, where in the brave Champion *St. James* was born : Where now we leave them for a Time to their own contented Minds. Also passing over the Disturbances in *Jerusalem* for the Loss of *Celestine*, the vain Pursuits of adventurous Knights, the preparing of fresh Horses to follow them, the frantick Passions of the King for his Daughter, the malancholy Moan of the Admiral of *Babylon* for his Mistress, and the woful Lamentation of the *Arabian* King, for his Lady
1 and

and Love : We will return to the Adventures of the other *Christian* Champions.

C H A P. VI.

The terrible Battle between St. Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Giant Blanderon ; and afterwards of his strange Entertainment in the Giant's Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what happened to him in the same Castle.

IT was the same Time of the Year when the Earth was newly deckt with the Summer's Livery, when the noble Champion *St. Anthony* of *Italy* arrived in *Thracia*, where he spent his seven Years Travels to the Honour of his Country, the Glory of God, and to his own still lasting Memory : For after he had wandered through Woods and Wildernesses, by Hills and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown Passages, he arrived at last upon the Top of a high Mountain, whereon stood a wonderful strong Castle, which was kept by the most mighty Giant under the Cope of Heaven, whose puissant Force all *Thrace* could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with the Danger of their whole Country. The Giant's Name was *Blanderon*, his Castle of the purest Marble-Stone, his
Gates

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Gates of Brass, and over the principal
Gate were graven these Verses following:

Within this Castle lives the Scourge of Kings,
A furious Giant, whose unconquer'd Power,
The *Thracian* Monarch in Subjection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his Power;
Seven Damsels fair this monstrous Giant keeps,
That sings him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His Bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins Sake have lost their Lives;
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most inhuman Giant still survives:
Let simple Passengers take Heed betimes,
When up this Mountain they intend to climb.

But Knights of Worth, and Men of noble Mind,
If any chance to travel by this Tower,
That for these Maidens Sake will be so kind,
To try their Strength against the Giant's Power,
Shall have a Virgin's Prayer both Day and Night,
To prosper them with good successful Fight.

After he had read what was written over
the Gate, desire of Fame so encouraged
him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldned
his valiant Mind, that he either vowed to
redeem these Ladies from their Servitude,
or die with Honour by the Fury of the
Giant. So going to the Castle Gate, he
struck so vehemently thereon, with the Pum-
mel of his Sword, that it sounded like a
Thunder-clap: Whereat *Blanderon* suddenly
started up, being fast asleep by a Fountain
Side, and came pacing forth of the Gate,
with an Oak-Tree upon his Neck; who, at
the

the Sight of the *Italian* Champion, so lightly flourished it about his Head, as though it had been a little Cuttle-Axe, and with these Words gave the noble Champion Entertainment :

‘ What Fury hath incensed thy overbold-
‘ ned Mind, thus to adventure thy feeble
‘ Force against the Violence of my strong
‘ Arms : I tell thee, hadst thou the Strength
‘ of *Hercules*, who bore the Mountain *Atlas*
‘ on his Shoulders, or the Policy of *Ulysses*,
‘ by which the City of *Troy* was ruined, or
‘ the Might of *Xerxes*, whose Multitudes
‘ drank up the Rivers as they passed ; yet
‘ all too feeble, weak, and impotent, to
‘ encounter with the mighty Giant *Blande-*
‘ *ron* ; thy Force I esteem as a Blast of
‘ Wind, and thy Strokes as a few Drops of
‘ Water : Therefore betake thee to thy
‘ Weapon, which I compare to a Bulrush,
‘ for on this Ground will I measure out thy
‘ Grave, and after that thy feeble Palfrey
‘ with one of my Hands headlong down
‘ this steep Mountain.’

Thus boasted the vain-glorious Giant upon his own Strength. During which Time, the valiant Champion had alighted from his Horse, where, after he had made his humble Supplication to the Heavens for his good Speed, and committed his Fortune to the

the imperial Queen of Destiny, he approach-
ed within the Giant's Reach, who, with his
great Oak so nimbly bestired him with such
vehement Blows, that they seemed to shake
the Earth, and to rattle the Wall of the
Castle like Thunder-claps; and, had not the
politick Knight continually skipped from
the Fury of his Blows, he had been soon
killed, for every Stroke the Giant gave, the
Root of his Oak entered at the least two or
three Inches into the Ground. But such
was the Wisdom and Policy of the worthy
Champion not to withstand the Force of his
Weapon, 'till the Giant grew breathless, and
not able, through his long Labour, to lift the
Oak above his Head, and likewise the Heat of
the Sun was so intolerable (by Reason of the
extreme Height of the Mountain, and the
mighty Weight of his Iron Coat) that the
Sweat of the Giant's Brows ran into his
Eyes, and by Reason he was so extreme fat,
he grew so blind, that he could not see to
combat with him any longer; and, as far
as he could perceive, would have retired or
run back again into his Castle, but that the
Italian Champion with a bold Courage as-
sailed the Giant so fiercely, that he was
forced to let his Oak fall, and stand gasping
for Breath; which when this noble Knight
beheld, with a fresh Supply he redoubled
his Blows so couragiously, that they fell on
the Giant's Armour like a Storm of Win-
ter's





ter's Hail, whereby at last *Blanderon* was compelled to ask the Champion Mercy, and to crave at his Handsome Respite of Breathing; but his Demand was in vain, for the valiant Knight supposed now or never to obtain the Honour of the Day; and therefore rested not his weary Arm, but redoubled Blow after Blow, till the Giant, for Want of Breath, and through the Anguish of his deep gashed Wounds, was forced to give the World a Farewel, and to yield the Riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conqueror, *St. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*: But by that Time the long and dangerous Encounter was finished, and the Giant *Blanderon's* Head was severed from his Body, the Sun sat mounted on the highest Part of the Elements, which caused the Day to be extreme hot and sultry, the Champion's Armour so scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Croset, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his Body upon the cold Earth, to mitigate his extreme Heat. But such was the unnatural Coldness of the Earth, the Vapours of it struck suddenly to his Heart, by which his vital Air of Life excluded, and his Body lay without Sense or Moving: Where, at the Mercy of pale Death, he lay bereaved for the Space of an Hour.

During which Time fair *Rosalinde* (one of the Daughters of the *Tbracian* King, being

being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by Chance looked over the Walls, and espied the Body of the Giant headless, under whose Subjection she had continued in great Servitude for the Time of seven Months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed, as she thought, panting for Breath, which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Giant *Blanderon*, and the Man by whom her Delivery should be recovered; she presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all Speed to the adventurous Champion, whom she found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his Recovery, feeling as yet a warm Blood in every Member, retired back with all Speed to the Castle, and fetcht a Box of precious Balm, which the Giant was wont to pour into his Wounds after his Encounter with any Knight: With which Balm the courteous Lady chafed every Part of the breathless Champion's Body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her Salt Tears, which like Pearls fell from her Eyes, another while drying them with Tresses of her Golden Hair, which hung dangling in the Wind; then chafing his lifeless Body again with a Balm of a contrary Nature, but yet no Sign of Life could she see in the dead Knight, which caused her to despair of his Recovery. Therefore like a loving, meek, and kind Lady, considering he had lost his Life for her Sake, she intended

tended to bear him Company in Death, and with her own Hands to finish her Days, and die upon his Breast, as *Thisbe* died upon the Breast of her true *Pyramis*: Therefore as the Swan sings awhile before her Death, so this sorrowful Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song over the Body of the noble Champion.

Muses, come mourn with doleful Melody,
Kind *Silvan* Nymphs that sit in rosy Bowers,
With brackish Tears come mix your Harmony,
To wail with me both Minutes, Days, and Hours,
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I,
To ease my Heart awhile before I die.

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight which for my Sake is slain:
Dead is the Knight for whom my careful Cry,
With wounded Soul, for ever shall complain.
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.

I'll lay my Breast upon a Silver Stream,
And swim in *Elysium's* Lilly Fields:
There in Ambrosia Trees I'll write a Theme,
Of all the woful Sighs my Sorrow yields,
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.

Farewel, fair Woods, where sing the Nightingales,
Farewel, fair Fields, where feed the light Foot Deer,
Farewel, you Groves, you Hills, and Flow'ry Dales,
But fare you ill the Cause of all my Woes:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.

Ring out my Grief, you hollow Caves of Stone,
Both Birds, and Beasts, with all Things on the
Ground;

You senseless Trees, be assistant to my Moan,
That up to Heaven my Sorrows may resound:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.

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Let all the Towns of *Thrace* ring out my Knell,
 And write in Leaves of Brass what I have said;
 That after Ages may remember well,
 How *Rosalinde* liv'd and dy'd a Maid.
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.

She no had sooner ended, but the desperate Lady unsheathed the Champion's Sword, which was besprinkled with the Giant's Blood, and being at the very Point to execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp-edged Weapon directly against her Breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a terrible Groan; whereat she stopped her remorseless Hand, and with more Discretion tendered her own Safety: For by this Time the Balm wherewith she anointed his Body, by wonderful Operation, recovered the Champion, insomuch, that after some few Gasps and deadly Sighs, he raised up his stiff Limbs from the cold Earth, where, like one cast into a Trance, for a Time he gazed up and down the Mountain, but at last, having recovered his lost Senses, espied the *Thracian* Damsel standing by, not able to speak one Word, her Joy so abounded: But after some Time he revealed to her the Manner of his dangerous Encounter, and successful Victory; and she the Cause of his Recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where, after many kind Salutations, she courteously took him by the Hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that Night she lodged his

his weary Limbs in an easy Bed stuffed with Turtle Feathers, and softest Thistle Down.

The noble-minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battle, 'till Golden *Phæbus* bad him good Morrow. Then rising out of his Bed, he attired himself, not in his wonted Habiliments of War, but in Purple Garments, and intended to overview the Rarities of the Castle: But the Lady *Rosalinde* was busied in preparing Delicates for his Repast, where, after he had-refreshed himself with a dainty Banquet, he, by the Advice of *Rosalinde*, stripped the Giant from his Iron Furniture, and left his naked Body upon a craggy Rock, to be devoured by hungry Ravens, which being done, the *Thracian* Virgin discovered all the Castle to the adventurous Champion: First she led him to a Leaden Tower, where hung a Hundred well-approved Crosslets, with other martial Furniture, which were the Spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain: After that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon human Flesh; against it was placed the Giant's own Lodging, his Bed was of Iron, corded with mighty Bars of Steel, the Tester, or Covering, of carved Brass, the Curtains were of Leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderful Substance, of the Colour of the Element: After this, she led him to a broad

Pond of Water, more clear than Quick-silver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Chrystal, whereon swam six Milk-white Swans, with Crowns of Gold about their Necks.

‘ Oh here (said the *Thracian* Lady) begins the Hell of all my Grief.’ At which Words a Shower of pearly Tears ran from her Eyes, that for a Time they staid the Passage of her Tongue : But having discharged her Heart from a few sorrowful Sighs, she began in this Manner to tell her forepass’d Fortunes.

‘ These six milk white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady *Rosalinde*) be my natural Sisters, both by Birth and Blood, and all Daughters to the King of *Thrace*, being now Governor of this unhappy Country, and the Beginning of our Imprisonment began in this unfortunate Manner :

‘ The King my Father, ordained a solemn Hunting to be held thro’ the Land, in which honourable Pastime, myself, in Company of my six Sisters, was present : So in the middle of our Sports, when the Lords and Barons of *Thracia* were in Chase after a mighty She Lion, the Heavens suddenly began to lour, the Firmaments over-cast, and a general Darkness overspread

‘ spread the Face of the whole Earth :
‘ Then presently arose such a Storm of
‘ Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together ; by
‘ which our Lordly Troops of Knights and
‘ Barons were separated one from another,
‘ and we poor Ladies forced to seek for
‘ Shelter under the Bottom of this high
‘ Mountain ; where when this cruel Giant
‘ *Blanderon* espied us, as he walked upon
‘ his Battlements, he suddenly descended the
‘ Mountain, and fetch’d us all under his
‘ Arm up into the Castle, where ever since
‘ we have lived in great Servitude ; and for
‘ the wonderful Transformation of my six
‘ Sisters thus, it came to pass as followeth.

‘ Upon a Time the Giant being over-
‘ charged with Wine, grew enamoured with
‘ our Beauties, and desired much to enjoy
‘ the Pleasure of our Virginities ; our excellent Gifts of Nature so inflamed his Mind
‘ with Lust, that he would have forced us
‘ every one to satisfy his sinful Desires ; he
‘ took my six Sisters, one by one, into his
‘ Lodging, thinking to deflour them, but
‘ their earnest Prayers so prevailed in the
‘ Sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderful
‘ Miracle ; and turned their comely Bodies
‘ into the Shape of Milk-white Swans, in
‘ the same Form as here you see them swim-

' ming. So when this monstrous Giant
 ' saw that his Intent was crost, and how
 ' there was none left behind to supply his
 ' Want, but my unfortunate Self, he re-
 ' strained his filthy Lust, not violating my
 ' Honour with any Stain of Infamy, but
 ' kept me ever since a most pure Virgin,
 ' only with sweet inspiring Musick to bring
 ' him to his Sleep.

' Thus have you heard (most noble
 ' Knight) the true Discourse of my most
 ' unhappy Fortunes, and the wonderful
 ' Transformation of my six Sisters, whose
 ' Loss to this Day is greatly lamented
 ' throughout all *Thracia*.' And with that
 Word she made an End of her tragical
 Discourse, not able to utter the rest for
 Weeping. Whereat the Knight, being op-
 pressed then with like Sorrow, embraced
 her about the slender Waist, and thus kind-
 ly began to comfort her :

' Most dear and kind Lady, within whose
 ' Countenance I see how Virtue is enthron-
 ' ed, and in whose Mind lives true Mag-
 ' nanimity, let these Words suffice to com-
 ' fort thy sorrowful Thoughts. First, think
 ' that the Heavens are most beneficial unto
 ' thee, in preserving thy Chastity from the
 ' Giant's insatiate Desires : Secondly, for
 ' thy Delivery by my Means from the slavish
 ' Servitude : Thirdly and Lastly, that thou
 ' remaining

‘ remaining in thy natural Shape and Likeness, may live to be the Means of thy Sisters Transformation; therefore dry up these Chrystal-pearled Tears, and bid thy long-continued Sorrows adieu, for Grief is Companion with Despair, and Despair a Procurer of infamous Death.’

Thus the woful *Thracian* Lady was comforted by the noble *Christian* Champion; where, after a few kind Greetings, they intended to travel to her Father’s Court, there to relate what happened to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Giant’s Confusion, and her own safe Delivery, by the illustrious Prowess of the *Christian* Knight. So, taking the Keys of the Castle, which were of a wonderful Weight, they locked up the Gates, and paced Hand in Hand down the steep Mountain, ’till they approached the *Thracian* Court, which was distant from the Castle about ten Miles: But by that Time they had a Sight of the Palace, the Night approached, which discontented the weary Travellers; but at last, coming to her Father’s Gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bells ringing the Funeral Knell of some noble State: The Cause of which they demanded of the Porter; who in this manner expressed the Truth of the Matter to them.

‘ Fair Lady and most Renowned Knight,
‘ (said the Porter) for so you seem both, by
‘ your

‘ your Speeches and honourable Demands,
 ‘ the Cause of this Ringing is for the Loss of
 ‘ the King’s Seven Daughters, the Number
 ‘ of which Bells be Seven, called after the
 ‘ Names of the Seven Princeffes, which ne-
 ‘ ver yet have ceased their doleful Melody,
 ‘ since the Departure of the unhappy Ladies,
 ‘ nor never must, until News be heard of
 ‘ their safe Return.’

‘ Then now their Tasks are ended (said the
 ‘ noble minded *Rosalinde*) for we bring News
 ‘ of the Seven Princeffes Abode.’ At which
 Words the Porter being ravished with Joy,
 in all Haste ran to the Steeple, and caused
 the Bells to cease, whereat the King of
Tbracia, hearing the Bells cease their wonted
 Melody, suddenly started up from his Prince-
 ly Seat, and like a Man amazed ran to the
 Palace Gate, whereat he found his Daughter
Rosalinde in Company of a strange Knight :
 Which when he beheld, his Joy so exceed-
 ed, that he swooned in his Daughter’s Bo-
 som ; but being recovered to his former
 Sense, he brought them up into his Prince-
 ly Hall, where their Entertainments were
 so honourable in the Eyes of the whole
 Court, that it were too tedious to describe :
 But their Joy was presently dashed with
Rosalinde’s tragical Discourse ; for the good
 old King, when he heard of his Daughters
 Transformations, and how they lived in the
 Shape

Shape of Milk-white Swans, he rent his Locks of Silver Hair, which Time had died with the Pledge of Wisdom: His rich embroidered Garments he tore in many Pieces, and clad his aged Limbs in a dismal, black, and sable Mantle; also he commanded that his Knights and Adventurous Champions, instead of glittering Armour, should wear the Weeds of Death, more black in Hue than Winter's darkeſt Nights, and all the courtly Ladies and gallant *Thracian* Maidens, instead of ſilken Veſtments, he commanded to wear both heavy, ſad, and melancholy Ornaments, and even as unto a ſolemn Funeral, to attend him to the Giant's Caſtle, and there obſequiouſly to offer up unto the angry Deſtinies, many a bitter Sigh and Tear, in Remembrance of his transformed Daughters; which Decree of the ſorrowful *Thracian* King was performed with all convenient Speed: For the next Morning, no ſooner had *Phæbus* caſt his Beauty into the King's Bed-chamber, but he apparelled himſelf in Mourning Garments, and in Company of his melancholy Train ſet forward to his woful Pilgrimage. But here we muſt not forget the Princely minded Champion of *Italy*, nor the Noble minded *Rosalinde*, who, at the King's Departure towards the Caſtle, craved Leave to ſtay behind, and not ſo ſuddenly to begin new Travels: Wherefore the King condeſcend-
ed

ed, considering their late Journey the Evening before: So taking the Castle Keys from the Champion, he bad his Palace adieu, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowful Journey; where we leave him in a World of discontented Passions, and a while discourse of what happened to the *Christian* Champion and his beloved Lady: For by that Time the Sun had thrice measured the World with his restless Steeds, and thrice his Sister *Luna* wandered to the West, the noble *Italian* Knight grew weary of his long-continued Rest, and desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the doleful Murmuring of Tragedies, than where the joyful Sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: Therefore he took *Rosalinde* by the Hand, being then weeping for want of her Father, to whom the noble Knight in this Manner expressed his secret Intent.

' My most devoted Lady and Mistress
 ' (said the Champion) a second *Dido* for thy
 ' Love, a Stain to *Venus* for thy Beauty,
 ' *Penelope's* Compare for Constancy, and
 ' for Chastity the Wonder of all Maids:
 ' The faithful Love that hitherto I have
 ' found since my Arrival, for ever shall be
 ' shrined in my Heart, and before all Ladies
 ' under the Cope of Heaven thou shalt
 ' live and die my Love's true Goddess:
 ' And for thy Sake I'll stand as Champion
 ' against

' against all Knights in the World : But to
 ' impair the Honour of my Knighthood,
 ' and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the
 ' Lap of Ladies I will not; though I can
 ' tune a Lute in a Prince's Chamber, I can
 ' sound a fierce Alarm in the Field ; Ho-
 ' nour calls me forth, dear *Rosalinde*, and
 ' Fame intends to buckle on my Armour,
 ' which now lies rusting in the idle Courts
 ' of *Thrace*. Therefore I am constrained
 ' (though most unwillingly) to leave the
 ' comfortable Sight of thy Beauty, and com-
 ' mit my Fortune to a longer Travel ; but I
 ' protest, wheresoever I come, or in what
 ' Region soever I be harboured, there will
 ' I maintain, to the Loss of my Life, that
 ' both thy Love, Constancy, Beauty, and
 ' Chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive : And
 ' with this Promise, my most divine *Rosa-
 ' linde*, I bid thee Farewel.' But before
 the honourable-minded Champion could
 finish what he proposed to utter, the Lady,
 being wounded inwardly with extreme
 Grief, not able to endure to keep silent any
 longer, but with the Tears falling from her
 Eyes, broke off his Speech in this Manner .

' Sir Knight (said she) by whom my Li-
 ' berty hath been obtained : The Name of
 ' Lady and Mistrefs, wherewith you entitle
 ' me, is too high and proud a Name, but
 ' rather call me Handmaid, for on thy no-
 ' ble

' ble Person will I ever more attend: It is not
 ' *Thrace* can harbour me when thou art ab-
 ' sent, and before I do forsake thy Company
 ' and kind Fellowship, Heaven shall be no
 ' Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth
 ' no Earth; but if thou provest unconstant,
 ' these tender Hands of mine shall never be
 ' unclasped, but hang on thy Horse's Bridle,
 ' 'till my Body, like *Theseus's* Son, be dashed
 ' in sunder against hard flinty Stones:
 ' Therefore forsake me not, dear Knight
 ' of *Christendom*. If ever *Camina* proved
 ' true to her *Sinatus*, or *Alstone* to her Lover,
 ' *Rosalinde* will be as true to thee.' So with
 this plighted Promise she caught him fast
 about the Neck, from whence she would
 not uncloze her Hands 'till he had vowed,
 by the Honour of true Chivalry, to make
 her his sole Companion, and only Partner
 of his Travels.

They being both agreed, she was most
 trimly attired like a Page in green Sarsenet,
 her Hair bound up most cunningly with a
 Silk Lift, artificially wrought with curious
 Knots, that she might travel without Suspi-
 cion or Blemish of Honour; her Rapier was
 a *Turkish* Blade, and her Ponyard of the
 finest Fashion, which she wore at her Back
 tied with an Orange Tawny-coloured Scarf,
 beautified with Tassels of Silk, her Buskins
 of the smoothest Kid Skins, her Spurs of
 the purest *Lydian* Steel, in which, when the
 noble

noble and beautiful Lady was attired, she seemed in Stature like the God of Love, when he sat dandled upon *Dido's* Lap, or rather *Ganymede*, Love's *Minion*, or *Adonis*, when *Venus* shewed her white Skin to entrap his Eyes to her unchaste Desires. But to be brief, all Things being in Readiness for their Departure, this famous worthy Knight mounted on his eager Steed, and *Rosalinde* on her gentle Palfrey, in Pace more easy than the winged Winds, or a Cock-Boat floating upon Chrystal Streams, they both bid Adieu to the Country of *Thracia*, and committed their Journey to the Queen of Chance: Therefore smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Star, until they arrive where their Souls do most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandered by the Way, and the loveliest Lady that ever Eye beheld.

In whose Travels my Muse must leave them for a Season, and speak of the *Thracian* Mourners, who by this Time had watered the Earth with abundance of their ceremonious Tears, and made the Elements true Witnesses of their sad Lamentations, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

How St. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a Vale of Walking Spirits, and how he was set at Liberty by a going Fire, after his Journey into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladies to their natural Shapes, that had lived seven Years in the Likeness of Milk-white Swans; with other Accidents that befel the most noble Champion.

NOW of the honourable Adventures of St. Andrew the Famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose seven Years Travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the Beginning of the History, he travelled through many strange and unknown Nations, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one Time in the Year he shews his bright Beams, but continual Darknes over-spreads the whole Country, and there lives a kind of People that have Heads like Dogs, that in Extremity of Hunger do devour one another, from which People this noble Champion was strangely delivered; where after he had wandered certain Days, neither seeing the gladsome Brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable Countenance of the Moon, but only guided by the Planets of the Elements, he happened

to a Vale of walking Spirits, which he supposed to be the very Dungeon of Burning *Acheron*: There he heard the Blowing of unseen Fires, Boiling of Furnaces, Ratling of Armour, Trampling of Horses, Jingling of Chains, Lumbring of Iron, Roaring of Spirits, and such like horrid Noises, that it made the *Scotish* Champion almost at his Wits End. But yet, having an undaunted Courage, exempting all Fear, he humbly made his Supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that Place of Terror; and so presently, as the Champion kneeled down upon the barren Ground, (whereon grew neither Herb, Flower, Grass, or any other green Thing) he beheld a certain Flame of Fire walking up and down before him, at which he stood for a Time amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: But remembering himself how he had read in former Times of a going Fire, called *Ignis Fatuus*, the Fire of Destiny; by some, *Will with the Wisp*, or *Jack with the Lantborn*; and likewise, by some simple Country People, *The Fair Maid of Ireland*, which commonly used to lead wandering Travellers out of their Ways: the like Imaginations entered into the Champion's Mind. So encouraging himself with his own Conceits, and cheering up his dull Senses, late oppressed with extreme Fear, he directly followed the go-

ing Fire, which so justly went before him, that by that Time the Guider of the Night had climbed twelve Degrees in the Zodiack, he was safely delivered from the Vale of Walking Spirits, by direction of the going Fire.

Now began the Sun to dance about the Firmament, which he had not seen in many Months before, whereat his dull Senses much rejoiced, being long covered before with Darkness at every Step he trod, was as pleasurable, as though he walked in a Garden bedecked with all kind of fragrant Flowers.

At last, without any further Molestation, he arrived within the Territories of *Thracia*, a Country, as you have heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the Beauty of many fair Woods and Forrests, through which he travelled with small Rest, and less Sleep, 'till he came to the Foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woful King of *Thrace*, in Company of his sorrowful Subjects, still lamented the unhappy Destinies of his six Daughters turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their Necks: When the valiant Champion *St. Andrew* beheld the lofty Situation of the Castle, and the invincible Strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange Adventure to befall him in the said Castle, so preparing his Sword in Readiness, and buckling

ling close his Armour, which was a Shirt of Silver Mail, for Lightness in Travel, he climbed the Mountain, whereupon he espied the Giant lying upon a craggy Rock, with his Limbs and Members all rent and torn, by the Fury of hungered starved Fowls; which loathsome Spectacle was no little Wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty Stature and Bigness of the Giant: Where leaving his putrefied Body to the Winds, he approached the Gates; where, after he had read the Superscription over the same, without any Interruption, entered the Castle, whence he expected a fierce Encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same; but all Things fell out contrary to his Imagination, for after he had found many a strange Novelty and hidden Secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the *Thracians* duly observed their ceremonious Mournings, which in this Order were daily performed: First, upon *Sundays*, which in that Country is the first Day in the Week, all the *Thracians* attired themselves after the Manner of *Bacchus's* Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet *Arabian* Frankincense upon a religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sun as chief Governor of that Day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and to recover the unhappy Ladies to their former Shapes:

Upon *Mondays*, clad in Garments after the Manner of *Silvans*, a Colour like to the Waves of the Sea, they offered up their Tears to the Moon, being the Guider and Mistress of that Day : Upon *Tuesdays*, like Soldiers trailing their Banners in the Dust, and Drums sounding sad and doleful Melody, in Sign of Discontent, they committed their Proceedings to the Pleasures of *Mars*, being Ruler and Guider of that Day : Upon *Wednesdays*, like Scholars unto *Mercury* : Upon *Thursdays*, like Potentates to *Love* : Upon *Fridays*, like Lovers with sweet sounding Musick to *Venus* ; and upon *Saturdays*, like manual Professors to the angry and discontented *Saturn*.

Thus the woful *Thracian* King, and his sorrowful Subjects consumed seven Months away, one while accusing Fortune of Despite, another while the Heavens of Injustice ; the one for his Children's Transformations, the other for their long limited Punishments. But at last, when the *Scotish* Champion heard what bitter Moan the *Thracians* made about the River, he demanded the Cause, and to what Purpose they observed such Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of *Jehovah*, and only worshipping but outward and vain Gods : To whom the King, after a few sad Tears, strained from the Conduits of his aged Eyes, replied in this Manner :

‘ Most

‘ Most noble Knight, for so you seem by
‘ your Gesture and other outward Appearance (said the King) if you desire to know
‘ the Cause of our continual Grievs, prepare
‘ your Ears to hear a tragical and woful
‘ Tale, whereat methinks I see the Elements begin to mourn, and cover their
‘ azured Countenance with sable Clouds :
‘ These Milk-white Swans you see, whose
‘ Necks are beautified with Golden Crowns,
‘ are my six natural Daughters, transformed
‘ ed into this Swan-like Substance, by the
‘ Appointment of the Gods ; for of late
‘ this Castle was kept by a cruel Giant,
‘ named *Blanderon*, who by Violence would
‘ have ravished them, but the Heavens, to
‘ preserve their Chastities, prevented his lust-
‘ ful Desires, and transformed their beautiful
‘ Bodies to these Milk-white Swans :
‘ And now seven Years the chearful Spring
‘ hath renewed the Earth with her Summer’s Livery, and seven Times the nipping
‘ Winter Frosts have bereaved the
‘ Trees of Leaf and Bud, since first my
‘ Daughters lost their Virgin Shapes ; seven
‘ Summers have they swam upon this Chry-
‘ stal Stream, where instead of rich Attire,
‘ and embroidered Vestments, their smooth
‘ Silver-coloured Feathers adorn their comely
‘ Bodies : Princely Palaces, wherein they
‘ were wont, like tripping Sea Nymphs, to
‘ dance their Measures up and down, are
‘ now

‘ now exchanged into cold Streams of Wa-
 ‘ ter; wherein their chiefeſt Melody is the
 ‘ Murmuring of cold liquid Bubbles, and
 ‘ their joyful Pleaſure to hear the Harmony
 ‘ of humming Bees, which ſome Poets call
 ‘ the Muſes Birds.

‘ Thus have you heard (moſt worthy
 ‘ Knight) the woful Tragedy of my Daugh-
 ‘ ters, for whoſe Sakes I will ſpend the
 ‘ Remnant of my Days heavily, complain-
 ‘ ing of their long appointed Punishments,
 ‘ about the Banks of this unhappy River.’
 Which ſad Diſcourſe was no ſooner ended,
 but the *Scotiſh* Knight thus replied, to the
 Comfort and great Rejoycing of the Com-
 pany.

‘ Moſt noble King (ſaid the Champion)
 ‘ your heavy and dolorous Diſcourſe hath
 ‘ conſtrained my Heart to a wonderful Paſ-
 ‘ ſion, and compelled my very Soul to rue
 ‘ your Daughters Miſeries: But yet a great-
 ‘ er Grief and deeper Sorrow than that hath
 ‘ taken Poſſeſſion of my Breſt, whereof
 ‘ my Eyes have been Witneſſes, and my
 ‘ Ears unhappy Hearers of your Miſbelief,
 ‘ I mean your Unchriſtian Faith: For I
 ‘ have ſeen, ſince my firſt Arrival into this
 ‘ ſame Caſtle, your prophane and vain
 ‘ Worſhip of ſtrange and falſe Gods, as of
 ‘ *Phæbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury*, and ſuch
 ‘ like Poetical Names, which the Majeſty
 ‘ of high *Jehovah* utterly contemns: But,
 ‘ Magnificent

‘ Magnificent Governor of *Thracia*, if you
‘ seek to recover your Daughters by hum-
‘ ble Prayer, and to obtain your Soul’s
‘ Content by true Tears, you must aban-
‘ don all such vain Ceremonies, and with
‘ true Humility believe in the *Christians*
‘ God, which is the God of Wonders, and
‘ chief Commander of the rolling Elements,
‘ in whose Quarrel this unconquered Arm,
‘ and this undaunted Heart of mine shall
‘ fight: And now, be it known to thee,
‘ great King of *Thrace*, that I am a *Christi-*
‘ *an* Champion, by Birth a Knight of *Scot-*
‘ *land*, bearing my Country’s Arms upon
‘ my Breast, (for indeed thereon he bore a
‘ Silver Cross, set in blue Silk) and there-
‘ fore, in the Honour of *Christendom*, I chal-
‘ lenge forth the proudest Knight at Arms,
‘ against whom I will maintain that our
‘ God is the true God, and the rest fantasti-
‘ cal and vain Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected Challenge,
so daunted the *Thracian* Champions, that
they stood amazed for a Time, gazing up-
on one another, like Men dropt from the
Clouds; but at last, consulting together
how the Challenge of the strange Knight
was to the Dishonour of their Country, and
utter Scandal of all Knightly Dignity; they
with a general Consent craved Leave of the
King, that the Challenge might be taken,
who

who as willingly condescended as they demanded.

So both Time and Place was appointed, which was the next Morning following, by the King's Commandment, upon a large and plain Meadow close by the River Side, whereon the six Swans were swimming; whereupon, after the *Christian* Champion had cast down his steely Gauntlet, and the *Thracian* Knights accepted thereof, every one departed for that Night, the Challenger to the East Side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly 'till the next Morning, who, by the Break of Day, were awakened by a Herald of Arms: But all the passed Night our *Scotish* Champion never entertained one Motion of Rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making Prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, 'till the Morning's Beauty chased away the Darkness of the Night; and no sooner were the Windows of the Day full opened, but the valiant Champion of *Christendom* entered the Lists, where the King, in Company of the *Thracian* Lords, was present to behold the Combat; and so after St. *Andrew* had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Launce, at the Top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose

whose Posy was thus written in Silver Letters : *This Day a Martyr or a Conqueror.* Then entered a Knight in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northern Snow, whose Caparison was of the Colour of the Elements, betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter, but the *Thracian* had the Foil, and with Disgrace departed the List. Then Secondly entered another Knight in Armour, varnished with Green Varnish, his Steed of the Colour of an Iron Grey ; who likewise had the Repulse by the worthy *Christian*. Thirdly entered a Knight in a black Croset, mounted upon a big boned Palfrey, covered with a Veil of sable Silk, in his Hand he bore a Launce nailed round about with Plates of Steel ; which Knight among the *Thracians* was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Giants that descended from a monstrous Lineage ; but no sooner encountered these hardy Champions, but their Launces shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Air, that it much amazed the Beholders ; then they alighted from their Steeds, and so valiantly bestired them with their keen Faulcheons, that the fiery Sparkles flew so fierce from these noble Champions steel Helms, as from an Iron Anvil : But the Combat endured not very long, before the most hardy *Scottish* Knight espied an Advantage wherein he might shew his matchless Fortitude;

titude; whereupon he struck such a mighty Blow upon the *Thracian's* Burgonet, that it cleaved his Head just down to his Shoulders; whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and with a wrathful Countenance threatened the Champion's Death in this Manner:

‘ Proud *Christian* (said the King) thou shalt repent this Death, and curse the Time that ever thou camest to *Thracia*: His Blood we will revenge upon thy Head, and quit thy committed Cruelty with a sudden Death:’ And so, in Company of a hundred armed Knights, he encompassed the *Scotish* Champion, intending by Multitudes to murder him. But when the valiant Knight *St. Andrew* saw how he was oppressed by Treachery, and environed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for Succour, and animated himself by these Words of Encouragement. ‘ Now for the Honour of *Christendm*, this Day a Martyr or a Conqueror;’ and therewithal he so valiantly behaved himself with his Cuttle-Axe, that he made Lanes of murdered Men, and felled them down by Multitudes, like as the Harvest Men do mow down Ears of ripened Corn, whereby they fell before his Face like Leaves from Trees, when the Summer's Pride declines her Glory. So at last, after much Bloodshed, the *Thracian* King was compelled to yield to the *Scotish* Champion's

Champion's Mercy, who swore him for the Safety of his Life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a *Christian*, whose living true God the *Thracian* King vowed for ever more to worship, and thereupon he kissed the Champion's Sword.

This Conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave End to his Daughters Punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former Shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white as Lilies, exchanged to natural Fairness, and that their black Bills and slender Necks were converted to their first created Beauty, he bad Adieu to his Grief and long continued Sorrows, protesting ever after to continue a true *Christian* for the *Scotish* Champion's Sake, by whose divine Orisons his Daughters obtained their former Features : So taking the *Christian* Knight, in Company of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber, prepared with all Things according to their Wishes, where first the *Christian* Knight was unarmed, then his Wounds washed with White Wine, new Milk, and Rose Water, and so, after some dainty Repast, conveyed to his Night's Repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest Creatures under Heaven, never entertained one Thought of Sleep, but passed the Night in their Father's Company,

'till the Morning Messengers bade them good Morrow.

Thus all Things being prepared in a Readiness, they departed the Castle, in triumphing Manner, marching back to the *Thracian* Palace, with streaming Banners in the Wind, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyful Melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick caused the Air to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entered the Palace, which was in Distance from the Giant's Castle about ten Miles, but their Triumphs turned to exceeding Sorrow, for *Rosalinde*, with the Champion of *Italy*, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected News so daunted the whole Company, but especially the King, that the Triumphs for that Time were deferred, and Messengers were dispatched in Pursuit of the adventurous *Italian*, and lovely *Rosalinde*.

Likewise when *St. Andrew* of *Scotland* had Intelligence, how it was one of those Knights which was imprisoned with him under the wicked Enchantress *Kalyb*, as you heard in the Beginning of the History, his Heart thirsted for his most honourable Company, and his Eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any Rest, until he was likewise departed in the Pursuit of his sworn Friend, which was the next Night following, without making any acquainted with his Intent:
Likewise

Likewise when the six Ladies understood the secret Departure of the *Scotiſh* Champion, whom they affected dearer than any Knight in the World, they ſtored themſelves with ſufficient Treafure, and by Stealth took their Journies from their Father's Palace, intending either to find out the victorious and approved Knight of *Scotland*, or to end their Lives in ſome foreign Region.

The Rumour of whole Departure, no ſooner came to the King's Ears, but he purpoſed the like Travel, either to obtain the Sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the Circuit of the Sun : So attiring himſelf in homely Ruſſet, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebon Staff in his Hand, tipt with Silver, took his Journey all unknown from his Palace. Whoſe ſudden and ſecret Departure ſtruck ſuch an extream intolerable Heavineſs in the Court, that the Palace Gates were ſealed up with ſable Mourning Cloth, the *Thracian* Lords exempted all Pleaſure, and like Flocks of Sheep ſtrayed up and down without Shepherds, and Ladies and courtly Gentles ſate ſighing in their private Chambers ; where we leave them for this Time, and ſpeak of the Succeſs of the other Champions.

C H A P. VII.

How St. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland, redeemed the six Thracian Ladies out of the Hands of thirty bloody-minded Satyrs, and of their purposed Travel in a Pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

BUT now of that valiant Knight at Arms, *St. Patrick*, the Champion of *Ireland*, must I speak, whose adventurous Accidents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steel, I should wear it out to declare his Prowess and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind Aspect, and sent him such a Star to be his Guide, that it lead him to no courtly Pleasures, nor to vain Delights, but to the Throne of Fame, where Honour sate enstalled upon a Seat of Gold. Thither travelled the warlike Champion of *Ireland*, whose illustrious Battles the Northern Isles have chronicled in Leaves of Brass: Therefore *Ireland* be proud, for from thy Bowels did spring a Champion, whose Prowess made the Enemies of *Christ* to tremble, and watered the Earth with Streams of Pagans Blood: Witness whereof the Isle of *Rhodes*, the Key and Strength of *Christendom*, was recovered from the *Turks* by his martial and
invincible

invincible Prowess; where his dangerous Battles, fierce Encounters, bloody Skirmishes, and long Assaults, would serve to fill a mighty Volume, all which I pass over, and wholly discourse of Things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of *Rhodes* were fully ended, *St. Patrick* (accounting idle Ease the Nurse of Cowardise) bad *Rhodes* farewell, being then strongly fortified with *Christian* Soldiers, and took his Journey through many an unknown Country, where at last it pleased so the Queen of Chance to direct his Steps into a solitary Wilderness, inhabited only by wild *Satyrs*, and a People of inhumane Qualities, giving their wicked Minds only to Murder, Lust, and Rapine; wherein the noble Champion travelled up and down many a weary Step, not knowing how to qualify his Hunger, but by his own Industry in killing of Venison, and pressing out the Blood between two flat Stones, and daily roasted it by the Sun; his Lodging was in the hollow Trunk of a blasted Tree, which nightly preserved him from the drooping Showers of Heaven, his chief Companions were sweet resounding Ecchoes, which commonly re-answered the Champion's Words.

In this Manner lived *St. Patrick* the *Irish* Knight, in the Woods, not knowing how to set himself at Liberty, but wandering up

and down as it were in a Maze, wrought by the curious Workmanship of some excellent Gardener, it was his Chance at last to come into a dismal shady Thicket, beset about with baleful Mistletoe, a Place of Horror, wherein he heard the Cries of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crave Succour of the Hands of God, which unexpected Cries not a little daunted the *Irish* Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his Weapon in Readiness against some sudden Encounter; so crouching himself under the Root of an old withered Oak (which had not flourished with green Leaves many a Year) he espied afar off, a Crew of bloody-minded *Satyrs*, halwing by the Hair of the Head six unhappy Ladies, through many a thorny Brake and Briar, which woful Spectacle forced such a Terror in the Heart of the *Irish* Knight, that he presently made out for the Rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the Fury of the merciless *Satyrs*, which were in Number about thirty, every one having a Club upon his Neck, which they had made of the Roots of young Oaks and Pine Trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute Mind, let drive at the sturdiest *Satyr*, whose Armour of Defence was made of a Bull's-Hide, which was dried so hard against the Sun, that the Champion's Cuttle-



Cuttle-Axe prevailed not : After which, the fell *Satyrs* encompassed the *Christian Knight* round about, and so mightily oppress him with downright Blows, that had he not by good Fortune leapt under the Boughs of a spreading Tree, his Life had been forced to give the World a speedy Farewel. But such was his Nimbleness and active Policy, that e're long he sheathed his sharp pointed Faulcheon in one of the *Satyrs* Breasts : Which woful Sight caused all the rest to fly from his Presence, and left the six Ladies to the Pleasure and Disposition of the most noble and couragious *Christian Champion* :

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himself in the chill Air, (being almost Windless, through the long Encounter, and bloody Skirmish) he demanded the Cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what Means they happened into the Hands of those merciless *Satyrs*, who cruelly and tyrannically attempted the Ruin and endless Spoil of their unspotted Virginities. To which courteous Demand, one of the Ladies, after a deep-fetched Sigh or two (being strained from the Bottom of her sorrowful Heart) in the Behalf of herself and the other distressed Ladies, replied in this Order :

* Know, brave-minded Knight, that we
are the unfortunate Daughters of the King
of

‘ of *Thrace*, whose Lives have been un-
 ‘ happy ever since our Births; for first
 ‘ we did endure a long Imprisonment un-
 ‘ der the Hands of a cruel Giant, and
 ‘ after the Heavens, to preserve our Chas-
 ‘ tities from the wicked Desire of the said
 ‘ Giant, transformed us into the Shape of
 ‘ Swans, in which Likeness we remained
 ‘ seven Years, but at last recovered by a
 ‘ worthy *Christian* Knight, named *St. An-*
 ‘ *drew*, the Champion of *Scotland*, after
 ‘ whom we have travelled many a weary
 ‘ Step, never crossed by any Violence, until
 ‘ it was our angry Fates to arrive in this
 ‘ unhappy Wilderness, where your Eyes
 ‘ have been true Witnesses of our Mis-
 ‘ fortunes.’

Which sad Discourse was no sooner finish-
 ed, but the worthy Champion thus began
 to comfort the distressed Ladies.

‘ The *Christian* Champion after whom you
 ‘ take in Hand this weary Travel (said the
 ‘ *Irish* Champion) is my approved Friend,
 ‘ for whose Company and wished-for Sight,
 ‘ I will go more weary Miles than there be
 ‘ Trees in this vast Wilderness: Therefore,
 ‘ most excellent Ladies, true Ornaments of
 ‘ Beauty, be sad Companions in my Tra-
 ‘ vels, for I will never cease till I have
 ‘ found our honourable Friend, the Cham-
 ‘ pion of *Scotland*, or some of those brave
 Knights,

• Knights, whom I have not seen these
• seven Summers.’

These Words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any Exception they agreed, and with as much Willingness consented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their Weariness, and cured their Wounds, which was by the secret Vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their Journies a-new, under the Conduct of this worthy Champion *St. Patrick*; where, after some Days Travel, they obtained the Sight of a broad beaten Way, where committing their Fortunes to the fatal Sisters, and setting their Faces towards the East, they merrily journeyed together. In whose fortunate Travels we will leave them, and speak of the seventh *Christian* Champion, whose adventurous Exploits, and knightly Honours, deserve a Golden Pen, dipped in Ink of true Fame, to discourse at large.

C H A P. IX.

How St. David, the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the enchanted Garden of Ormandine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven Years.

SAIN T David, the most noble Champion of *Wales*, after his Departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereat the other Champions of *Christendom* divided themselves severally to seek their foreign Adventures, he atchieved many memorable Things, as well in *Christendom*, as in those Nations that acknowledged no true God; which as for this Time I omit, and only discourse what happened unto him among the *Tartarians*; for being in the Emperor of *Tartary's* Court (a Place very much honoured with valorous Knights, highly graced with a Train of beautiful Ladies) where the Emperor upon a Time ordained a solemn Just and Tournament to be holden in Honour of his Birthday. Whither resorted at the Time appointed (from all the Borders of *Tartary*) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honourable and princely Exercise, the noble Knight St. David was appointed Champion for the Emperor, who was mounted upon a *Morocco* Steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the

the curious Work of *Indian* Women, upon whose Shield was set a Golden Griffin rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count *Palatine*, Son and Heir-Apparent to the *Tartarian* Emperor, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habiliments of Honour, who paced three Times about the Lists before the Emperor and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Tournament; which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count *Palatine* prepared himself to encounter with the *Christian* Knight (being appointed chief Champion for the Day) who likewise prepared himself, and at the Trumpets Sound, by the Herald's Appointment, they ran so fiercely against each other, that the Ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty Strokes.

At the second Race the Champions ran, *St. David* had the worst, and was constrained, through the forcible Strength of the Count *Palatine*, to lean backward, almost beside his Saddle, whereat the Trumpets began to sound in Sign of Victory: But yet the valiant *Christian*, nothing dismayed, with Courage ran the third Time against the Count *Palatine*, and by the Violence of his Strength, he overthrew both Horse and Man, whereby the Count's Body was so
extremely

extremely bruised with the Fall of his Horse, that his Heart's Blood issued forth by his Mouth, and his vital Spirits pressed from the Mansion of his Breast, so that he was forced to give the World Farewel.

This fatal Overthrow of the Count *Palatine*, abashed the whole Company, but especially the *Tartarian* Emperor, who having no more Sons but him, caused the Lits to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the murdered Count to be brought, by four Esquires, into his Palace, where after he was despoiled of his Furniture, and the *Christian* Knight received in Honour of his Victory, the woful Emperor bathed his Son's Body with Tears, which dropped like Chrystal Pearls from the congealed Blood, and after many sad Sighs he breathed forth this woful Lamentation :

‘ Now are my Triumphs turned into
 ‘ everlasting Woes, from a pleasant Pastime,
 ‘ to a direful and bloody Tragedy ;
 ‘ O most unkind Fortune, never constant
 ‘ but in Change ! Why is my Life deferred
 ‘ to see the Downfal of my dear Son,
 ‘ the noble Count *Palatine* ? Why rends
 ‘ not this accursed Earth whereon I stand,
 ‘ and presently swallow up my Body into
 ‘ her hungry Bowels ? Is this the Use of *Christians*,
 ‘ for true Honour to repay Dishonour ?
 ‘ Could not base Blood serve to stain his
 ‘ deadly

‘ deadly Hands withal, but the Royal Blood
‘ of my dear Son, in whose Revenge the
‘ Face of the Heavens is stained with Blood,
‘ and cries for Vengeance to the Majesty of
‘ Mighty *Jove*. The dreadful Furies, the
‘ direful Daughters of dark Night, and all
‘ the baleful Company of burning *Acheron*,
‘ whose Loins shall be girt with Serpents,
‘ and Hair be hanged with Wreaths of
‘ Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow
‘ that cursed *Christian* Champion, that hath
‘ bereaved my Country *Tartary* of so preci-
‘ ous a Jewel, as my dear Son the Count *Pa-*
‘ *latine* was, whose magnanimous Prowess
‘ did surpass all the Knights of our Realm.’

Thus sorrowed the woful Emperor for the Death of his noble Son : Sometimes making the Ecchoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements : Another while forcing his bitter Curses to sink to the deep Foundations of *Acheron* : One while intending to be revenged on St. *David*, the *Christian* Champion, then presently his Intent was crossed with a contrary Imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Arms, and a great Dishonour to his Country, by Violence to oppress a strange Knight, whose Actions had ever been guided by true Honour ; but yet at last this firm Resolution entred his Mind.

There was adjoining, upon the Borders of *Tartary*, an enchanted Garden, kept by Ma-
No. 4. L gick

gick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter; the Governor of which Garden was a notable and famous Necromancer, named *Ormandine*, to which Magician the *Tartarian* Emperor intended to send the adventrous Champion *St. David*, thereby to revenge the Count *Palatine's* Death. So the Emperor, after some Days passed, and the Obsequies of his Son being no sooner performed, but he caused the *Christian* Knight to be brought into his Presence, to whom he committed this heavy Task, and weary Labour.

‘ Proud Knight (said the angry Emperor) thou knowest since thy Arrival in our Territories, how highly I have honoured thee, not only in granting Liberty to Life, but making thee chief Champion of *Tartary*, which high Honour thou hast repaid with great Ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my dear Son’s Tragedy: For which unhappy Deed thou rightly hast deserved Death; but yet know, accursed *Christian*, that Mercy harboureth in princely Minds, and where Honour sits enthronized, there Justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved Death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the enchanted Garden, and bring hither the Magician’s Head, I grant thee not only Life, but therewithal the Crown of *Tartary* after

‘ter my Decease, because I see thou hast a
‘Mind furnished with all princely Thoughts,
‘and adorned with true Magnanimity.’

This heavy Task and strange Adventure not a little pleased the noble Champion of *Wales*, whose Mind ever thirsted after worthy Adventures; and so after some considerate Thoughts, in this Manner replied:

‘Most High and Magnificent Emperor
‘(said the Champion) were this Task, which
‘you enjoin me to, as wonderful as the Labours of *Hercules*, or as fearful as the Enterprize which *Jason* made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it,
‘and return with Triumph to *Tartary*, as the *Macedonian* Monarch did to *Babylon*,
‘when he had conquered Part of the wide
‘World.’ Which Words were no sooner ended, but the Emperor bound him by his Oath of Knighthood, and by the Love he bore unto his native Country, never to follow other Adventure, ’till he had performed his Promise, which was to bring the Magician *Ormandine*’s Head into *Tartary*; whereupon the Emperor departed from the noble Knight *St. David*, hoping never to see him return, but rather to hear of his utter Confusion, or everlasting Imprisonment.

Thus the valiant *Christian* Champion, being bound to his Promise, within three Days prepared all Necessaries in Readiness for

his Departure, and so travelled westward, 'till he approached the Sight of the enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his valiant Courage, for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thorns and Bryars, which seemed continually to burn: Upon the Top thereof sate a Number of strange and deformed Things, some in the Likeness of Night-Owls, which wondered at the Presence of *St. David*, some in the Shape of *Progne's* Transformation, foretelling his unfortunate Success, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh Throats ring forth hateful Knells of woful Tragedies: The Element, which covered the enchanted Garden, seemed to be overspread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot Flames of Fire, as though the Skies had been filled with blazing Comets: Which fearful Spectacle, as it seemed the very Pattern of Hell, struck such a Terror into the Champion's Heart, that twice he was in the Mind to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and Honour of Knighthood, which he had pawned for the Accomplishment thereof: So laying his Body on the cold Earth, he made his humble Petition to God, that his Mind might never be oppressed with Cowardice, nor his Heart daunted with faint Fears, 'till he had performed what the *Tartarian* Emperor had bound him to; the Champion rose from the Ground,

Ground, and with chearful Looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his Conceit to smile at the Enterprize, and to foreshew a lucky Event.

So the noble Knight St. *David*, with a valiant Courage, went to the Garden-gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, overspread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was inclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest, in his Judgment, that ever his Eyes beheld, for the Steel-Work was engraven very curiously, beset with Jaspers and Sapphire-Stones; the Pummel was in the Fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich *America* brought forth: About the Pummel was engraven with Letters of Gold these Verses following.

My Magick Spells remain most firmly bound,

The World's strange Wonder unknown by any one.

'Till that a Knight within the North be found,

To pull this Sword from out this Rock of Stone:

Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,

By whose strong Hand wife *Ormandine* must fall.

These Verses drave such a conceited Imagination into the Champion's Mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight by whom the Necromancer should be conquered; therefore, without any further Delays, he put his Hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the enchanted Rock of *Ormandine*: But no sooner did he attempt

that vain Enterprife, but his Senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy Sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his Hold, and to fall flat upon the Ground, where his Senses were drowned in such a dead Slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from Sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Necromancer, by his Magick Skill, had Intelligence of the Champion's unfortunate Success, who sent from the enchanted Garden four Spirits, in the Similitude and Likeness of four beautiful Damsels, which wrapped the drowsy Champion in a Sheet of fine *Arabian Silk*, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the Middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a Bed, which was softer than the Down of *Culvers*: Where those beautiful Ladies, through the Art of wicked *Ormandine*, continually kept him sleeping for the Term of seven Years.

Thus was *St. David's* Adventure crossed with a bad Success, whose Days Travels was turned into a Night's Repose, whose Night's Repose was made a heavy Sleep, which endured until seven Years was fully finished, where we will leave *St. David* to the Mercy of the Necromancer *Ormandine*, and return to the most noble and magnanimous Champion *St. George*, where we left him imprisoned in the Soldan's Court.

C H A P. X.

How St. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with the tragical Tale of the Necromancer Ormandine.

NOW seven Times had frosty-bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and behung the Trees with Chrystal Icicles, since the unfortunate St. George beheld the chearful Light of Heaven, but lived obscure in a dismal Dungeon, by the Soldan of Persia's Commandment, as you heard before in the Beginning of the History : His unhappy Fortune so discontented his restless Thoughts, that a thousand Times a Year he wished an End of his Life, and a thousand Times he cursed the Day of his Creation :

But at last, when seven Years were ended, it was the Champion's lucky Fortune to find, in a secret Corner of the Dungeon, a certain Iron Engine, which Time had almost consumed with Rust, where, with long Labour, he digged himself a Passage through the Ground, 'till he ascended just in the Middle of the Soldan's Court, which was at that Time of the Night, when all Things were silent : The Heavens he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright
Cynthia,

Cynthia, whose glittering Beams he had not seen in many hundred Nights before, seemed to smile at his safe Delivery, and to stay her wandering Course, 'till he most happily found Means to get without the Compass of the *Persian* Court, where Danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his Flight, which in this Manner was performed. For now the noble Knight, being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowler's Net, gazed about, and listened where he might hear the Voice of People, at last he heard the Grooms of the Soldan's Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next Morning for some noble Atchievement. Whereupon the noble Champion *St. George* taking the Iron Engine, wherewith he redeemed himself out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he slew all the Grooms in the Soldan's Stable: Which being done, he took the strongest Palfrey, and the richest Furniture, with other Necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great Comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this Manner:

‘ Porter, open the Gates, for *St. George*
 ‘ of *England* is escaped, and hath murdered
 ‘ the Grooms, in whose Pursuit the City is
 ‘ in Arms.’ Which Words the simple *Persian* believed for Truth, and so with all
Speed

Speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of *England* departed, and left the Soldon in his dead Sleep, little mistrusting his sudden Escape.

But by that Time the Purple-spotted Morning had parted with her Grey, and the Sun's bright Countenance appeared on the Mountain Tops, St. *George* had rode twenty Miles from the *Persian* Court, and before his Departure was known in the Soldan's Palace, the *English* Champion had recovered the Sight of *Grecia*, past all Danger of the *Persian* Knights that followed him with a swift Pursuit.

By this Time the Extremity of Hunger so sharply tormented him, that he could travel no further, but was constrained to sustain himself with certain wild Chesnuts instead of Bread, and sower Oranges instead of Drink, and such faint Food as grew by the Way as he travelled, where the Necessity and Want of Victuals compelled the noble Knight to breathe forth this pitiful Complaint :

‘ Oh Hunger! Hunger! (said the Champion) sharper than the Stroke of Death,
‘ thou art the extreamest Punishment that
‘ ever Man endured: If I were now King
‘ of *Armenia*, and chief Potentate of *Asia*,
‘ yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter,
‘ with all my Provinces, for one Piece of
‘ brown

' brown Bread : O that this Earth would be
 ' so kind, as to open her Bowels and cast
 ' up some Food, to suffice my Want ; or
 ' that the Air might be choaked with Mists,
 ' whereby feathered Fowl for want of Breath
 ' might fall, and yield me some Succour in
 ' this my Famishment ; but oh ! now I see
 ' both Heaven and Earth, Hills and Dales,
 ' Skies and Seas, Fish and Fowl, Birds and
 ' Beasts, and all Things under the Cope of
 ' Heaven, conspire my utter Overthrow ;
 ' better had it been if I had ended my Days
 ' in *Persia*, than here to be famished in the
 ' broad World, where all Things by Na-
 ' ture's Appointment are ordained for Man's
 ' Use. Now, instead of courtly Delicates,
 ' I am forced to eat the Fruit of Trees,
 ' and instead of *Greekish* Wines, I am com-
 ' pelled to quench my Thirst with Morn-
 ' ing Dew, which nightly falls upon the
 ' Blades of Grass.'

Thus complained St. George, 'till glittering *Phæbus* had mounted the Top of Heaven, and drawn the misty Vapours from the Ground, whereby he might behold the Prospects of *Grecia*, and which Way to travel most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his Face a Tower, stand upon a chalky Cliff, distant from him about three Miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to seek for
Adventures,

Adventures, but to rest himself after his weary Journey, and get such Victuals as therein he could find to suffice his Want.

The Way he found so plain, and the Journey so easy, that in half an Hour he approached before the said Tower; where upon the Wall stood a most beautiful Woman, attired after the Manner of a distressed Lady, and her Looks heavy, like the Queen of *Troy*, when she beheld her Palace on Fire. The valiant Knight *St. George*, after he had alighted from his Horse, gave her this courteous Salutation :

‘ Lady (said he) for so you seem by your
‘ outward Appearance, if ever you pitied a
‘ Traveller, or granted Succour to a *Christi-*
‘ *an* Knight, give to me one Meal’s Meat,
‘ now almost famished.’

To whom the Lady, after a curst Frown or two, answered in this Order : ‘ Sir
‘ Knight (quoth she) I advise thee with all
‘ Speed to depart, for here thou gettest but
‘ a cold Dinner: My Lord is a mighty
‘ Giant, and believeth in *Mabomet*, and if
‘ he once do but understand that thou art
‘ a *Christian* Knight, not all the Gold of
‘ higher *India*, nor the Riches of wealthy
‘ *Babylon*, can preserve thy Life.’ ‘ Now
‘ by the Honour of my Knighthood (replied
‘ *St. George*) and by the great God that
‘ *Christendom* adores, were thy Lord strong-
‘ er

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‘er than mighty *Hercules* that bore Mountains on his Back, here will I either obtain my Dinner, or die by his accursed Hand.’

These Words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all Speed from the Tower, and told the Giant, how a *Christian* Knight remained at the Gate, who had sworn to suffice his Hunger in Despite of his Will: Whereat the furious Giant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound Sleep, for it was the Middle of the Day, who took a Bar of Iron in his Hand, and came down to the Tower-Gate. His Stature was in Height five Yards, his Head bristled like a Boar, a Foot there was betwixt each Brow, his Eyes hollow, his Mouth wide, his Lips were like to Flaps of Steel, in all his Proportion more like a Devil than a Man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the Courage of *St. George*, that he prepared himself for Death, not through Fear of the monstrous Giant, but for Hunger and Feebleness of Body: But here God provided for him, and so restor’d to him his decay’d Strength, that he endured Battle until the closing-up of the Evening, by which Time the Giant grew almost blind, through the Sweat that ran down from his monstrous Brows, whereat *St. George* got the Advantage, and wounded the Giant so cruelly

cruelly under the Short Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give End to his Life.

After which happy Event, *St. George* first gave the Honour of his Victory unto God, in whose Power all his Fortune consisted. Then entering the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicates and pure Wines; but the *English* Knight, suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proffered Courtesy, caused her to taste of every Dish, likewise of his Wine, lest some violent Poison should be therein mixed: Finding all Things pure and wholesome as Nature required, he sufficed his Hunger, rested his weary Body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, he committed his Fortune to a new Travel; where his revived Spirits never entertained longer Rest, but to the refreshing himself and his Horse; so travelled he through part of *Grecia*, the Confines of *Phrygia*, and into the Borders of *Tartary*, within whose Territories he had not long journied, but he approached the Sight of the enchanted Garden of *Ormandine*, where *St. David* the Champion of *Wales* had so long slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he espied *Ormandine's* Sword enclosed in the enchanted Rock: Where, after

he had read the Superscription written about the Pummel, he essayed to pull it out by Strength, and he no sooner put his Hand upon the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much Ease, as though it had been hung by a Thread of untwisted Silk : But when he beheld the glittering Brightness of the Blade, and the wonderful Richness of the Pummel, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of *Achilles*, which caused *Ajax* to run mad, and more Riches than *Medea's* Golden Fleece : But by that Time *St. George* had circumspectly looked into every Secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismal Voice thunder in the Skies, a terrible and mighty Lumbring in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Oaks rent into Pieces.

After this, the Gates of the enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth *Ormandine* the Magician, with his Hair staring on his Head, his Eyes sparkling, his Cheeks blushing, his Hands quivering, his Legs trembling, and all the rest of his Body distempered, as tho' Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about ; he came directly to the worthy *English* Knight, that remained still by the enchanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the Magician's Sword ; he took the most valliant and magnanimous Champion *St. George* of *England*, by the Steely Gauntlet, and

and with great Humility kissed him, then proffering him the Courtesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously: he afterwards conducted him into the enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of *Wales* was kept sleeping by four Virgins singing delightful Songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony, *Ormandine* thus began to relate of wonderful Things.

‘ Renowned Knight at Arms, (said the
‘ *Necromancer*) Fame’s worthiest Champi-
‘ on, whose strange Adventures all *Christen-*
‘ *dom* in Time to come shall applaud; be
‘ silent ’till I have told my Tale, for never
‘ after this must my Tongue speak again :
‘ The Knight which thou seest here wrapt
‘ in this Sheet of Gold, is a *Christian* Cham-
‘ pion, as thou art, sprung from the an-
‘ cient Seed of *Trojan* Warriors, who like-
‘ wise attempted to draw this enchanted
‘ Sword, but my Magick Spells so prevail-
‘ ed, that he was intercepted in the Enter-
‘ prize, and forced ever since to remain
‘ sleeping in this Cave : But now the Hour
‘ is almost come of his Recovery, which by
‘ thee must be accomplished : Thou art that
‘ adventurous Champion whose invincible
‘ Hand must finish up my detested Life,
‘ and send my fleeting Soul to draw thy fa-
‘ tal Chariot on the Banks of burning *A-*
‘ *cheron*; for my Time was limited to re-

‘ main no longer in this enchanted Garden,
‘ but ’till that from the North should come
‘ a Knight that should pull this Sword from
‘ the enchanted Rock, which thou happily
‘ hast now performed ; therefore I know
‘ my Time is short, and my Hour of De-
‘ stiny at Hand. What I report, write in
‘ Brazen Lines, for the Time will come
‘ when this Discourse shall highly benefit
‘ thee. Take Heed thou observe three
‘ Things : First, That thou take to Wife
‘ a pure Maid : Next, That thou erect a
‘ Monument over thy Father’s Grave : And
‘ lastly, That thou continue a professed Ene-
‘ my to the Foes of *Christ Jesus*, bearing
‘ Arms in the Honour and Praise of thy
‘ Country. These Things being truly and
‘ justly observed, thou shalt attain such Ho-
‘ nour, that all Kingdoms of *Christendom*
‘ shall admire thy Dignity : What I speak
‘ is upon no vain Imagination, sprung from
‘ a frantick Brain, but pronounced by this
‘ mystical and deep Art of Necromancy.’

These Words were no sooner ended, but the most honourable fortunate Champion of *England* requested the Magician to describe his passed Fortunes, and by what Means he came to be Governor of the enchanted Garden.

‘ To tell the Discourse of my own Life
‘ (replied *Ormandine*) will breed a new Sor-
row

‘ row in my Heart, the Remembrance of
‘ which will rend my very Soul : But yet,
‘ most noble Knight, to fulfil thy Request,
‘ I will force my Tongue to declare what
‘ my Heart denies to utter ; therefore pre-
‘ pare thine Ear to entertain the wofullest
‘ Tale that ever Tongue delivered.’

And so after St. George had sate a while
silent, expecting his Discourse, the Magi-
cian spake as followeth.

*The Woful and Tragical Discourse pronounced
by the Necromancer Ormandine, of the
Misery of his Children.*

I Was in former Time King of *Scythia*, my
Name *Ormandine*, graced in my Youth
with two fair Daughters, whom Nature
had not only made beautiful, but replenish-
ed them with all Gifts that Art could devise:
The elder, whose Name was *Castria*, the
fairest Maid that ever *Scythia* brought forth;
among the number of Knights that were
enslaved with her Love, there was one
Floridon, Son to the King of *Armenia*, equal
to her in all Ornaments of Nature, a love-
lier Couple never trod on Earth, or graced
any Prince’s Court in the whole World.

This *Floridon* so fervently burned in Af-
fection with the admired *Castria*, that he
lusted after her Virginity, and practised

both by Policy and fair Promises to enjoy her, which after fell to his own Destruction. For upon a Time, when the Mantles of dark Night had closed in the Light of Heaven, this *Floridon* entred *Castria's* Lodging, furthered by her Chamber Maid, where, to her hard Hap, he cropped the Bud of her sweet Virginity, and left such a Pledge within her Womb, that before many Days expired, her Shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady was constrained to reveal her Mind to *Floridon*; who in the mean Time had betrothed himself to my younger Daughter, whose Name was *Marcilla*, no less beautified with Feature's Gift than her elder Sister; but when this unconstant *Floridon* perceived that the unhappy *Castria* upbraided him with many ignominious Words, forswearing himself ever to have committed any such infamous Deed, protesting that he ever scorned to sink in Woman's Hands, and counted Chamber-Love a deadly Sting, and a deep Infection to the Honour of his Knighthood.

These unkind Speeches drove *Castria* into such extreme Passion of Mind, that she, with a shameful Look and blushing Cheeks, after this Manner revealed her Sorrows unto him:

‘ What! knows not *Floridon* (quoth the
‘ Lady) her whom his Lust hath stained
‘ with Dishonour? See, see, unconstant
‘ Knight,

‘ Knight, the Pledge of faithful Vows, behold the Womb where springs thy lively Image; behold this Mark which stains my Father’s ancient House, and sets a shame-faced Blush upon my Cheeks, always when I behold the Company of chaste Virgins: Dear *Floridon*, shadow my Shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a By-word to the World, nor that this my Babe, in Time to come, be termed a base-born Child: Remember what plighted Promises, what Vows and Protestations passed betwixt us; remember the Place and Time of my Dishonour, and be not like furious Tygers, that repay Love with Despise.’

At which Words *Floridon*, with a wrathful Countenance, replied in these Words.

‘ Shameless Creature, with what brazen Face dar’st thou out-brave me thus: I tell thee, *Castria*, my Love was ever yet to follow Arms, to hear the Sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet Dance, like *Priam’s* Son, before the lustful Eyes of *Menelaus’s* Wife: Therefore be gone, disturbing Strumpet, go sing thy harsh Melody in Company of Night Birds, for I tell thee, the Day will blush to cover thy monstrous Shame.’

Which

Which reproachful Speeches being no sooner ended, but *Floridon* departed her Presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind Look : Whereat the distressed Lady, being oppressed with intolerable Grief, sunk down, not able to speak for a Time, but at last, recovering her Senses, she began anew to Complain.

‘ I that was wont (quoth she) to walk
 ‘ with Troops of Maids, must now abandon
 ‘ and utterly forsake all Company, and
 ‘ seek some Cave, wherein I may sit for ever
 ‘ more and bewail myself : If I return to
 ‘ my Father, he will refuse me ; if to my
 ‘ Friends, they will be ashamed of me ; if to
 ‘ Strangers, they will scorn me ; if to my
 ‘ *Floridon*, Oh ! he denieth me, and accounts
 ‘ my Sight as ominous as the baleful
 ‘ Crocodiles. O unconstant *Floridon* ! thou
 ‘ didst promise to shadow this Fault with
 ‘ Marriage, but now Vows, I see, are vain :
 ‘ Thou hast forsaken me, and tied thy Faith
 ‘ unto my Sister *Marcilla*, who must enjoy
 ‘ thy Love, because she continues chaste,
 ‘ without any Spot of Dishonour.’

Thus complained the woful *Castria*, roving up and down the Court of *Scythia*, for five Months : At the End of which Time, the appointed Marriage of *Floridon* and *Marcilla* drew nigh, and the Prince, and
 Potentates

Potentates of *Scythia*, were all present to see *Hymen's* holy Rites; in which honourable Assemblies, none were more busy than *Castria*, to beautify her Sister's Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the Day spent in Pleasures, fitting the Honour of so great and mighty a Train, but *Castria* requested the Use of the Country, which was this; that the first Night of every Maiden's Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the Bride, which honourable Task was committed to *Castria*; who provided against the Hour appointed a Silver Bodkin, and hid it secretly in the Trammels of her Hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute Revenge. The Bride's Lodging-Chamber was appointed far from the Hearing of any one, lest the Noise of People should hinder her quiet Sleep.

But at last, when the Hour of her Wishes approached, that the Bride should take Leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new-married *Floridon*, in Company of many *Scythian* Knights, committed *Marcilla* to her quiet Rest, little mistrusting the bloody Purpose of her Sister's Mind.

But now behold how every Thing fell out according to her Desires: The Ladies and Gentlemen were no sooner departed, and Silence taken Possession of the whole Court, but *Castria* locked the Chamber Door,

Door, and secretly conveyed the Keys under the Bed's Head, not perceived by the betrayed *Marcilla*; which poor Lady, after some Speeches, departed to Bed; wherein she was no sooner laid, but a heavy Sleep over-mastered her Senses, whereby her Tongue was forced to bid her Sister Good Night, who as then sate discontented by her Bed-side, watching the Time wherein she might conveniently act the bloody Tragedy: Upon a Court Cupboard stood two burning Tapers, that gave Light to the whole Chamber, which in her Conceit seemed to burn blue: After this, she took her Silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her Hair, and came to her new-married Sister, being then overcome with a heavy Slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender Breast; who immediately, at the Stroke thereof, started from her Sleep, and gave such a pitiful Shriek, that it would have awakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far from the Hearing of Company, except her bloody minded Sister, whose Hand was ready to redouble her Fury with a second Stroke.

But when *Marcilla* beheld the Sheets and Ornaments of her Bed bestained with purple Gore, and from her Breast ran Streams of Crimson Blood, which like to a Fountain trickled from her Bosom, she breathed forth
this

this cruel Exclamation against the Cruelty of *Castria*.

‘ O Sister, (quoth she) hath Nature harboured in thy Breast a bloody Mind !
‘ What Fury hath incensed thee thus to
‘ commit my Tragedy ? In what have I
‘ misdone, or wherein hath my Tongue offended thee : What Cause hath been the
‘ Occasion that thy remorseless Hand against
‘ Nature hath converted my joyful Nuptials to woful Funeral :’ ‘ This is the Cause
‘ (replied *Castria*, and therewithal shewed
‘ her Womb, grown big through the Burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my
‘ Hands in thy Blood.’

Which Words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own Breast, whereby the two Sisters Blood were equally mingled together.

Now when the Morning Sun had chased away the dark Night, *Floridon*, who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber-Door, with a Consort of skilful Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the Walls, and *Floridon*’s Morning Salutations were spent in vain : He burst open the Door, where being no sooner entered, but he found the two Ladies weltring in their own Gore : Which woful Spectacle presently so bereaved him of his Wits, that, like a frantick Man,
he

he raged up and down, and in this Manner bitterly complained.

‘ Oh, immortal Powers! open the wrath-
‘ ful Gates of Heaven, and in your Justice
‘ punish me, for my unconstant Love hath
‘ murdered two of the bravest Ladies that
‘ ever Nature framed; revive sweet Dames
‘ of *Scythia*, and hear me speak, that am
‘ the wofullest Wretch that ever spoke with
‘ a Tongue: If Ghost may here be given
‘ for Ghost, dear Ladies, take my Life and
‘ live; or if my Heart might dwell within
‘ your Breasts, this Hand shall equally
‘ divide it.’

Which woful Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowful Breast, but he finished his Days, by the Stroke of that same accursed Bodkin, that was the bloody Instrument of the two Sisters Death; which he found still remaining in the remorseless Hand of *Castria*.

Thus have you heard. (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of three of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: But now, with diligent Ears, listen unto the unfortunate Discourse of my own Misery, which in this unhappy Manner fell out: For no sooner came the flying News of the murdered Princesses to my Ears, but I grew into such a discontented
Passion,

‘ Passion, that I abandoned myself from
‘ Company of People, and fate for seven
‘ Months in a solitary Passion, lamenting
‘ the Loss of my Children, like weeping
‘ *Niobe*, which was the sorrowfullest Lady
‘ that ever lived.

‘ During which Time, the Report of
‘ *Floridon*’s unhappy Tragedy was bruited
‘ to his Father’s Ears, being the sole King
‘ of *Armenia*; whose Grief so exceeded the
‘ Bounds of Reason, that with all conven-
‘ nient Speed he gathered the greatest
‘ Strength *Armenia* could make, and in Re-
‘ venge of his Son’s Murder, entered my
‘ Territories, and with his well-approved
‘ Warriors subdued my Provinces, slaugh-
‘ tered my Soldiers, conquered my Cap-
‘ tains, slew my Commons, burnt my Ci-
‘ ties, and left my Country Villages deso-
‘ late; where, when I beheld my Country
‘ overspread with Famine, Fire, and Sword,
‘ three intestine Plagues, wherewith Hea-
‘ ven scourgeth the Sins of the Wicked, I
‘ was forced, for the Safeguard of my Life,
‘ to forsake my native Habitation, and kingly
‘ Government, only committing my For-
‘ tune (like a banish’d Exile) to wander in
‘ unknown Passages, where Care was my
‘ chief Companion, and Discontent my
‘ only Solicitor: At last it was my Destiny
‘ to arrive in this unhappy Place, which I
‘ supposed to be the Walks of Despair,

‘ where I had not remained many Days in
 ‘ my melancholy Passions, but methought
 ‘ the many Jaws of deep *Avernus* opened,
 ‘ from whence ascended a most fearful De-
 ‘ vil, that enticed me to bequeath my For-
 ‘ tune to his disposing, and he would de-
 ‘ fend me from the Fury of the whole
 ‘ World : To which I presently condescend-
 ‘ ed, upon some Assurance ; then presently
 ‘ he placed before my Face this enchanted
 ‘ Sword, so surely closed in Stone, that it
 ‘ should never be pulled out, but by the
 ‘ Hands of a *Christian* Knight, and till that
 ‘ Task was performed, I should live exempt
 ‘ from all Danger, although all the King-
 ‘ doms of the Earth assailed me: which
 ‘ Task (most adventurous Champion) thou
 ‘ hast now performed, whereby I know the
 ‘ Hour of my Death approacheth, and
 ‘ my Time of Confusion is at hand.’

This Discourse pronounced by the Ne-
 cromancer *Ormandine*, was no sooner finish-
 ed, but the worthy Champion *St. George*
 heard such a Ratling in the Skies, such a
 Lumbring in the Earth, that he expected
 some strange Event to follow : Then casting
 his Eyes aside saw the enchanted Garden to
 vanish, and the Champion of *Wales* to a-
 wake from his long Sleep, wherein he had
 remained seven Years ; who like one risen
 from a Swoon, for a Time stood speechless,
 not

not able to utter one Word, till he beheld the noble Champion of *England*, that stedfastly gazed upon the Necromancer; who, at the Vanishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a terrible Groan and died.

The two Champions, after many courteous Embracings and kind Greetings, revealed to each other the strange Adventures they had passed. *St. David* told how he was bound by the Oath of Knighthood to perform the Adventure of *Ormandine*: Whereupon *St. George* presently delivered the enchanted Sword, with the Necromancer's Head, into the Hands of *St. David*, which he presently severed from his Body. But here must my weary Muse leave *St. David* travelling with *Ormandine's* Head to the *Tartarian* Emperor, and speak of the following Adventures that happened to *St. George*, after his Departure from the enchanted Garden.

C H A P. XI.

How St. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away Sabra, the King's Daughter of Egypt, from the Black Moor King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the Means of a Lion, and what happened to him in the same Adventure.

S A I N T George, after the Recovery of St. David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his Journey towards *Chriftenedom*, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every Day a Year, till his Eyes enjoyed a sweet Sight of his native Country of *England*, upon whose Chalky Cliffs he had not rode in many a weary Summer's Day: Therefore committing his Journey to a fortunate Success, he travelled through many a dangerous Country, where the People were not only of a bloody Disposition, given to all Manner of Wickedness, but the Soil greatly annoyed with wild Beasts.

Thus in extreme Danger travelled the noble Champion St. George, till he arrived in the Territories of *Barbary*, in which Country he purposed for a Time to remain, and to seek for some noble Atchievement, whereby his Fame might be increased; and being encouraged with this Princely Cogitation,

tion, the noble Champion of *England* climbed to the Top of a huge Mountain; where he unlocked his Bever, which before had not been lifted up in many a Day, and beheld the wide and spacious Country, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adorned with many goodly Palaces. But amongst the Number of the Towers and Cities which the *English* Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in Situation and brave Buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Country, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: To which *St. George* intended to travel, not to furnish himself with any needful Thing, but to accomplish some honourable Adventure, whereby his worthy Deeds might be eternized in the Books of Memory. So after he had descended from the Top of the steep Mountain, and had travelled into a low Valley about two or three Miles, he approached an old and almost ruined Hermitage, over-grown with Moss and other Weeds; before the Entry of this Hermitage sat an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the Heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable Brightness upon the Hermit's Face, that his white Beard seemed to glitter like Silver, and his Head to exceed the Whiteness of the Northern Icicles; to whom, after *St. George*

had given the due Reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the Name of the Country, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Country was governed: To whom the courteous Hermit thus replied.

‘ Most noble Knight, for so I guess you
‘ are, by your Furniture and outward Ap-
‘ pearance, you are now in the Confines of
‘ *Barbary*, the City opposite before your
‘ Eyes is called *Tripoly*, remaining under
‘ the Government of *Almidor*, the Black
‘ King of *Morocco*, in which City he now
‘ keepeth his Court, attended on by as many
‘ gallant Knights as any King under the
‘ Cope of Heaven.’

At which Words the noble Champion of *England* suddenly started, as though he had Intelligence of some baleful News, which deeply discontented his princely Mind: His Heart was presently incensed with a speedy Revenge, and his Mind so extremely thirsted after *Almidor*’s Tragedy, that he could scarce answer again to the Hermit’s Words: But bridling his Fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner:

‘ Grave Father (said he) through the
‘ Treachery of that accursed King, I en-
‘ dured seven Years Imprisonment in *Persia*,
‘ where I suffered both Hunger, Cold, and
‘ extreme

‘ extreme Misery : But if I had my good
 ‘ Sword *Ascalon*, and my trusty Palfrey,
 ‘ which I left in the *Egyptian* Court, where
 ‘ remains my betrothed Love, the King’s
 ‘ Daughter of *Egypt*, I would be avenged
 ‘ on the Head of *Almidor*, were his Guard
 ‘ more strong than the Army of *Xerxes*,
 ‘ whose Multitudes drank the Rivers dry.’
 ‘ Why, (said the Hermit) *Sabra*, the King’s
 ‘ Daughter of *Egypt* is Queen of *Barbary*,
 ‘ and since her Nuptials were solemnly per-
 ‘ formed in *Tripoly* are seven Summers
 ‘ fully finished.’

‘ Now by the Honour of my Country
 ‘ *England* (replied St. George) the Place of
 ‘ my Nativity, and as I am a *Christian*
 ‘ Knight, these Eyes of mine shall never
 ‘ close, until I have obtained a Sight of the
 ‘ sweet Princess, for whose Sake I have
 ‘ endured so long Imprisonment: There-
 ‘ fore, dear Father, be thus kind to a Tra-
 ‘ veller, as to exchange thy Cloathing for
 ‘ this my rich Furniture and Steed, which
 ‘ I brought from the Soldan of *Persia*, for
 ‘ in the Habit of a Palmer I may enjoy
 ‘ the Fruition of her Sight without Suspi-
 ‘ cion; therefore courteously deliver me
 ‘ thy Hermit’s Gown, and I will give, with
 ‘ my Horse and Armour, this Box of cost-
 ‘ ly Jewels :’ Which when the grave Her-
 mit beheld, he humbly thanked the noble
 Champion, and so with all the Speed they
 could

could possibly make, exchanged Apparel, and in this Manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with St. George's Furniture, and St. George in the Palmer's Apparel towards the City of *Tripoly*, who no sooner came to the sumptuous Buildings of the Court, but he espied a hundred poor Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom St. George spake after this Manner :

‘ My dear Brethren (said the Champion)
 ‘ for what Intent remain you here, or
 ‘ what expect you from this honourable
 ‘ Court ?’

‘ We abide here. (answer the Palmers)
 ‘ for an Alms, which the Queen once a
 ‘ Day hath given these seven Years, for the
 ‘ Sake of an *English* Knight, named St.
 ‘ George, whom she affected above all the
 ‘ Knights in the World :’ ‘ But when will
 ‘ this be given ? said St. George.’

‘ In the Afternoon (replied the Palmers)
 ‘ until which Time, upon our bended
 ‘ Knees, we hourly pray for the good For-
 ‘ tune of that most noble *English* Knight.
 ‘ Which Speeches so pleased the valiant-
 ‘ minded Champion St. George, that he
 ‘ thought every Minute a Year, till the Gol-
 ‘ den Sun had passed away the Middle Part
 ‘ of Heaven; for it was but newly risen
 ‘ from

from *Aurora's* Bed, whose Light as yet with a shame-faced radiant Blush, distained the Eastern Sky.

During which Time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion St. *George* of *England*, one while remembering the extreme Misery he endured in *Persia*, for her Sake, another while thinking upon the terrible Battle he had with the burning Dragon in *Egypt*, where he redeemed her from the fatal Jaws of Death: At last it was his Chance to walk about the Court, beholding the sumptuous Buildings, and the curious engraven Works by the Atchievement of Man, bestowed upon the glittering Windows; where he heard, to his exceeding Pleasure, the heavenly Voice of his beloved *Sabra*, descending from a Window upon the West Side of the Palace, where she warbled forth this sorrowful Ditty upon her Ivory Lute.

Die, all Desires of Joy and Courtly Pleasures,

Die, all Desires of Princely Royalty,

Die, all Desires of Worldly Treasures,

Die, all Desires of Stately Majesty:

Since he is gone that pleased most my Eye,

For whom I wish ten thousand Times to die.

O that mine Eyes might never cease to weep,

O that my Tongue might evermore Complain,

O that my Soul might in his Bosom sleep,

For whose sweet Sake my Heart doth live in Pain:

In Woe I sing, with brinish Tears besprent,

Out-worn with Grief, consumed with Discontent.

In Time my Sighs will dim the Heaven's fair Light,
Which hourly fly from my tormented Breast,
Except St. *George* that Noble *English* Knight,
With safe Return abandon my Unrest ;
Then careful Cries shall end with deep Annoy,
Exchanging weeping Tears, for smiling Joy.

Before the Face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Tho' unkind Friends have wed me to their Will,
And crown me Queen, my ardent Flames to slake,
Which in Despite of them shall flourish still,
Bear Witness, Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For *George's* Sake I live and die a Maid.

Which being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the Hearing of the *English* Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his Ears to entertain her sweet-tuned Melody the second Time : But it was in vain, whereat he grew in more perplexed Passions than *Aeneas*, when he had lost his beloved *Crusa* amongst the Army of the *Grecians* : Sometimes wishing the Day to vanish in a Moment, that the Hour of her Benevolence might Approach, other Times comforting his sad Cogitations with the Remembrance of her long-continued Constancy for his Sake.

Thus spent he the Time away, till the glorious Sun began to decline the Western Parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted Benevolence : Against which Time the *English* Champion placed himself in the Midst of them,
that

that expected the wished Hour of her Coming, who at the Time appointed, came to the Palace Gate, attired in Mourning Vesture, like *Polixena*, King *Priam's* Daughter, when she went to sacrifice; her Hair after a careless Manner hung wavering in the Wind, almost changed from yellow burnish'd Brightness, to the Colour of Silver, through her long-continued Sorrows and Grief of Heart, her Eyes seemed to have wept Seas of Tears, and her wonted Beauty was now stained with the pearly Dew that trickled down her Cheeks: Where, after the sorrowful Queen had justly numbered the Palmers, and with vigilant Eyes beheld the princely Countenance of *St. George*, her Colour began to Change from red to white, and from white to red, as though the Lilly and Rose had strove for Superiority: But yet colouring her Cogitations under a smooth Brow, first delivered her Alms to the Palmers, then taking *St. George* aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer:

- ‘ Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both
- ‘ in princely Countenance and courteous
- ‘ Behaviour, that thrice-honoured Cham-
- ‘ pion of *England*, for whose Sake I have
- ‘ daily bestowed my Benevolence for these
- ‘ seven Years; his Name is *St. George*,
- ‘ his Fame I know thou hast heard re-
- ‘ ported in many a Country to be the
- ‘ bravest

' bravest Knight that ever buckled on Steel
 ' Helmet. Therefore for his Sake will I
 ' grace thee with the chiefest Honour in
 ' this Court, instead of thy Ruffet Gaber-
 ' dine, I will cloath thee in Purple Silk,
 ' and instead of the Ebon Staff, thy Hand
 ' shall wield the richest Sword that ever
 ' Princely Eye beheld.'

To whom the noble Champion St. George replied in this courteous Manner.

' I have heard (quoth he) the princely
 ' Atchievements and magnanimous Adven-
 ' tures of that honoured *English* Knight,
 ' which you so dearly affected, bruited
 ' through many Princes Courts, and how for
 ' the Love of a Lady, he hath endured a
 ' long Imprisonment, from whence he never
 ' looked to return, but to spend the Rem-
 ' nant of his Days in lasting Misery :

At which the Queen let fall from her
 Eyes such a Shower of pearled Tears, and
 sent such Numbers of strained Sighs from
 her grieved Heart, that her Sorrow seemed
 to exceed the Queen's of *Carthage*, when
 she had for ever lost the Sight of her beloved
 Lord. But the brave-minded Champion
 purposed no longer to continue secret, but
 with his Discovery to convert her sorrowful
 Moans to smiling Joy : And so casting off
 his Palmer's Weed, acknowledged himself
 to

to the Queen, and therewithal shewed the half Ring whereon was engraven this Posy, *Ardeo Affectione* : Which Ring in former Time (as you have read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them, to be kept in Remembrance of their plighted Faith.

Which unexpected Sight highly pleased the beauteous *Sabra*, and her Joy so exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that she could not speak one Word, but was constrained thro' her new conceited Pleasure to breathe a sad Sigh or two into the Champion's Bosom, who like a true enobled Knight, entertained her with a loving Kiss ; where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed to each other the Secrets of their Souls, *Sabra* how she continued for his Love a pure Virgin, through the secret Virtue of a Golden Chain steep'd in Tyger's Blood, which she wore seven Times double about her Ivory Neck, took him by the gentle Hand, and led him into her Husband's Stables, where stood his approved Palfry, who no sooner espied the Return of his Master, but he was more proud of his Presence, than *Bucephalus* of the *Macedonia* Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in Triumph from any victorious Conquest.

' Now is the Time (said the excellent
' Princess *Sabra*) that thou mayest seal up
No. 5. O the

‘ the Quittance of our former Loves ; there-
 ‘ fore, with all convenient Speed take thy
 ‘ approved Palfrey, and thy trusty Sword
 ‘ *Ajcalon*, which I will presently deliver
 ‘ into thy Hands, and with all Celerity con-
 ‘ vey me from this unhappy Country : For
 ‘ the King my Husband, with all his ad-
 ‘ venturous Knights, are now rode forth on
 ‘ Hunting, whose Absence will further our
 ‘ Flight : But if you stay till his Return,
 ‘ it is not a Hundred of the hardiest Knights
 ‘ in the World can bear me from this ac-
 ‘ cursed Palace.’

At which Words *St. George*, having a
 Mind graced with all excellent Virtues, re-
 plied in this Manner :

‘ Thou knowest, my divine Lady, that
 ‘ for thy Love I would endure as many Dan-
 ‘ gers as *Jason* suffered in the *Ile Calcos*, so I
 ‘ might at last enjoy the Pleasure of true
 ‘ Virginity. For how is it possible thou
 ‘ canst remain a pure Maid, when thou
 ‘ hast been a crowned Queen these seven
 ‘ Years, and every Night hast entertained a
 ‘ King into thy Bed ?’

‘ If thou findest me not a true Maid
 ‘ (quoth she) in all that thou canst say, or
 ‘ do, send me back hither again unto my
 ‘ Foe, whose Bed I count more loathsome
 ‘ than a Den of Snakes, and his Sight more
 ‘ ominous than the Crocodile’s. As for the
 ‘ *Morocco*

‘ *Morocco* Crown, which by Force of Friends
‘ was set upon my Head, I wish that it
‘ might be turned into a Blaze of quenchless
‘ Fire, so it might not endanger my Body :
‘ And for the Name of Queen, I account
‘ it a vain Title ; for I had rather be the
‘ English Lady, than the greatest Empress
‘ in the World.’

At which Speeches *St. George* willingly
condescended, and with all Speed purposed
to go into *England* : So losing no Time,
Sabra furnished herself with sufficient Treas-
ure, and obtained the good Will of an
Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard
in the King’s Absence, to accompany them
in their Travel, and to serve as a trusty
Guide, if Occasion required.

So these three worthy Personages com-
mitted their Travels to the Guide of For-
tune, who preserved them from Dangers
of pursuing Enemies, which at the King’s
Return from Hunting, followed amain to
every Port and Haven that divided the
Kingdom of *Barbary* from the Confines of
Christendom : But kind Destiny so guided
their Steps, that they travelled another
Way, contrary to their Expectations ; for
when they looked to arrive upon the Ter-
ritories of *Europe*, they were cast upon the
fruitful Banks of *Grecia* : In which Country

we must tell what happened to the three Travellers:

But now *Melpomene*, thou tragick Sister of the Muses, reported what unlucky Crosses happened to these three Travellers in the Confines of *Grecia*, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill Hap turned into a weeping Tragedy; for when they had journeyed about three or four Leagues, over many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto a vast Wilderness, through which the Way seemed so long, and the Sun Beams so exceedingly clouded, that *Sabra*, what for Weariness of Travel, and the extreme Heat of the Day, was constrained to rest under the Shelter of a mighty Oak, whose Branches had not been lopt in many a Year: Where she had not long remained, but her Heart began to faint for Hunger, and her Colour, that was but a little before as faint as any Lady's in the World, began to change for want of a little Drink: Whereat the most famous Champion *St. George*, half dead with very Grief, comforted her as well as he could, after this Manner.

‘ Faint not, my dear Lady (said he) here
 ‘ is that good Sword that once preserved
 ‘ thee from the burning Dragon, and before
 ‘ thou shalt die for want of Sustenance, it
 ‘ shall make Way to every Corner of the
 ‘ Wilderness: where I will either kill some
 ‘ Venison

‘ Venison to refresh thy hungry Stomach, or
‘ make my Tomb in the Bowels of some
‘ monstrous Beast: Therefore abide thou
‘ here under this Tree, in Company of
‘ thy faithful Eunuch, till I return either
‘ with the Flesh of some wild Deer, or
‘ else some flying Bird to refresh thy Spirit
‘ for a new Travel.’

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch in the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderness, till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which Company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping *Satyr* coursed her to Death: Then with a keen-edged Sword cut out the goodliest Haunch of Venison that ever Hunter’s Eye beheld; which Gift he supposed to be most welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what happened in his Absence to the two weary Travellers under the Tree: Where after *St. George’s* Departure, they had not long sate discoursing, one while of their long Journies, another while of their safe Delivery from the Black-Moor King, spending the stealing Time away with many an ancient Story, but there appeared out of a Thicket two huge and monstrous Lions, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers: Which fearful Spectacle when *Sabra* beheld, having a Heart overcharged with the extreme Fear of Death, wholly

committed her Soul into the Hands of God, and her Body almost famished for Food, to suffice the Hunger of the two furious Lions, who by the Appointment of Heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wrathful Paws upon the smallest Part of her Garment, but with eager Mood assailed the Eunuch, until they had buried his Body in the empty Vaults of their Hungry Bowels : Then with their Teeth lately imbrued in Blood, rent the Eunuch's Steed into small Pieces : Which being done, they came to the Lady, who sat quaking half dead with Fear, and, like two Lambs, couched their Heads upon her Lap, where with her Hand she stroaked down their bristled Hairs, not daring almost to breath, till a heavy Sleep had over-mastered their furious Senses, by which Time the Princely-minded Champion St. George returned with a Piece of Venison upon the Point of his Sword : Who at that unexpected Sight, stood in a Maze, whether it was best to flie for Safe-guard of his Life, or to venture his Fortune against the furious Lions. But at last the Love of his Lady encouraged him to such a Forwardness, whom he beheld quaking before the dismal Gates of Death : So laying down his Venison, he sheathed his Faulcheon in the Bowels of one of the Lions. *Sabra* kept the other sleeping in her Lap till his prosperous Hand had likewise dispatched

spatched him: Which Adventure being performed, he first thanked Heaven for Victory, and then in this kind Manner saluted his Lady.

‘ Now (*Sabra* said he) I have by this
‘ sufficiently proved thy true Virginity :
‘ For it is the Nature of a Lion, be he ever
‘ so furious not to harm the unspotted Vir-
‘ gin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head
‘ upon a Maiden’s Lap. Therefore, Divine
‘ Paragon, thou art the World’s chief
‘ Wonder for Love and Chastity, whose
‘ honoured Virtues shall ring as far as *Phœ-*
‘ *bus* sends his Lights, and whose Constancy
‘ I will maintain in every Land where I
‘ come, to be the truest under the Circuit
‘ of the Sun.’ At which Words he cast
his Eyes aside, and beheld the bloody Spec-
tacle of the Eunuch’s Tragedy, which by
Sabra was wofully discoursed to the Grief of
St. George, where sad Sighs served for a
doleful Knell to bewail his untimely Death :
But having a noble Mind, not subject to
vain Sorrow, where all Hope of Life is past,
ceased his Grief, and prepared the Venison
in Readiness for his Lady’s Repast, which
in this Order was dressed.

He had in his Pocket a Firelock, where-
with he struck Fire, and kindled it with
Sun-burnt Moss, and encreased the Flame
with other dry Wood which he gathered in
the

the Wilderness : Against which they roasted the Venison, and sufficed themselves to their own Contentments. After which joyful Repast, these two princely Persons set forward to their wonted Travels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven so conducted their Steps, that before many Days passed, they arrived in the *Grecian* Court, even upon that Day when the Marriage of the *Grecian* Emperor should be solemnly held : Which Nuptials, in former Times had been bruited into every Nation in the World, as well in *Europe*, as *Africa* and *Asia* : At which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present : For Golden Fame had bruited the Report thereof to the Ears of the Seven Champions : In *Thessaly*, to St. *Denis* the Champion of *France*, there remaining with his beauteous *Eglantine* ; into *Sevil* to St. *James* the Champion of *Spain*, where he remained with his lovely *Celestine* ; to St. *Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*, then travelling into the Borders of *Scythia*, with his Lady *Rosalinde* ; likewise to St. *Andrew*, the Champion of *Scotland* ; to St. *Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland* ; and to St. *David* the Champion of *Wales*.

But now Fame and smiling Fortune consented to make their Knightly Achievements to shine in the Eyes of the whole World, therefore by the Conduct of Heaven,

ven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperor's Court;

C H A P. XI.

How the Seven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperor's Nuptials, where they performed many noble Atchievements, and how, after open Wars were proclaimed against Christendom by the Discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his own Country.

TO speak of the Number of Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a Labour over tedious, requiring the Pen of *Homer*: Therefore will I omit the honourable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend them to the Church; their costly Garments and glittering Ornaments exceeding the Royalty of *Hecuba*, the beauteous Queen of *Troy*. And also I pass over the sumptuous Banquets, and delicious Chear that beautified the Emperor's Nuptials, with the stately Masks and Courtly Dances performed by many noble Personages, and chiefly discourse of the Knightly Atchievements of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, whose magnanimous Encounters have deserved a Golden Pen to relate. For after some few Days the Emperor proclaimed a solemn Justing to be held

held for the Space of seven Days, in the Honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chief Champions the Seven *Christian* Knights.

Against the Day appointed the Tournaments should begin, the Emperor caused a large Frame of Timber-Work to be erected, whereon the Empress and her Ladies might stand, for the better View of the Tilters, and at Pleasure behold the Champions Encounters; likewise in the Compass of the Lifts were pitched seven Tents of seven several Colours, wherein the Seven Champions might remain till the Sound of the Silver Trumpets summoned them to appear.

Thus every Thing prepared in Readiness, fitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed on their Seats, the Emperor with his new-married Empress invested on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with an Hundred armed Knights, the King's Heralds solemnly proclaimed the Tournaments, which in this Manner began.

The first Day *St. Denis* of *France* was appointed chief Champion against all Comers, who was called by the Title of the *Golden Knight*, who at the Sound of the Trumpet entered the Lifts, his Tent was of the Colour of the Marigold, upon the Top an artificial Sun framed, that seemed to beautify the whole Assembly; his Horse of an

an Iron Grey, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: Before him rode a Page in purple Silk, bearing upon his Crest three Golden *Flower-de-luces*, which did signify his Arms. Thus in this Royal Manner entered St. *Denis* the Lifts; where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open View of the whole Company, he prepared himself in Readiness to begin the Tournament; against whom ran many *Grecian* Knights, which were foiled by the *French* Champion, to the wonderful Admiration of all Beholders: But, to be brief, he so worthily behaved himself, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperor applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World.

This in great Royalty, to the exceeding Pleasure of the Emperor, was the first Day spent, till the dark Evening caused the Knights to break off Company, and repair to their Night's Repose. And the next Morning, no sooner did *Phæbus* shew his splendid Brightness, but the King of Heralds, under the Emperor, with a Noise of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent Sleep, who with all Speed prepared for the second Day's Exercise. The chief Champion appointed for that Day, was the Victorious Knight St. *James* of *Spain*: Which after the Emperor and Empress had seated themselves with a stately Train of beautiful Ladies, entered the Lifts upon a
Spanish

Spanish Gennet; directly over against the Emperor's Throne, his Tent was pitch'd, which was of the Colour of Quicksilver, wherein was pourtraied many fine Devices; before the Tent attended four Esquires, bearing four several Escutcheons in their Hands, whereon were curiously painted the four Elements: Likewise he had the Title of the *Silver Knight*, who behaved himself no less worthy of all Princely Commendations than the *French* Champion the Day before.

The third Day *St. Anthony* of *Italy* was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the Colour of the Skies, his Steed furnished with costly Habiliments, his Armour after the *Barbarian* Manner, his Shield plated round about with Steel, whereon was painted a Golden Eagle in a Field of Blue, which signified the antient Arms of *Rome*: Likewise he had the Title of the *Azure Knight*, whose matchless Chivalry for that Day, won the Prize from all the *Grecian* Knights.

The fourth Day, by the Emperor's Appointment, the worthy Knight *St. Andrew* of *Scotland* obtained the Honour as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: His Tent was framed in the Manner of a Ship swimming upon the Waves of the Sea, environed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange-contrived Mermaids: Upon the Top stood the Picture of *Neptune*, the God

God of the Seas, bearing in his Hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson Silk, a corner Cross, which seemed to be his Country Arms: He was called the *Red Knight*, because his Horse was covered with a bloody Veil, his worthy Atchievements obtained such Favour in the Emperor's Eyes, that he threw him his Silver Gauntlet, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, where after his noble Encounters he enjoyed a sweet Repose.

The fifth Day *St. Patrick* of *Ireland*, as chief Champion, entered the Lists upon an *Irish* Hobby, covered with a Veil of Green, attended by six *Sylvian* Knights, every one bearing upon his Shoulder a blooming Tree: His Tent resembled a Summer's Bower, at the Entry whereof stood the Picture of *Flora*, beautified with a Wreath of sweet-smelling Roses: He was named the *Green Knight*; whose worthy Prowess so daunted the Defendants, that before the Tournament began, they gave him the Honour of the Day.

Upon the sixth Day the heroical and noble-minded Champion of *Wales* entered the Lists upon a *Tartarian* Palfrey, covered with a Veil of Black, to signify a black and tragical Day should befall those *Grecian* Knights, that durst approve his Fortitude: His Tent was pitched in the Manner and Form of a Castle in the West Side of the

Lists, before the Entry whereof hung a Golden Shield, whereon was lively pourtrayed a Silver Griffin Rampant upon a Golden Helmet, which signified the ancient Arms of *Britain*. His Princely Atchievements not only obtained due Commendations at the Emperor's Hands, but of the whole Assembly of the *Grecian* Ladies, wherewith they applauded him to be the most noble Knight that ever shivered Launce, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entered into the *Grecian* Court.

Upon the seventh and last Day of these honourable Tournaments, the famous and valiant Knight at Arms, *St. George* of *England*, as chief Challenger, entered the Lists upon a fable-coloured Steed, betrapp'd with Bars of burnished Gold, his Forehead beautified with a gorgeous Plume of Purple Feathers, from whence hung many Pendants of Gold, his Armour of the purest *Lydian* Steel nailed fast together with Silver Plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with *Indian* Pearl, and Jasper Stones: Before his Breast-plate hung a Silver Table in a Damask Scarf, whereon was pictured a Lion Rampant in a bloody Field, bearing three golden Crowns upon his Head: Before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot, guarded by twelve Coal Black Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistrefs, *Sabra*, sate invested upon a Silver Globe,

to behold the heroical Encounters of her most noble and magnanimous Champion *St. George of England*: His Tent was as white as the Swan's Feathers, glittering against the Sun, supported by four Elephants, framed of the purest Brass; about his Helmet he tied a Wreath of Virgin's Hair, where hung his Lady's Glove, which he wore to maintain her excellent Gifts of Nature, to exceed all Ladies on the Earth: These costly Habiliments ravished the Beholders with such unspeakable Pleasure, that they stood gazing at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their Eyes from so heavenly a Sight. But when they beheld his victorious Encounter against the *Grecian* Knights, they supposed him to be the Invincible Tamer of that seven-headed Monster that climbed to the Elements, offering to pull *Jupiter* from his Throne. His Steed never gave Encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and Man to the Ground, where they lay for a Time bereft of Sense. The Tournaments lasted for that Day, from the Sun's Rising, 'till the coal-black Evening-Star appeared, in which Time he conquered five Hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in *Asia*, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderful Admiration of the Beholders.

Thus were the seven Days brought to an End by the seven worthy Champions

of *Chriftenedom*, in Reward of whose noble Atchievements, the *Grecian* Emperor, being a Man that highly favoured Knightly Proceedings, gave them a Golden Tree with seven Branches to be divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveyed to *St. George's* Pavillion, where, in dividing the Branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves to each other, and by what good Fortune they arrived in the *Grecian* Court, whose long-wished Sight so rejoiced their Hearts, that they all accounted that happy Day of Meeting, the joyfullest Day that ever they beheld. But now after the Tournaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few Days, recovering their worted Agility of Body, they fell to a new Exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glittering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and Silver Trumpets, but spending away the Time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the *Pbrygian* Knights when they presented the Paragon of *Asia* with an enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their Ears, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their Senses, nor no curious Dances to please their Eyes. *Sabra*, she was the Mistress of the Revels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which

which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in Fairness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty Night ; and when she danced, she seemed like *Thetis* tripping on the Silver Sands, with whom the Sun did fall in Love : And if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop down Heavenly Dew, as though they mourned for Love. There likewise remained in the Court the six *Thracian* Virgins, that in former Time lived in the Shape of Swans, which were as beautiful Ladies as ever Eye beheld ; also many other Ladies attended the Empress, in whose Companies the seven Champions daily delighted ; sometimes discoursing of amorous Conceits, other Times delighting themselves with sweet-sounding Musick ; then spending the Day in Banquetting, Revelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their courtly Pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with certain News of open Wars proclaimed against all *Christendom*, which fell out contrary to the Expectation of the *Christian* Knights. There arrived in the *Grecian* Emperor's Palace, an hundred Heralds, of an hundred several Provinces, which proclaimed utter Defiance to all *Christian* Kingdoms, by these Words.

‘ We, the High and Mighty Emperors
 ‘ of *Asia* and *Africa*, great Commanders
 ‘ both of Lands and Seas, proclaim, by
 ‘ general Consent of all the *Eastern* Poten-
 ‘ tates, utter Ruin and Destruction to the
 ‘ Kingdoms of *Christendom*, and to all
 ‘ those Nations where any *Christian* Knights
 ‘ are harboured: First, The Soldan of *Per-*
 ‘ *sia*, in Revenge of a bloody Slaughter done
 ‘ in his Palace, by an *English* Champion:
 ‘ *Ptolomy*, the *Egyptian* King, in Revenge
 ‘ of his Daughter violently taken away by the
 ‘ same Knight: *Almidor*, the Black King
 ‘ of *Morocco*, in Revenge of his *Queen*, like-
 ‘ wise taken away by the said *English* Cham-
 ‘ pion: The great Governor of *Thessaly*, in
 ‘ Revenge of his Daughters, taken away
 ‘ by a *French* Knight: The King of *Jerusa-*
 ‘ *lem*, in Revenge of his Daughter, taken
 ‘ away by a *Spanish* Knight: The *Tartarian*
 ‘ Emperor, in Revenge of his Son, Count
 ‘ *Palatine*, slain by the unhappy Hand of
 ‘ the *Champion* of *Wales*: The *Thracian*
 ‘ Monarch, in Revenge of his vain Travel
 ‘ after his seven Daughters, now in keeping
 ‘ of certain *Christian* Knights: In Revenge
 ‘ of which Injuries, all Kingdoms from the
 ‘ further Parts of *Prefter John’s* Dominions
 ‘ to the Borders of the *Red Sea*, have set
 ‘ down their Hands and Seals to be Aiders
 ‘ in this bloody War.’

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This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the *Grecian* Emperor gave speedy Commandment to muster up the greatest Strength that *Grecia* could afford, to join with the *Pagans*, to the utter Ruin and Confusion of *Christendom*: Which bloody Edict, or rather inhuman Judgment pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the *Christiagn* Champions to a speedy Departure, and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the *Pagans* Entertainment: So after due Considerations, the Champions departed, in Company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands Bosoms, than with their misbelieving Parents: Where after some few Days they arrived in the spacious Bay of *Portugal*, in which Haven they vowed, by the Honour of true Knighthood, to meet again within six Months ensuing, there to join all their *Christian* Armies into one Legion: Upon which plighted Resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: *St. George* into *England*, *St. Dennis* into *France*, *St. James* into *Spain*, *St. Anthony* into *Italy*, *St. Andrew* into *Scotland*, *St. Patrick* into *Ireland*, *St. David* into *Wales*. Whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many Years before, where their Entertainments were as honourable as their Hearts desired.

C H A P. XIII.

How the Seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal; the Number of the Christian Armies, and how St. George made an Oration to the Soldiers.

AFTER the Seven Champions of Christendom arrived in their native Countries, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Prince's Ear, the bloody Resolutions of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of *Africa* and *Asia* had mustered up their Forces to the Invasion of *Europe*; all Christian Kings then, at the Entreaty of the Champions, appointed mighty Armies of well-approved Soldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked Intention. Likewise, by the whole Consent of Christendom, the noble and fortunate Champion of *England*, St. George, was appointed chief General and principal Leader of the Armies, and the other Six Champions were elected for his Council, and chief Assistants in all Attempts that appertained either to the Benefit of Christendom, or the Furtherance of their fortunate Proceedings.

This War so fired the Hearts of many youthful Gentlemen, and so encouraged the Minds of every common Soldier, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own Charges furnished themselves: Some sold their

their Patrimonies to serve in these honourable Wars; and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and Acquaintance, and without Constraint of Pressing, offered themselves to follow so noble a General, as the Renowned Champion of *England*, and to spend their Blood in the just Quarrel of their native Country.

To be brief, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of *Europe*, beautified with Troops of Soldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyful Sound of thundring Drums, and the Ecchoes of Silver Trumpets summoning them to Arms; that followed with as much Willingness as the *Grecians* followed *Agamemnon* to the woful Overthrow of *Troy*: For by that Time the Champions had sported in the Bosoms of their kind Mistresses, the forward Captains taken their courtly Pastimes, and the willing Soldiers bade Adieu to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a new Livery: Which was the appointed Time the *Christian* Armies should meet in *Portugal*, there to join their several Troops into one Legion: Which promise caused the Champions to bid Adieu to their native Countries, and with all Speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hoist up Sails, where after a short Time the Wind, with a calm and prosperous Gale,

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Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of
Portugal.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion *St. George*; with 100,000 courageous *English* Soldiers, whose Forwardness betokened a fortunate Success, and their willing Minds a joyful Victory. His Army set in Battle array, seemed to countervail the Number of the *Macedonian* Soldiers, wherewith worthy *Alexander* conquered the Western World; his Horsemen, being in Number 20,000, were armed all in black Crosetts; their Launces bound about with Plates of Steel, their Steeds covered with Mail, three Times doubled; their Colours were the sanguine Cross, supported by a Golden Lion; his sturdy Bow Men, whose conquering Grey Goose Wing in former Times hath terrified the circled Earth, being in Number likewise 20,000, clad all in Red Mandilions, with Caps of the same Colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Cross, being the true Badge and Honour of *England*; their Bows of the strongest Yew, and their Arrows of the soundest Ashe, with forked Heads of Steel, and their Feathers bound on with green Wax and twisted Silk. His Musqueteers, being in Number ten thousand, their Musquets of the widest Bore, with Firelocks, wrought by curious Workmanship, yet of such wonderful Lightness, that they required no Rest

at

at all to ease their Arms. His Cavalier shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbered Men, but yet of as couragious Minds as the tallest Soldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bills to guard the waving Ensigns, thirty Thousand, clad all with glittering bright Armour : Likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioneers, if Occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench Forts or Sconces, or to make a Passage through Hills and Mountains, as worthy *Hannibal* did, when as he made a Way for his Soldiers through the lofty *Alps*, that divide the Countries of *Italy* and *Spain*.

The next that arrived in the Bay of *Portugal*, was the Princely-minded Champion *St. David* of *Wales*, with an Army of fifty thousand true-born *Britains*, furnished with all Habiliments of War, for so noble and valiant a Service to the high Renown of his Country, and true Honour of his Progeny : Their Armour in Richness nothing inferior to the *Englismen* ; their Colours were a Golden Cross, supported by a Silver Griffin ; which Escutcheon signified the ancient Arms of *Wales* : For no sooner had *St. George* a Sight of the valiant *Britains*, but he caused his Musqueteers presently to entertain them with a Volley of Shot, to express their joyful Welcome to Shore. But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the Smoak
of

of the reaking Powder, and that St. George might at Pleasure discern the noble and magnanimous Champion of *Wales*, who as then rode upon a Milk-white Hobby in Silver Armour, guarded with a Train of Knights in Purple Vestures, but he greeted St. David with kind Courtesies, and accompanied him to the *English* Tent, which they had erected close by the Port Side, where for that Night these two Champions remained, spending the Time with unspeakable Pleasure: And so upon the next Day after, St. David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitched a Quarter of a League from the *English* Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of *Portugal*, was St. Patrick, the noble Champion of *Ireland*, with an Army likewise of fifty Thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful Manner; their Furniture were of the Skins of wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proof: They bore in their Hands mighty Darts, tipped at the End with prickling Steel, which the couragious and valiant *Irish* Soldiers, by the Agility of their Arms, could throw a full flight Shot, and with forcible Strength would strike three or four Inches into an Oak.

These hardy Soldiers no sooner arrived on the Shore, but the *English* Musqueteers gave them a princely Entertainment, and present-
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ly conducted the noble-minded Champion *St. Patrick* to the *English* Tent, where the three Champions of *England, Wales, and Ireland*, passed away the Time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down Reasons how to pitch their Camps to the most Disadvantage of the misbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect Directions which Way they were best to march, and such like Devices, for their own Safeties, and the Benefit of *Christendom*.

The next that landed on the Banks of *Portugal*, was *St. Andrew*, the worthy Champion of *Scotland*, with threescore thousand of well-approved Soldiers: His Horsemen, the old Adventurous *Galloways*, clad in quilted Jackets, with Launces of the *Turkish* Fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Bevers the Arms of *Scotland*, which was a corner Cross, supported by a naked Virgin: His Pikemen the bold and hardy Men of *Orcady*, which continually lie upon freezing Mountains, the icy Rock and the snowy Valleys: His Shot, the light-footed *Pallidians*, that, if Occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for Nimbleness in running, overgo the swift-footed Stag. These bold Adventurous *Scottish* Men in all Forwardness, deserved as much Honour at the *English* Champion's Hands as any other Nation before, therefore he commanded his Shot, on there first entry on Land, to give them a noble Entertainment, which they perform.

ed most royally, and also conducted St. *Andrew* to the *English* Tent, where, after he had given St. *George* the Courtesy of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the *English* Tent a Mile.

The next that arrived was St. *Anthony*, the Champion of *Italy*, with a Band of four-score thousand brave *Italian* Soldiers, mounted on warlike Coursers; every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his Hand a Streamer of watchet Silk, with the Arms of *Italy* thereon set in Gold, every Footman furnished with approved Furniture in as stately a Manner as the *Englishmen*, who at their Landing received as royal Entertainment as the other Nations, and likewise St. *Anthony* was as highly honoured by the *English* Champion, as any of the other *Christian* Knights.

The next that arrived was St. *Denis*, the victorious Champion of *France*, with a Band of four-score Thousand. After his marched Dukes of twelve several Dukedoms, then under the Government of the *French* King, every one at his own proper Cost and Charges maintained two thousand Soldiers in these *Christian* Wars; their Entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of the *Christian* Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of *Portugal*, was the magnanimous Knight St. *James* of *Spain*, with a Band likewise of four-score thousand

thousand : With him he brought from the *Spanish* Mines ten Ton of refined Gold, only to maintain Soldiers in the Defence of *Christendom* ; who no sooner landed his Troops, but the Six Champions gave him the honourable Welcome of a Soldier, and ordained a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose Number justly surmounted five hundred thousand ; which Legions they conjoined into one camp Royal, and after placed their Wings and squadrons Battle-wise, chiefly by the Direction of St. *George*, being then chief General, by the Consent of the *Christian* Kings ; who after he had over viewed the *Christian* Armies, his Countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned Victory, and to foretel a fatal Overthrow to the misbelieving Potentates : Therefore, to encourage his princely Followers to persevere in their wonted Willingness, pronounced this princely Oration.

‘ You Men of *Europe* (said he) and my
 ‘ Countrymen, whose conquering Fortunes
 ‘ never yet have feared the Enemies of *Christ*,
 ‘ you see we have forsook our native Lands,
 ‘ and committed our Destinies to the Queen
 ‘ of Chance, not to fight in any unjust Quar-
 ‘ rel, but in the true Cause of *Isarael’s* A-
 ‘ nointed, not against Nature to climb to the
 ‘ Heavens, as *Nimrod* and the Giants pro-

‘ferred in former Time ; but to prevent the
‘Invasion of *Christendom*, the Ruin of *Europe*,
‘and the intended Overthrow of all *Christian*
‘Provinces, the bloody-minded Infidels
‘have mustered up Legions, in Numbers
‘like Blades of Grass, that grow upon the
‘flourishing Downs of *Italy*, or the Stars of
‘Heaven in the coldest Winter’s Night, pro-
‘testing to fill our Countries with Seas of
‘Blood, scatter our Streets with mangled
‘Limbs, and convert our glorious Cities
‘into Flames of quenchless Fire ; therefore,
‘dear Countrymen, live not to see our *Chris-*
‘*tian* Virgins spoiled by lustful Rape, nor
‘dragged along our Streets like guiltless
‘Lambs to a bloody Slaughter : Nor to see
‘our harmless Babes, with bruised Brains
‘dashed against hard flinty Stones, nor to
‘see our feeble Age, whose Hair resembles
‘Silver Mines, lie bleeding on the Marble
‘Pavement ; but like true *Christian* Soldiers
‘fight in the Quarrel of your Countries.
‘What, though the Pagans be in Number
‘ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight
‘for *Christendom*, and cast them down be-
‘fore our Faces, like Drops of *April* Show-
‘ers. Be not dismayed to see them in or-
‘dered Ranks, nor fear not when as you
‘behold the Streamers hovering in the wav-
‘ing Wind, when as their steeled Pikes, like
‘to a thorny Forest, will overspread whole
‘Countries : Thousands of them I know
‘will

‘ will have no Heart to fight, but flie with
‘ cowardly Fear, like Flocks of Sheep be-
‘ fore the greedy Wolf. I am the Leader
‘ of your noble Minds, that never fought
‘ in vain, nor ever entered Battle but re-
‘ turned with Conquest. Then every one
‘ with me build upon this princely Resolu-
‘ tion: For *Christendom* we Fight: For *Chri-*
‘ *stendom* we Live and Die.’

This Soldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army, with a general Voice, cried, to Arms, to Arms, with Victorious *George of England*: Which noble Resolution of the Soldiers, so rejoiced the *English* Champion, and likewise encouraged the other *Christian* Knights with such a Forwardness of Mind, that they gave speedy Commandment to remove their Tents, and to march with easy Journies towards *Tripoly* in *Barbary*, where *Almidor*, the Black King of *Morocco*, had Residence; in which Travel we must leave for a while the *Christian* Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, and how they fell at Variance in the Election of a General: Which civil Mutiny caused much Effusion of Blood, to the great Hurt both of *Africa* and *Asia*, as here followeth.

C H A P. XIV.

Of the Dissention and Discord that happened amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary; the Battle between the Christians and the Moors in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was scalded to Death in a Cauldron of boiling Lead and Brimstone.

THE ireful Pagans, after they had levelled their martial Forces both by Sea and Land, repaired to their general Places of Meeting, there to conclude of the utter Ruin of *Christendom*: For no sooner could Winter withdraw his chill Frost from the Earth, and *Flora* took Possession of his Place, but the Kingdom of *Hungary* suffered excessive Penury, through the numberless Armies of accursed Infidels, being their appointed Place of Meeting: For tho' *Hungary*, of all other Countries, then was the richest and plentifullest of Victuals to maintain a Camp of Men, yet was it mightily overpressed, and greatly burthened with Multitudes, not only with Want of Necessaries to relieve Soldiers, but with extreme Cruelty of those bloody-minded Miscreants, that through a civil Discord which happened amongst them, about the Election of a General, they converted their Union into a most inhuman Slaughter, and their triumph Victory to a
dismal

dismal bloody Tragedy: For no sooner arrived their Legions upon the Plains of *Algernos*, being in Length and Breadth one and twenty Leagues, but the King of *Hungary* caused their Muster-rolls to be publickly read, and justly numbered, in the Hearing of the *Pagan* Knights, which in this Manner was proclaimed through the Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrels of *Africa* and *Asia*, under the Conduct of our three great Gods *Mahomet*, *Tarmagant*, and *Apollo*, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this renowned Kingdom of *Hungary*, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentifulled with all Manner of Riches.

Second, We have from the Emperor of *Constantinople*, two hundred thousand. From the Emperor of *Grecia*, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperor of *Tartary*, an hundred threelcore and three thousand. From the Soldan of *Persia*, two hundred thousand. From the King of *Jerusalem*, four hundred thousand. Of *Moors*, one hundred and twenty thousand. Of Coal-black *Negroes*, one hundred and forty thousand. Of *Arabians*, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of *Babylonians*, one hundred and thirty thousand and odd. Of *Armenians*, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of *Macedonians*, two hundred and ten thousand.
Of

Of *Siracusans*, fifteen thousand six hundred. Of *Hungarians*, three hundred and six thousand. Of *Sicilians*, seven thousand three hundred. Of *Scythians*, one hundred and five thousand. Of *Parthians*, ten thousand three hundred. Of *Pbrygians*, seven thousand three hundred. Of *Ethiopians*, sixty thousand. Of *Tbracians*, fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of *Prester John*, three thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose Number I omit for this Time, lest I should seem over-tedious to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of armed Soldiers arrived in *Hungary*, that might in one Month have destroyed *Christendom*, had not God defended them from those barbarous Nations, and by his invincible Power confounded the *Pagans* in their own Practices: For no sooner had the Heralds proclaimed through the Camp what a Number of Nations joined in Arms together, but the Soldiers fell at Dissention one with another, about the Election of a General: Some vowed to follow none but the King of *Jerusalem*, some *Ptolomy* the *Egyptian* King; and some the Soldan of *Persia*, either to persevere in their own Wills, or to lose their Lives in the same Quarrel.

Thus in this Manner Parts were taken on all Sides, not only by the meaner Sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby

whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their Wills to their Soldiers Pleasure. This civil Broil so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their Forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of *Morocco* and his tawny *Moors*, and Cole-black *Negroes*: Likewise the Soldan of *Persia*, *Ptolomy* the *Egyptian* King, the Kings of *Arabia* and *Jerusalem*, every one departed to their own Countries, cursing the Time they attempted first so vain an Enterprize. The rest, not minding to put up Abuses, fell from brawling Boasts to downright Blows; which continued without ceasing for the Space of three Days, in which Encounters the murder'd Infidels, like scattered Corn, overspread the Fields of *Hungary*: The fruitful Vallies lay drowned in purple Gore; the Fields of Corn consumed with Flames of Fire; their Towns and Cities ruined with wasting War; wherein the Fathers were sad Witnessees of their Childrens Slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend Hairs, more white than tried Silver, besmeared with clotted Blood.

In the mean while the Seven worthy Champions of *Christendom* had entered *Barbary*, before *Almidor* the Black King of *Morocco*, with his scattered Troops of *Moors* and *Negroes*, returned from *Hungary*, and by Fire and Sword had wasted many of their chiefest Towns and Forts, whereby the
Country

Country was much weakened, and the Commons compelled to sue for Mercy at the Champions Hands, who bearing true *Christian* Minds, within their Hearts continually Pity harboured; vouchsafed to grant Mercy to those that yielded their Lives to the Pleasure of the *Christian* Knights: But when St. George had Intelligence of *Almidor's* Approach with his weakened Troops, he presently prepared his Soldiers in Readiness to give the *Moors* a bloody Banquet, which was the next Morning by Break of Day performed, to the high Honour of *Christendom*: But the Night before the *Moors*, knowing the Country better than the *Christians*, got the Advantage both of Wind and Sun; whereat St. George being something dismayed, but yet not discouraged, imboldened his Soldiers with many heroical Speeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies Spoils, and so with the Sun's uprising entered Battle, where the *Moors* fell before the *Christians* Swords as Ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this Conflict, the Seven Champions still in the Fore-front of the Battle, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more *Negroes* than a hundred of the bravest Knights in the *Christian* Armies. At last, Fortune intended to make St. George's Prowess to shine brighter than the rest, singled out the *Morocco* King, betwixt whom and the *English* Champion was a long
and

and dangerous Fight: But St. George so courageously behaved himself with his trusty Sword, that *Almidor* was constrained to yield to his Mercy. The Army of the *Moors* seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled; but that the *Christians* being the lighter of Foot, overtook them, and made the greatest Slaughter of them that ever happened in *Barbary*.

Thus after the Battle ended, and the joyful Sound of Victory ranged through the *Christian* Army, the Soldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies Spoils, and marched, by St. George's Direction, to the City of *Tripoly*, being then almost unpeopled through the late Slaughter which was there made: In which City, after they had rested some Days, and refreshed themselves with wholesome Food, the *English* Champion, in Revenge of his former proffered Injuries by the *Morocco* King, gave this severe Sentence of Death.

‘ First, He commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boiling Lead and
‘ Brimstone: Then *Almidor* to be brought
‘ to the Place of Death by twelve of the
‘ noblest Peers in *Barbary*, therein to be
‘ consumed, which was performed within
‘ seven Days following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by the Appointment of Sr.
‘ George, directly in the middle of the chiefest
‘ Market.

‘ Market-Place, under which a mighty hot
 ‘ Fire continually burned for the Space of
 ‘ eight and forty Hours.’

Now all Things being thus prepared in Readiness, and the *Christian* Champions present to behold the woful Spectacle, the condemned Black Moor King came to the Place of Execution in a Shirt of fine *Indian* Silk, his Hands pinioned together with a Chain of Gold, and his Face covered with a Damask Scarf, his Attendants and chief Conductors twelve *Moors*, Peers, clad in sable Gowns of Taffaty, carrying before him the Wheel of Fortune, with Picture of a Monarch vaunting, with this Motto on his Breast, *I will be king in Spite of Fortune*: Upon the Top of the Wheel the Picture or perfect Image of a deposed Potentate, falling with his Head downwards, with this Motto on his Breast, *I have been King while it pleased Fortune*: Which plainly signified the Chance of War, and of inconstant Destiny: His Guard was a hundred *Christian* Soldiers, holding Fortune in Disdain: After them attended a hundred of *Morocco* Virgins in black Ornaments, their Hair bound up with Silver Wires, and covered with Veils of black Silk, signifying the Sorrow of their Country for the Loss of their Sovereign. In this mournful Manner came the unfortunate *Almidor* to the boiling Cauldron; which when he

he came near, his Heart waxed cold, and his Tongue devoid of Utterance for a Time; at last he broke forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his Life than the whole Kingdom of *Barbary* could perform.

‘ Most mighty and invincible Champion
‘ of *Christendom* (quoth he) let my Life
‘ be ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive
‘ ten Tuns of tried Gold, five hundred Webs
‘ of woven Silk, an hundred Ships of Spices
‘ and refined Sugar shall be yearly paid thee
‘ by our *Barbary* Merchants: An hundred
‘ Waggonns likewise laden with Pearl and
‘ Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall be yearly chosen forth and
‘ brought thee home to *England*, to make
‘ that blessed Country the richest within the
‘ Dominions of *Europe*; Likewise I will deliver up my Diadem, with all my princely
‘ Dignities, and in Company of the *Morocco* Lords, like bridled Horses, draw thee
‘ daily in a Silver Chariot up and down the
‘ circled Earth, ’till Death give End to our
‘ Lives Pilgrimage; therefore, most admired
‘ Knight at Arms, let these salt Tears, that
‘ trickle from the Conduits of my Eyes, obtain one Grant of Comfort at thy Hands,
‘ for on my bended Knees I beg for Life,
‘ that never before this Time did kneel to
‘ mortal Man.’

‘ Thou speakest in vain (replied St. George)
‘ not the Treasures hidden in the deepest
‘ Seas, nor all the Golden Mines of rich
‘ *America* shall redeem thy Life; Thou
‘ knowest, accursed Villain, thy wicked
‘ Practices in the *Egyptian* Court, where
‘ thou proffered’st wrongfully to bereave
‘ me of my Life; through thy Treachery I
‘ endured a long Imprisonment in *Persia*,
‘ where for seven Years I drank foul Chan-
‘ nel-Water, and sufficed my Hunger with
‘ Bread of Bran Meal: My Food was loath-
‘ some Flesh of Rats and Mice, and my rest-
‘ ing Place a dismal Dungeon, where nei-
‘ ther Sun nor the chearful Light of Hea-
‘ ven lent me Comfort during my long con-
‘ tinued Misery: For which inhuman Deal-
‘ ing, and proffered Injuries, the Heavens
‘ enforce me to a speedy Revenge, which
‘ in this Manner shall be accomplished.

‘ Thou seest the Torment prepared for
‘ thy Death, this brazen Cauldron filled
‘ with boiled Lead and Brimstone, where-
‘ in thy accursed Body shall be speedily cast,
‘ and boiled till thy detested Limbs be con-
‘ sumed to a watery Substance in this spark-
‘ ling Liquor: Therefore prepare thyself
‘ to entertain the violent Stroke of Death,
‘ and willingly bid all thy Kingly Dignities
‘ farewell: But yet I let thee understand, that
‘ Mercy harbours in a *Christian’s* Heart, and
‘ where Mercy dwells, there Faults are for-
given,

‘ given, upon some humble Penitence, tho’
 ‘ thy Trespaffes deserve no Pity, but severe
 ‘ Punishment, yet upon these Considerations
 ‘ I will grant thee Liberty of Life.

‘ First, That thou wilt forsake thy Gods,
‘ *Tarmagant* and *Apollo*, which be the vain
‘ Imagination of Men, and believe in our
‘ true and ever-living God, under whose
‘ Banner we *Christians* have taken in Hand
‘ this long War. Secondly, Thou shalt
‘ give Commandment that all thy *Barbarous*
‘ Nations be christened in the Faith of *Christ*.
‘ Thirdly, and Lastly, That thy three King-
‘ doms of *Barbary*, *Morocco*, and *India*,
‘ swear true Allegiance to all *Christian* Kings,
‘ and never to bear Arms, but in the true
‘ Quarrel of *Christ* and his anointed Nations.
‘ These Things duly observed, thy Life
‘ shall be preserved, and thy Liberty ob-
‘ tained, otherwise look for no Mercy, but
‘ a speedy and most terrible Death.’

These Words more displeased the *un-christian* King of *Morocco*, than the Sentence of his Condemnation, whereupon in these brief Speeches he set down his Resolution.

' Great Potentate of *Europe* (replied *Al-*
 ' *midor*) by whose Mightiness Fortune fits
 ' fettered in the Chains of Power, my Gold-
 ' en Diadem and Regal Scepter by Con-
 R 2 ' straint

' straint I must deliver up: But before I
 ' will forsake my Country Gods, I will en-
 ' dure a hundred Deaths; and before my
 ' Conscience be reformed to a new Faith,
 ' the Earth shall be no Earth, the Sea no
 ' Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkest
 ' thou now, proud *Christian*, by thy threat-
 ' ned Torments, to make me forget my
 ' Creator, and believe in thy God, the sup-
 ' posed King of the *Jews*, and basely born
 ' under an Ox's Stall? No no, accursed
 ' *Christians*, you Off-spring of *Cain*, you
 ' Generation of *Ismael*, you Seed of Vipers,
 ' and accursed through the World, look for
 ' a speedy Shower of Vengeance to rain
 ' from Heaven upon your wicked Nations:
 ' Your bloody Practices have pierced the
 ' Battlements of *Jove*, and your Tyrannies
 ' beaten open the Gate of mighty *Mabomet*,
 ' who had provided Whips of burning Wire
 ' to scourge you for your Cruelties, prof-
 ' fered to, and against his blessed Worship-
 ' pers: Now with this deadly Curse I bid you
 ' all farewell: The Plagues of *Egypt* light
 ' upon your Kingdom, the Curse of *Cain*
 ' upon your Children, the Famine of *Je-*
 ' *rusalem* upon your Friends, and the Misery
 ' of *Oedipus* upon yourselves.'

This wicked Resolution and baleful Curse,
 was no sooner ended by the desperate-mind-
 ed *Almidor*, but the Impatience of *St. George*
 was

was so highly moved, that he gave present Command to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed, to the Terror of all the Beholders: To see this woful Spectacle, the Battlements of the Temple were so thronged with People, the Houses covered with Women and Children, and the Streets filled with armed Soldiers, that it was a Wonder to behold: Amongst which Multitudes, there were some particular Persons, that at the Sight of *Almidor's* Death, fell down and broke their Necks, but the general Number, as well of *Pagans* as *Christians*, cried with chearful Voices, ' Honour ' and Victory follow *St. George of England*, ' for he hath redeemed *Barbary* from a miserable Servitude.' Which joyful Hearing so delighted the seven Champions of *Christendom*, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonfires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed thro' the City, which after continued for the Space of seven Days, in more magnificent Royalty than the Banquet of *Babylon* when the *Macedonian* Monarch returned from the Worlds Conquest.

The Champions Liberty procured such faithful Love in the Hearts of the *Morocco* Peers, that with a general Consent they chose *St. George* for their lawful King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat

of the *Morocco* Potentate, they set the Crown upon his Head, and after presented him with an imperial Pall, which the Kings of *Barbary* usually wore upon their Coronation-Day, protesting to forsake their profane Religion, and be christened in the Faith of *Christ*.

This promised Conversion of the Infidels, more highly delighted the *English* Champion, than to have the whole World's Honour at Command : For it was the chiefeft Point of his Knightly Oath to advance the Faith of *Christ*, and to enlarge the Bounds of *Christianity*. After his Coronation was so solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Palace, where he took true Allegiance of the *Morocco* Lords, by plighted Oaths to be true to his Crown : After this, he established the *Christian* Laws to the Benefit of the whole Country : Then he commanded all the ceremonious Rites of *Mahomet* to be trodden under Foot, and the true Gospel of *Christ* to be preached : Likewise he caused all that did remain in *Barbary* to be christened in the new Faith : But these Observations continued but for a Time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large : For Fame not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remain in the idle Bowers of Peace, summoned them to persevere in the noble Atchievements, and to muster up anew their Soldiers, whose Armour cankered

Ease

Ease had almost stained with Rust : Therefore St. George committed the Government of the Country to four of the principal Peers of *Morocco*, and marched towards the Country of *Egypt*, where lived treacherous *Ptolomy*, the Father of his beloved Lady *Sabra*, whom he had left in the Kingdom of *England* : In which Journey and happy Arrival in *Egypt*, we will leave the seven Champions for a Time, and speak of the faithless Infidels in *Barbary*, after the Departure of the *Christians*, whose former Honours they slightly regarded : For no sooner had St. George with his martial Troops bidden their Country adieu, but the faithless *Moors* reconciled themselves to their former Gods, and purposed a speedy Revenge for the Death of *Almidor*, against all *Christians* that remained within the Limits of that Heathen Nation : For there were many Soldiers wounded in the late Battle, likewise a Number oppressed with Sickness, which the *Christian* Champions had left behind for their better Recoveries, upon whom the barbarous *Moors* committed their first Tyranny ; for they caused the distressed Soldiers to be drawn upon Sledges to the uttermost Parts of the City, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on Fire, and most inhumanly burned the *Christian* Soldiers, and after converted the Place into a filthy Laystall : Many Women and
succour,

succourless Children they dragged up and down the Streets, till their Brains were dashed against the Stones, and the Blood had covered the Earth with a Purple Hue: Many other Cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed *Christians*, which I purpose to pass over, and intend to discourse of the *Christian* Champions Proceedings, who by this Time were arrived in the Kingdom of *Egypt*

C H A P. XV.

How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what happened to them there. The Tragedy of the lustful Earl of Coventry. How Sabra was bound to a Stake to be burnt: And how St. George redeemed her. Lastly, How the Egyptian King cast himself from the Top of a Tower and broke his Neck.

THE Champions of *Christianity* no sooner arrived upon the Territories of *Egypt*, where they supposed to have adventured their Lives upon the Chance of War, but all Things fell out contrary to their Expectations; they found the Gates of every Village and Town unpeopled; for the Commons, at the Report of the *Christians* Arrival, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells and such like obscure Places, and a general Fear and extreme

Terror

Terror assailed the *Egyptians*, as well the Peers of the Land, as the simple Country People : Many fled into Woods and Wildernesses, and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees ; many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remain in Safety : And many fled to high Mountains, where they long time lived in great Extremity, feeding upon the Grasse of the Ground : So greatly the *Egyptians* feared the Army of the *Christians*, that they expected nothing but the Ruin of their Country, with the Loss of their own Lives, and the Murder of their Wives and Children.

But to speak of the *Christian* Champions, who finding the Country desolate of People, suspected some deep Policy of the *Egyptians*, thinking to have murdered their warlike Forces to bid them Battle : Therefore St. *George* gave Commandment through the whole Camp, that not a Man, upon Pain of Death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly, with their Weapons ready prest to encounter Battle, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them : Which special Charge the *Christian* Soldiers duly observed, looking neither after the Wealth of Cities, nor the Spoil of Villages, but circumspectly marched, according to their Leaders Directions, along the Country of *Egypt*, till they approached the Sight of King *Ptolomy's* Court : Which
when

when the noble Champion of *England* beheld, in this Manner encouraged he his Followers :

‘ Behold (said he) you invincible Captains
‘ of *Christendom*, yonder those cursed Towers
‘ where wicked *Ptolomy* keeps his Court :
‘ Those Battlements, I say, where they as
‘ richly built as the great Pyramids of *Greece*,
‘ yet should they be subverted and laid as
‘ level with the Ground, as the City of *Car-*
‘ *thage* ; there hath that accursed *Ptolomy*
‘ his Residence, that for preserving his
‘ Daughter from the burning Dragon, trea-
‘ cherously sent me into *Persia*, where for
‘ seven Years I lived in great Extremity in
‘ a dismal Dungeon, where the Sun did
‘ never give me Light, nor the Company
‘ of People Comfort ; in Revenge whereof,
‘ my Heart shall never rest in Quiet, till I
‘ see the Buildings of his Palace set on
‘ Fire, and converted into a Place of Deso-
‘ lation, like to the glorious City in *Pbry-*
‘ *gia*, now overspread with stinking Weeds
‘ and loathsome Puddles ; therefore let all
‘ *Christian* Soldiers, that fight under the
‘ Banner of *Christendom*, and all that love
‘ *George* of *England*, your chosen General,
‘ draw forth your warlike Weapons, and like
‘ the angry *Greeks* overturn those glittering
‘ Battlements ; leave not one Stone upon
‘ another, but lay it as level with the
Ground,

‘ Ground, as the harvest Reapers do Fields
‘ of ripened Corn ; let your wrathful Furies
‘ fall upon these Towers like Drops of
‘ *April* Showers, or like Storms of Winter’s
‘ Hail, that it may be bruited through the
‘ whole World, what just Vengeance did
‘ light upon the Pride of *Egypt*: Leave
‘ not (I say) as you love your General, when
‘ you have subverted the Palace, one Man
‘ alive, no not a sucking Babe, but let them
‘ suffer Vengeance, for the Wickedness of
‘ their King: This is my Decree, brave
‘ Knights of *Christendom*, therefore march
‘ forwards; Heaven and Fortune be your
‘ good Speed.’

At which Words the Soldiers gave a general Shout, in Sign of their willing Minds. Then began the silken Streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums chearfully to sound forward, the Silver Trumpets recorded Ecchoes of Victory; the barbed Steeds grew proud of this Attempt, and would stand upon no Ground, but leaped and danced with as much Courage, as did *Bucephalus*, the Horse of the *Macedonian Alexander*, always before any notable Victory; yea, every Thing gave an evident Sign of good Success, as well senseless Things as living Creatures

With this Resolution marched the *Christians*, purposing the utter Confusion of the *Egyptians*, and the woful Ruin and Destruction

tion of *Ptolomy's* sumptuous Palace. But when the Soldiers approached the Gates, there came pacing out thereat the *Egyptian* King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attired in black and mournful Ornaments, bearing in their Hands Olive Branches: Next them the bravest Soldiers in *Egypt*, bearing in their Hands broken Weapons, shivered Lances and torn Ancients: Likewise followed thousands of Women and Children, with Cypress Wreaths about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for Mercy to the *Christians*, that they should not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew Mercy to unhappy *Egypt*: This unexpected Sight, or rather admirable Wonder, caused St. *George* to found a Retreat, and gave Commandment through the *Christian* Army, to with-hold their former vowed Vengeance from the *Egyptians*, till he understood what they required: Which Charge being given, and duly observed, St. *George*, with the other six Champions, came together, and admitted the *Egyptian* King with his Nobles to their Presence, who in this Manner began to speak for his Country.

‘ You unconquered Knights of *Christen-*
‘ *dom*, whose worthy Victories and noble
‘ Atchievements the whole World admires,
‘ let him that never kneeled to any Man till
‘ now, and in former Times disdained to
‘ humble

‘ humble himself to any Potentate on Earth ;
‘ let him I say, the most unfortunate Wretch
‘ alive, crave Mercy, not for myself, but
‘ for my Country ; my Commons Blood
‘ will be required at my Hands : Our mur-
‘ dered Infants will call to Heaven for
‘ Revenge, and our slaughtered Widows
‘ sink down to Hell for Revenge : So will
‘ the Vengeance of Heaven light upon my
‘ Soul, and the Curse of Hell upon my
‘ Head.

‘ Renowned Champion of *England*, under
‘ whose Custody my dear Daughter is kept,
‘ even for the Love of her, be merciful to
‘ *Egypt*.

‘ The former Wrongs I proffered thee
‘ when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb,
‘ into *Persia*, was contrary to my Will ; for
‘ I was incensed by the Flattery of that ac-
‘ cursed *Black-moor* King, whose Soul for
‘ ever be scourged with Whips of Wire,
‘ and plagued with the Punishment of *Tan-*
‘ *talus* in Hell : If my Life will serve for a
‘ just Revenge, here is my naked Breast,
‘ let my Heart Blood stain some *Christian’s*
‘ Sword, that you may bear the bloody
‘ Witness of my Death into *Christendom*, or
‘ let me be torn in a thousand Pieces by mad
‘ untamed Steeds, as was *Hippolitus*, Son of
‘ *Theseus*, in his charmed Chariot.

‘ Most mighty Controulers of the World,
‘ command the dearest Things in *Egypt*,
No. 6. S they

‘ they be at your Pleasures, we will forsake
 ‘ our Gods, and believe in that God which
 ‘ you commonly adore, for he is the true
 ‘ and living God, ours false and hateful in
 ‘ the Sight of Heaven.’

This penitent Lamentation of the *Egyptian* King caused the *Christian* Champions to relent, but especially *St. George*, who having a Heart beautified with a Well-spring of Pity, not only granted Mercy to the whole Country, but vouchsafed *Ptolomy* Liberty of Life, upon Condition that he would perform what he had promised; which was to forsake his false Gods, and believe in our true God, *Christ Jesus*.

This Kindness of *St. George*, almost ravished *Ptolomy* with Joy, and the whole Land, both Peers and Commons more rejoiced at the Friendship of the *Christians*, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The News of this happy Union was bruited in all the Parts of *Egypt*; whereby the Commons, that before fled for Fear into Woods and Wilderesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own Dwellings, and caused Bonfires to be made in every City, Town, and Village; the Bells of *Egypt* rung Day and Night, for the Space of a Week; in every Place was seen Banqueting, Dancing,
 and

and Masking; Sorrow was banished, Wars forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his own Charge ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the *Christian* Champions, wherein for Bounty it exceeded that which the *Trojans* made, when *Paris* returned from *Greece* with the Conquest of *Menelaus's* Queen. The Banqueting-House was built with Cypress Wood, covered with the pure Adamant Stone; so that neither Steel, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the Top of the Roof: As for the Variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat; but to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitors that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments, wrought with the purest Silk the *Indian* Virgins spun upon their Silver Wheels: At every Course the Servitors brought in a Consort of *Egyptian* Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes strained forth such admired Harmony, that it surpassed *Orion's* Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the Shore, or the Swiftnefs of *Orpheus's* Silver Harp, which made both Stones and Trees to dance; or the Melody of *Apollo's* inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower Parts for the Love of *Daphne*. These Pleasures so ravished the

Christian Champions, that they forgot the Sound of warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battles. But these Delights continued but a short Time, for their arrived a Knight from *England*, that brought such unexpected News to St. George, that changed his Joys into extreme Sorrow; for after this Manner begun the Messenger to tell his woful Tale :

‘ Fair *England*’s Champion (said he) instead of Arms get Swallows Wings, and fly to *England*, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady, for she is judged to be burned at a Stake for murdering the Earl of *Coventry*; whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the Scorn of virtuous Women: Yet this Mercy is granted by the King of *England*, that if within twelve Months a Champion may be found, that for her Sake will venture his Life, if it be his Fortune to overcome the Challenger of her Death. she shall live: But if it be his fatal Destiny to be conquered, then must she suffer the heavy Judgment before pronounced; therefore, as you love the Life of your chaste and beloved Lady, haste into *England*, delay no Time, for Delay is dangerous, and her Life in Hazard to be lost.’

This

This ill News struck such a Terror to St. George's Heart, likewise to the *Egyptian* King her Father, that for a Time they stood gazing in one another's Face, as though they had been bereaved of their Wits, not able to speak one Word; but at last St. George recovered his former Sense, and breathed forth this sorrowful Lamentation.

‘ O *England*! O unkind *England*! Have
‘ I adventured my Life in thy Defence, and
‘ for thy Defence have lain in the Field of
‘ Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a
‘ parching Summer's Day, and many a freez-
‘ ing Winter's Night, when you have taken
‘ your quiet Sleeps on Beds of Down; and
‘ will you repay me with this Discourtesy,
‘ to adjure her spotless Body to consuming
‘ Fire; whose Blood, if it be spilt before
‘ I come, I vow never to draw my trusty
‘ Sword in *England*'s Quarrel more, nor
‘ ever account myself her Champion;
‘ but I will wander unknown Countries,
‘ obscurely from the Sight of any *Christian*
‘ Eye. Is it possible that *England* will be
‘ so ungrateful to her Friend? Can that re-
‘ nowned Country harbour such a lustful
‘ Monster, to seek to Dishonour her, with-
‘ in whose Heart the Fountain of Virtue
‘ springs? Or can that noble City, the Nurse
‘ and Mother of my Life, entertain so vile
‘ a Homicide, that will offer Violence to
S 5 ‘ her,

‘ to her, whose Chastity and true Honour
 ‘ hath caused tameless Lions to sleep in her
 ‘ Lap.’

In this sorrowful Manner wearied St. *George* the Time away, until the *Egyptian* King, whose Sorrow being as great as his, put him from his Complaints, and requested the *English* Knight to tell the true Discourse of *Sabra*’s proffered Violence, and how she murdered the lustful Earl of *Coventry*; to whom, after a bitter Sigh or two, the Messenger thus replied, in this Manner:

‘ Most noble Princes and Potentates of
 ‘ the Earth, prepare your Ears to enter-
 ‘ tain the wofullest Tale that ever *English*
 ‘ Knight discoursed, and your Eyes to weep
 ‘ Seas of brakish Tears. I would I had no
 ‘ Tongue to tell it, nor Heart to remember
 ‘ it; but seeing I am compelled through the
 ‘ Love and Duty I owe the noble Champions
 ‘ of *Christendom* to express it, then thus it
 ‘ was.

‘ It was the Fortune, nay I may say,
 ‘ unhappy Destiny of your beloved Lady,
 ‘ upon an Evening, when the Sun had al-
 ‘ most lodged in the West, to walk without
 ‘ the Walls of *Coventry*, to take the Plea-
 ‘ sures of the sweet Fields and flourishing
 ‘ Meadows, which *Flora* had beautified in
 ‘ a Summer’s Livery; but as she walked
 ‘ up

‘ up and down, sometimes taking Pleasure
‘ to hear the chirping Birds how they strain-
‘ ed their Silver Notes ; other Times tak-
‘ ing Delight to see how Nature had cover-
‘ ed both Hills and Dales with sundry
‘ Sorts of Flowers, then walking to see
‘ the Chrystal running Rivers, the mur-
‘ muring Musick of whose Streams exceed-
‘ ed the rest for Pleasure, but she (kind
‘ Lady) delighting herself by the River Side,
‘ a sudden and strange Alteration troubled
‘ her Mind ; for the Chain of Gold that
‘ she did wear about her Neck, present-
‘ ly changed Colour, from a yellow bur-
‘ nished Brightness, to a dim Paleness :
‘ Her Rings fell from her Fingers, and from
‘ her Nose fell Drops of Blood, whereat her
‘ Heart began to throb, her Ears to glow,
‘ and every Joint to tremble with Fear.
‘ This strange Accident caused her speedily
‘ to haste homewards : But by the Way she
‘ met the Earl of *Coventry*, walking at that
‘ Time to take the Pleasure of the Evening
‘ Air, with such a Train of worthy Gentle-
‘ men, as though he had been the greatest
‘ Peer in *England* : Whose Sight, when she
‘ beheld afar off, her Heart began to mis-
‘ give, thinking that Fortune had allotted
‘ those Gentlemen to proffer her some In-
‘ jury ; so that upon her Cheeks Fear had
‘ set a Vermillion Dye, whereby her Beau-
‘ ty grew admirable ; which when the Earl
‘ beheld

' beheld, he was ravished therewith, and
 ' deemed her the excellentest Creature that
 ' ever Nature framed; their Meeting was
 ' silent: She shewed the Humility of a
 ' virtuous Lady, and he the Courtesy of a
 ' kind Gentleman: She departed home-
 ' wards, and he into the Fields, she think-
 ' ing all Danger past, but he practised in
 ' his Mind her utter Ruin and Downfal:
 ' For the Dart of Love had shot from her
 ' beauteous Cheeks into his Heart, not true
 ' Love, but Lust; so that nothing might
 ' quench his Desire, but the Conquest of her
 ' Chastity, such extreme Passion bewitched
 ' his Mind, that he caused his Servants
 ' every one to depart: And then, like a
 ' discontented Man, he wandered up and
 ' down the Fields, beating in his Mind a
 ' thousand sundry Ways to obtain his De-
 ' sire: For without he enjoyed her Love,
 ' he was likely to live in endless Languish-
 ' ment.'

At length he departed home, where, send-
 ing for his Steward, he ordered him to pro-
 vide a sumptuous and costly Banquet, to en-
 tertain all the principal Ladies in *Coventry*;
 who accordingly repaired to his Entertain-
 ment, at the Time and Hour appointed;
 the Banquet was brought in by the Earl's Ser-
 vants, and placed upon the Table by the
 Earl himself: Who after many Welcomes
 given

given, began thus to move the Ladies to Delight.

‘ I think my House most highly honoured
‘ (said he) that you have vouchsafed to grace
‘ it with your Presence, for methinks you
‘ beautify my Hall, as the twinkling Stars
‘ beautify the Veil of Heaven : But amongst
‘ the number of you all, you have a *Cynthia*,
‘ a glittering Silver Moon, that for Bright-
‘ ness exceedeth all the rest ; for she is fairer
‘ than the Queen of *Cyprus*, lovelier than
‘ *Dido*, and of more Majesty than the Queen
‘ of Love.’

This Commendation caused a general Smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other court-like Discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies Delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen, by the Earl’s Appointment, with most excellent Musick : Some others that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as *Paris* in the *Grecian* Court. At last the Earl requested one of them to choose out his beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Corants : Likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that Courtly Pastime : At which Request all of them were silent, and Silence is commonly a Sign of Consent ; therefore he emboldned himself the more to make

make his Desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesy, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous Hand of *Sabra*, who, with ablushing Countenance and bashful Look, accepted his Courtesy, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring Melody, the lustful Earl led her a Course about the Hall, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of Pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights; and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit Opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extreme Passions of Mind, which were in these Speeches thus expressed.

- ‘ Most divine and peerless Paragon ! (said
- ‘ he) thou only Wonder of the World for
- ‘ Beauty and excellent Ornaments of Na-
- ‘ ture, know that thy twinkling Eyes that
- ‘ shine more bright than the Light of Hea-
- ‘ ven, have pierced my Heart, and those
- ‘ thy crimson Cheeks have wounded me
- ‘ with Love; therefore except thou grant
- ‘ me kind Comfort, I am like to spend the
- ‘ Remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Care,
- ‘ and Discontent : I blush to speak what I
- ‘ desire, because I have settled my Love
- ‘ where it is unlawful, in a Bosom where
- ‘ Kings may sleep and surfeit with Delight,
- ‘ thy Breast I mean, most divine Mistress,
- ‘ for

‘ for there my Heart is kept Prisoner ; Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransom is a constant Mind. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young Years in solitary Widowhood ? He is unconstant, like *Æneas*, and thou more hapless then *Dido*. He marcheth up and down the World in glittering Armour, and never doth intend to return : He abandoneth thy Presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps ; therefore, dear *Sabra*, live not to consume thy Youth in Singleness, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty to wrinkled Frowns.’

To which Words, *Sabra* would have presently made Answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course ; which being ended, she replied in this Manner.

‘ Most noble Lord (said she) for our bounteous banquet and courteous Entertainment, I give the humble Thanks of a poor Lady ; but for your Suit and unlawful Desire, I do detest as much as the Sight of a *Crocodile*, and your flattering Glosses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling Shower of Rain ; your Syrens Songs shall never entice me to listen to your fond
‘ Requests :

‘ Requests: But I will, like *Ulysses*, stop my
‘ Ears, and bury all your flattering Intice-
‘ ments in the Lake of Forgetfulness: Think
‘ you that I will stain my Marriage Bed
‘ with the least Spot of Infamy, that will
‘ not proffer me one Thought of Wrong,
‘ for all the Treasures of the wealthy Seas?
‘ Surely the gorgeous Sun shall lose his
‘ Light by Day, and the Silver Moon by
‘ Night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth
‘ shall sink, and every Thing shall change
‘ from Kind and Nature, before I will fal-
‘ sify my Faith, or prove disloyal to my be-
‘ loved *George*; attempt no more, my noble
‘ Lord, to batter the Fortrefs of my good
‘ Name with your Flattery, nor seek to
‘ stain my Honour with your lustful Desires.
‘ What if my Lord and *Husband* prove
‘ disloyal, and chose out other Loves in
‘ foreign Lands? Yet will I prove as con-
‘ stant to him, as *Penelope* to her *Ulysses*;
‘ and if it be his Pleasure never to return,
‘ but spend his Days among strange Ladies,
‘ yet will I live in single Solitariness like to
‘ the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her
‘ Mate, abandoning all Company, or as the
‘ mournful Swain, that swims upon *Mea-
‘ der’s* Silver Streams, where she records
‘ her dying Tunes to raging Billows; so
‘ will I spend away my lingering Days in
‘ Grief, and die.’

This

This Resolution of the virtuous Lady so daunted the Earl, that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply; but yet when they had danced the third Courte, he began a-new to assault her unspotted Chastity, in these Terms.

‘ Why, my dear Mistress, have you a
‘ Heart more hard than Flint, that the
‘ Tears of my true Love can never mollify?
‘ Can you behold him plead for Grace, that
‘ hath been sued unto by many worthy Dames?
‘ I am a Man that can command Countries,
‘ yet can I not command thy stubborn Heart.
‘ Divine *Sabra*, if thou wilt grant me thy
‘ Love, and yield to my Desire, I will have
‘ thee clad in Silken Robes, and Damask
‘ Vestures, imboss’d with *Indian* Pearls,
‘ and rich refined Gold, perfumed with
‘ Camphire, Biss, and *Syrian* sweet Per-
‘ fumes: By Day a hundred Virgins shall
‘ usually attend thy Person; by Night a
‘ hundred Eunuchs, with their strained In-
‘ struments, shall bring thy Senses into a
‘ Golden Slumber: All this, my dear divine
‘ and dainty Mistress, is at thy Command,
‘ and more, so that I may enjoy thy Love
‘ and Favour: Which if have not, I will
‘ discontentedly end my Life in Woods and
‘ desert Places, Tygers and untamed Beasts
‘ being my chief Companions.’

These vain Promises caused the beauteous *Sabra* to blush with Bashfulness, and to give him this sharp Answer :

‘ Think you, my Lord, with Promises to
 ‘ obtain the precious Gem, which I will not
 ‘ lose for *Europe’s* Treasury ? Henceforth be
 ‘ silent in that Enterprize, and never after
 ‘ this attempt to practise my Dishonour,
 ‘ which if you do, I vow by Heaven to
 ‘ make it known to every one within the
 ‘ City, and to fill all Places with the Ru-
 ‘ mour of thy wilful Lust ; this I am resolv-
 ‘ ed to do, and so farewell.’

Thus departed *Sabra* with a sad Countenance, whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her Dishonour by secret Conference, but they all assuredly knew that she was as far from yielding to his Desires, as is the aged Man to be young again, or as the azure Firmament to be a Place for Silvan Swains to inhabit. In such like Imaginations they spent away the Day, till the dark Night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his Grief under a smiling Countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he courteously caused his Servants to conduct homewards with Torch-lights, because it began to be very dark. After their Departure, he accursed his own Fortune, and like
 a Lion

a Lion wanting Food, rag'd up and down his Chamber, and filling every Corner with bitter Exclamations, rending his Garments from his Back, tearing his Hair, beating his Breast, and using all the Violence he could against himself.

In this Manner spent he away the Night, suffering no Sleep to close the Windows of his Body: His melancholy and extreme Passion so discontented his Mind, that he purpos'd to give End to his Sorrows by some untimely Death: So when the Morning appeared he made his Repair to an Orchard, where *Sabra* commonly once a Day walked to take the Air. The Place was very melancholy, and far from the Noise of People; where after he had spent some certain Time in exclaiming against the Unkindness of *Sabra*, he pulled his Poinard from his Side, and prepared his Breast to entertain the Stroke of Death; but before the pretended Tragedy, with his Dagger he engraved these Verses following, upon the Bark of a Walnut-Tree.

Oh Heart more hard than bloody Tygers fell !
O Ears more deaf than senseless troubled Seas,
O cruel Foe ! thy Rigour doth excel :
For thee I die, thy Anger to appease:
But Time will come, when thou shalt find me slain,
Then thy Repentance will encrease thy Pain.

I here engrave my Will and Testament,
 That my sad Grief thou may'st behold and see,
 How that my woful Heart is torn and rent,
 And gor'd with bloody Blade for Love of thee;
 Whom thou disdain'st, as now the End doth try,
 That thus distressed doth suffer me to die.

Oh God of Love, if so there any be,
 And you of Love that feel the deadly Pain,
 Oh *Sabra*, thou that thus afflictest me,
 Hear these my Words which from my Heart I strain:
 E're that my Corps be quite bereav'd of Breath,
 Here I'll declare the Cause of this my Death.

You Mountain Nymphs, which in the Deserts Reign,
 Leave off your Chase from savage Beasts awhile,
 Prepare to see a Heart oppress'd with Pain,
 Address your Ears to hear my doleful Stile:
 No Strength nor Art can work me any Weal,
 Since she's unkind and Tyrant-like doth deal.

You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,
 And gracious Damsels, which in Evenings fair.
 Your Closets leave, with heavenly Beauty stor'd,
 And on your Shoulders spread your Golden Hair;
 Record with me that *Sabra* is unkind,
 Within whose Breast remains a double Mind.

Ye savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
 Remain in Peace, if you may Sorrows hear;
 And be not moved at my Misery,
 Tho' too extreme my Passions do appear:
England farewell, and *Coventry* adieu,
 But, *Sabra*, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and
 engraven about the Bark of a Walnut-Tree,
 but with a wrathful Countenance he lift
 up his Hand, intending to strike the Poi-
 nard

nard up to the Hilt into his Breast ; but at the same Instant he beheld *Sabra* entering the Orchard to take her wonted Walks of Pleasure, whose Sight hindered his Purpose, and caused other bloody Cogitations to enter into his Mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked Deed ; which my trembling Tongue faints to report : For after she had walked to the farthest Side of the Orchard, he ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender Wasse, thus frightfully threatened her.

‘ Now, stubborn Dame (quoth he) will
‘ I obtain my long-desired Purpose, and re-
‘ venge by Violence thy former proud De-
‘ nials : First, I will wrap this Dagger in
‘ thy Locks of Hair, and nail it fast into
‘ the Ground : then will I ravish thee by
‘ Force and Violence, and triumph in the
‘ Conquest of thy Chastity ; which being
‘ done, I will cut thy Tongue out of thy
‘ Mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor
‘ descry thy bloody Ravisher : Likewise
‘ with this Poinard will I chop off both thy
‘ Hands, whereby thou shalt never write
‘ with Pen thy Stain of Honour, nor in
‘ Sampler sow this proffered Disgrace.
‘ Therefore, except thou wilt yield to
‘ quench my desired Love, I will by Force
‘ and Violence inflict those vowed Punish-
‘ ments upon thy delicate Body : Be not too

‘ resolute in Denials, for if thou, the gorgeous Sun shall not glide the Compass of an Hour before I obtain my long-desired Purpose.’

And thereupon he slepped to the Orchard-Door, and with all Expedition locked it, and put the Key in his Pocket. Then returned he, like an hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb: Or like the chased Boar, when he is wounded with the Hunter’s Lance, came running to the helpless Lady, intending her present Rape, and foul Dishonour; But she, thinking all Hope of Aid and Succour to be void, fell into a dead Swoon, being not able to move for the Space of an Hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead Senses, she began in this pitiful Manner to defend her assailed Chastity from the wicked Earl, that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatening most cruelly her final Confusion.

‘ My Lord of *Coventry* (said she, with weeping Tears and kneeling upon the Ground) is Virtue banished from your Breast? Have you a Mind more tyrannous than the Tygers in *Hyconia*, that nothing may suffice to satisfy your lustful Desires but the Stain of mine Honour, and the Conquest of my Chastity? If it be my Beauty that hath inticed you, I am content

‘ to

‘ to have it converted to a loathsome Lep-
‘ prosy, whereby to make me odious in your
‘ Eyes; if it be my rich and costly Garments
‘ that make me beautiful, and so intangle
‘ you, henceforth I will attire my Body in
‘ poor and simple Array, and for evermore
‘ dwell in Country Caves, and Cottages;
‘ so that I may preserve my Chastity un-
‘ spotted. If none of these may suffice to
‘ abase your tyrannous Intent, but that
‘ your Lust will make me Time’s Wonder,
‘ and pointing Stock, and Scorn of virtu-
‘ ous Ladies, then will the Heavens re-
‘ venge my Wrongs, to whom I will inces-
‘ santly make my Petitions: The Birds in
‘ the Air, after their Kind, will evermore
‘ exclaim against your Wickedness: The
‘ Silvan Beasts that abide in Woods and
‘ Desarts, will breath forth Clamours of
‘ your Wickedness: The creeping Worms
‘ that live within the Crevices of the Earth,
‘ will give dumb Signs and Tokens of
‘ your Wickedness: The running Rivers
‘ will murmur at your Wickedness: The
‘ Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers,
‘ with every senseless Thing, will sound some
‘ Motions of your Wickedness. Return,
‘ return, my noble Lord, unto your former
‘ Virtues; banish such fond Desires out of
‘ your Mind; stain not the Honour of your
‘ House with such black Scandals and Dis-
‘ grace, bear this in Mind before you do
‘ attempt

‘ attempt so vile a Sin: What became of
 ‘ *Hellen’s* Ravishment, but the Destruction
 ‘ of renowned *Troy*? What of Roman *Lu-*
 ‘ *cretia’s* Rape, but the Banishment of *Tar-*
 ‘ *quin*? And what of *Progne’s* foul Deflour-
 ‘ ment by her Sister’s Husband, the lustful
 ‘ King of *Thrace*, but the bloody Banquet of
 ‘ his young Son *Itis*, whose tender Body
 ‘ they served to his Table, baked in a
 ‘ Pye?

At which Speeches the ireful Earl wrap-
 ped his Hands within her Locks of Hair,
 which was covered with a costly Caul of
 Gold, and in this Manner presently replied
 unto her,

‘ What tellest thou me of Poets Tales
 ‘ (said he) of *Progne’s* Rape, and *Terius’s*
 ‘ bloody Banquet? Thy Ravishment shall
 ‘ be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which, if
 ‘ thou yield not willingly, I will obtain by
 ‘ Force and Violence: Therefore prepare
 ‘ thyself either to entertain the Sentence
 ‘ pronounced, or yield thy Body to my
 ‘ Pleasure.’

This Resolution of the Earl added Grief
 upon Grief, and heaped Mountains of Sor-
 row upon her Soul: Twice did the hapless
 Lady cast her Eyes to Heaven, in Hopes
 the Gods would pity her Distress, and twice
 unto

unto the Earth, wishing the Ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the Fury of the wicked Earl: But at last, when she saw that neither Tears, Prayers, nor Wishes could prevail, she gave an outward Sign of consenting upon some Conditions, under Colour to devise a present Means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver herself from his lustful Affailments. ‘ There
‘ is no Condition (said the Earl) but I would
‘ yield unto, so thou wilt grant my Desire,
‘ and make me chief Commander of thy
‘ Love.’

‘ First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you
‘ suffer me to sit some certain Hours upon
‘ this Bed of Violets, and bewail the Loss
‘ of my good Name, which shortly shall
‘ be yielded up to your Pleasure; then shall
‘ you lie and dally in my Lap, thereby to
‘ make my Affections, yet freezing cold,
‘ to flame with burning Brands of Love;
‘ that being done, you shall receive your
‘ wished Desire.’

Those Words caused the Earl to convert his furious Wrath to smiling Joy, and casting down his Dagger, he gave her a courteous Kiss, which she in his Conceit graciously accepted. Then caused he *Sabra* to sit down upon a Bed of Violets, beset about with divers Sorts of Flowers, whose
Lap

Lap he made his Pillow, whereupon he laid his Head, intending, as he thought to increase Desire: But Women in Extremity have the quickest Wits; so *Sabra* busied herself by all Means possible, either now or never to remove the Cause of deep Distress, by practising his Death, and so quit herself from her importunate Suitor; one while she told him pleasant Tales of Love, in hopes to bring his Senses to a Slumber, the better to accomplish her Desires; other while she played and sported with his Hair, that hung dangling below his Shoulders like two Threads of Silk: But at last, when neither Tales, Discourses, nor dallying Pastime with his Hair could not bring him asleep, she strained forth the Organs of her Voice, and over his Head sung this woful Ditty:

Thou God of Sleep, and Golden Dreams, appear;
 That bring'st all Things to Peace and quiet Rest,
 Close up the Glasses of his Eyes so clear,
 Thereby to make my Fortune ever blest:
 His Eyes, his Heart, his Senses, and his Mind,
 In Peaceful Sleep let them some Comfort find.

Sing sweet you pretty Birds in Tops of Trees,
 With warbling Tunes and many a pleasant Note:
 Till your sweet Musick close his watchful Eyes,
 That on my Love with vain Desires doth dote:
 Sleep on my Dear, sleep on, my Love's Delight,
 And let this Sleep be thy eternal Night.

You

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely Birds,
Come aid my doleful Tunes with Silver Sound,
'Till your inspiring Melody records,
Such Heavenly Musick that may quite confound
Both Wit and Sense, and tire his Eyes with Sleep,
That on my Lap in sweet Content I keep.

You Silver Streams, which murmuring Musick make,
And fill each Dale with pleasant Harmony,
Whereat the floating Fish much Pleasure take,
To hear your sweet recording Melody,
Assist my Tunes his slumb'ring Eyes to close,
That on my Lap now takes a sweet Repose.

Let whispering Winds in every senseless Tree,
A solemn, sad, and doleful Musick sing :
From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountain high,
Let some inspiring Sound or Eccho ring,
That he may never wake from Sleep again,
Which sought my Marriage-Bed with Lust to stain.

This delightful Song rocked his Senses
to such a careless Slumber, that he slept as
soundly upon her Lap as on the softest Bed
of Down ; whereby she found a fit Oppor-
tunity to deliver her undefiled Body from
his lustful Desires. So taking the Poinard
in her Hand, which he had cast a little aside,
and gazing thereon with an ireful Look,
she made this sad Complaint.

‘ Grant, you immortal Powers of Heaven
‘ (said she) that of these two Extremes I
‘ chuse the best ; either must I yield my
‘ Body to be dishonoured by his unchaste
‘ Desires, or stain my Hands with the trick-
ling

' ling Streams of his Heart's Blood. If I
 ' yield unto the first, I shall be then ac-
 ' counted for a vicious Dame; but if I com-
 ' mit the last, I shall be guilty of a wilful
 ' Murther, and for the same the Law will
 ' adjudge me a shameful Death. What,
 ' shall I fear to die, or lose my Virtue and
 ' Renown? No, my Heart shall be as ty-
 ' rannous as *Danaus's* Daughters, that slew
 ' their fifty Husbands in a Night; or as
 ' *Medea's* Cruelty, which scattered her
 ' Brother's bloody Joints upon the Sea-shore,
 ' thereby to hinder the swift Pursuit of her
 ' Father, when *Jason* got the Golden Fleece
 ' from *Calvus* Isle. Therefore stand still,
 ' you glittering Lamps of Heaven, stay
 ' wand'ring Time, and let him sleep eter-
 ' nally.'

These Words were no sooner ended, but
 with a wrathful and pale Countenance, she
 sheathed the Poinard up to the Hilt in the
 Closure of his Breast, whereat he started, and
 would have got upon his Feet, but the
 Streams of Blood so violently gushed from
 his Wound, that he declined immediately
 to the Earth, and his Soul was forced to
 give the World a doleful Adieu.

When *Sabra* beheld the Bed of Violets
 stained with Blood, and every Flower con-
 verted to a Crimson Colour, she sighed
 grievously: But when she saw her Gar-
 ments

ments sprinkled with her Enemy's Blood, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood on the farther Side of the Orchard, and began to wash the Blood out of her Cloaths, but the more she washed, the more it encreased.

This wonderful Accident so amazed the sorrowful Lady, that she began anew to complain: ' Oh that my Hand had been struck
' lame by some unlucky Planet, when first
' it attempted the Deed! Whither shall I
' flie to shrowd me from the Company of
' virtuous Women, which will for evermore
' shun me as a detested Murderer? If I
' should go into some foreign Country,
' there Heaven will cast down Vengeance for
' my Guilt; if I should hide myself in Woods
' and solitary Wilderesses, yet would the
' Winds discover me; or if I should go live
' in Caves, or dark Dens within the deep
' Foundations of the Earth, yet will his
' Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me
' Day and Night; so that in no Place a
' Murderer can live in Rest, such discontented Thoughts shall still oppress his
' Mind.' After she had breathed forth this comfortless Lamentation to the Air, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her Back, and cast it into the Fountain.

Thus being disrobed into her Petticoat, she turned to the slaughtered Earl, whose Face she found covered with Moss, which

added more Grief unto her Soul, for she greatly feared her Murder was descried: But it fell not out as she mistrusted, for it is the Nature and Kind of the Robin-Red-Breast, and other Birds, always to cover the Face of any dead Man, and those were they that bred this Fear in the Lady's Heart. By this Time the Day began to shut up his bright Windows, and sable Night entered to take Possession of the Earth, yet durst not the woful distressed *Sabra* make her Repair homewards, lest she should be descried without her upper Garment.

During which Time, there was a general Search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some Danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the Night before so wofully complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torch-Lights, they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open; wherein no sooner entering, but they found their murdered Master lying by a Bed of Violets, covered with Moss; likewise searching to find out the Murderer, at last they espied *Sabra* in her bare Petticoat, her Hands and Face besprinkled with Blood, and her Countenance as pale as Ashes; by which Signs they suspected her to be the bloody Bereaver of there Lord and Master's Life: Therefore, because she descended from a noble Lineage, they brought her the same Night before the
King,

King, which did then keep his Court in the City of *Coventry*, who, immediately upon the Confession of the Murder, gave this severe Judgment against her.

‘ First, To be conveyed to Prison, there
‘ to remain for the Term of twelve Months,
‘ and at the End thereof to be burned like a
‘ most wicked Offender : Yet because she
‘ was the Daughter to a King, and a loyal
‘ Lady to so noble a Knight, his Majesty in
‘ Mercy granted her this Favour, that if
‘ she could get any Knight at Arms, before
‘ the Time was expired, that would be her
‘ Champion, and by Combat redeem her
‘ from the Fire, she should live, otherwise,
‘ if her Champion was vanquished, then to
‘ suffer the former Punishment.’

Thus have you heard the Discourse of all Things which happened ’till my Departure from *England*, where I left her in Prison, and since that Time five Months are fully expired : Therefore, most renowned Champion, as you love the Life of your Lady, and wish her Delivery, make no Tarriance, but with all Speed post into *England*, for I greatly fear, before you arrive, the Time will be finished, and *Sabra* suffer Death for want of a Champion to defend her Cause.

This doleful Discourse drove *St. George*, with the other Knights and Champions, to

such an Extasy of Mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumb Signs of Sorrow, being not able to speak one Word; where for that Night they lamented the Misfortune of so virtuous a Lady. The *Egyptian* King her Father abandoned the Sight of all Companies, that none could come within the Hearing of his Lamentation: Then raged he up and down, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning the Earth of Iniquity, and accursing Man for such an execrable Crime; one Time wishing that his Daughter's Birth-day had been her Burial-day; another Time that some unlucky Planet would descend the Firmament, and fall upon his miserable Head. Being in this extreme Passion, he never hoped to see his Daughter's Countenance again; and so about Midnight he cast himself Headlong from the Top of the Tower, and broke his Neck.

No sooner was the Night vanished, and bright *Phæbus* entered the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised Body, lifeless and senseless, was found by his Servants lying in the Palace-yard, all beaten in Pieces against the Ground. The woful News of this Self-willed Murder they told to certain *Egyptian* Knights, who took his scattered Limbs, and carried them to St. George's Chamber, whom they found arming himself for his Departure towards *England*; but at this dismal Spectacle

tacle he took a second conceited Grief in such extreme Manner, that it had almost cost him his Life, but that the *Egyptian* Knights gave him many comfortable Speeches, and by the Consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late King's Privy Council, they elected him the true succeeding King of *Egypt*, by the Marriage of *Ptolomy's* Daughter; which royal Proffer *St. George* refused not, but took upon him the Government of the whole Country; so that for a short Time his Journey towards *England* was staid, and upon the third Day following his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high Honour of all the *Christian* Champions: For the *Egyptian* Peers caused *St. George* to be apparelled in royal Vestures like a King, he had on a Suit of flaming Green, like an Emerald, and a Mantle of Scarlet very richly furr'd, and wrought curiously with Gold. Then the other six Champions led him up to the King's Throne, and set him in a Chair of Ebony, which had Pummels of Silver, that stood upon an Alabaster Elephant; then came three of the greatest Lords in *Egypt*, and set a Crown of Gold upon his Head; then followed the Knights with a Sceptre and a naked Sword, to signify that he was chief Governor of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of

U 3 *Egypt.*

Egypt. This being performed in a most sumptuous and stately Manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the general Company with joyful Voices cried altogether, ' Long live St. George, true Champion for *England*, and ' King of *Egypt.*' Then was he conducted to the royal Palace, where for ten Days he remained among his Lords and Knights, spending the Time in great Joy and Pleasure; which being finished, his Lady's Distress constrained him to a sudden Departure, therefore he left the Guiding of his Land to twelve *Egyptian* Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his Return; likewise charging them to inter the Body of *Ptolomy* in a sumptuous Tomb, befitting the Body of so Royal a Potentate: Also appointed the Six Champions to raise their Tents, and muster up anew their Soldiers, and with all Speed march into *Persia*, and there, by Dint of bloody War, revenge his former Injuries upon the accursed Soldan.

This Charge being given, the next Morning by Break of Day he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift-footed Steed and bade his Friends in *Egypt* for a Season adieu; and so, in Company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky News, he took his Journey with all Speed towards *England*; in which Travel we will leave him for a Time; also passing over the speedy
Provision

Provision made by the *Christian* Champions in *Egypt*, for the Invasion of *Persia*, and return to sorrowful *Sabra*, being in Prison, waiting each Minute to receive the final Stroke of impartial Death: For now had the rowling Planets brought their Year's Journey to an End; yet *Sabra* had no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her Cause, therefore she prepared her delicate Body to receive her latest Breath of Life. The Time being come, she was brought to the Place of Execution, whither she went as willingly, and with as much Joy, as ever she went before Time unto her Marriage: She had made humble Submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her Soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was present with many thousands, to behold this woful Tragedy, the Deaths-man stripping off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet, and in her Snow-white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake; then placed they round about her tender Body Pitch, Turpentine and Gunpowder, thereby to make her Death the more easy, and her Pain the shorter; which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the Sound of the Trumpet came tracing in upon a roan-coloured Steed, without any kind of Mark, and trapped with rich Trappings of Gold, and precious Stones of great Price. The
Champion

Champion was called the Baron of *Chester*, a bolder and hardier Knight they thought lived not then upon the Face of the whole Earth; he so advanced himself up and down, as though he had been able to encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her Cause; both Drums and Trumpets sounded three several Times up and down the Fields; betwixt every Rest, was a full Quarter of an Hour, but yet no Defendant did appear, therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on Fire.

At which Words *Sabra* began to grow pale as Ashes, and her Joints to tremble like to Aspen Leaves; her Tongue, that before continued silent, began to record a Swan-like dying Tale, and in this Manner uttered the Passion of her Heart:

‘ Be Witness Heaven, and all your bright
 ‘ Coelestial Angels; be Witness Sun and
 ‘ Moon, all true Beholders of my Fact; be
 ‘ Witness thou clear Firmament, and all the
 ‘ World be Witness of my Innocency; the
 ‘ Blood I shed was for the Safeguard of my
 ‘ Honour and unspotted Chastity: Great
 ‘ God of Heaven, if the Prayers of my un-
 ‘ stained Heart may move thy mighty Ma-
 ‘ jesty, or my true Innocency prevail with
 ‘ thy immortal Power, command that either
 ‘ my

‘ my Lord may come to be my Champion,
‘ or sad Beholder of my Death. But if my
‘ Hands were stained with the Blood about
‘ some wicked Enterprife, then Heaven
‘ shew present Vengeance upon me, else by
‘ some noble Champion save my Body
‘ alive.’

At which Instant she heard the Sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which St. *George* caused to be winded (for as then he was near;) which caused the Execution awhile to be deferred. At last, they beheld afar off a stately Banner waving in the Air, which a Squire carried before St. *George*; then they espied near unto the Banner a most valiant armed Knight, mounted upon a coal-black Palfrey, with a warlike Launce standing in his Rest: By which sudden Approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Lady’s Life. Then the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound; whereat the People gave a general Shout, and the poor Lady half dead with Fear, began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as beautiful as red Roses dipped in Milk, or as Blood mingled with Snow. But when St. *George* approached the Sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, encompassed with many Instruments of Death, his Heart so relented with Grief, that he almost fell beside

side his Horse : Yet remembering wherefore he came, he recalled his Courage, and intended to try his Fortune in the Combat, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And when the Trumpets sounded Death's Alarm, the two Knights set Spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first Encounter they shivered both their Launces to their Hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with their Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth ; but St. George nimbly leaped upon his Feet without any Hurt, but the Baron of *Chester* lay still with his Head downward, casting from his Mouth abundance of Blood, for he was mightily bruised with the Fall ; but when he revived from his Trance, he took his Shield, drawing out a mighty Faulchion, and with wrathful Countenance ran at St. George. ‘ Now, ‘ proud Knight, (quoth he) I swear by all ‘ the Saints of Heaven, to revenge my Blood ‘ which thou hath shed ;’ and therewithal he struck so violently upon St. George's Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began he to wax angry, and took his Sword in great Wrath and gave the Baron of *Chester* such a Stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the Flesh of his Side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost quite in sunder, in the thickest Place of his
Thigh ;

Thigh ; then fell the Baron of *Chester* to the Ground, and breathed his last.

The whole Company admired and applauded *St. George* for the most fortunate Knight in the World : Then the King delivered *Sabra* with his own Hands to *St. George*, who most courteously received her, and like a courteous Knight cast a scarlet Mantle over her Body, which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him ; yet he minding not to discover himself, but let her upon his portly Steed, and with his own Hands led him by the Bridle Reins. So great was the Joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung without ceasing that whole Day together, the Citizens through every Place *St. George* should pass, did hang forth at their Windows, and on their Walls, Cloths of Gold and Silk, with rich Carpets ; Cushion Coverings of green Velvet lay abroad in every Window : The Clergy, in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them in solemn Procession : The Ladies and beautiful Damsels strewed every Street whereas he passed with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned with a Wreath of green Bays, in Sign of his triumphant Victory and Conquest.

In this Manner went he to the King's Palace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country : Yet *Sabra*, many Times as they passed along, desired to see his Face, and
know

know his Name, for that he had adventured so far for her Sake, and that for her Delivery he had vanquished the bravest Knight in *England*. Yet for all her Persuasions, he kept himself undiscovered, 'till a Troop of Ladies, in Company of *Sabra*, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlaced his Bever; whose Countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband, which had redeemed her from Death, she fell into a dead Swoon for Joy; but *St. George* sprinkled a little cold Water on her Face, and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving Kiss, calling her the most true, and the most loyal Lady that ever Nature framed, that to the very Death would not lose one Jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight and loyallest Husband that ever heavenly *Hymen* linked in Bands of Marriage with any Woman. But when the King had Notice that it was *St. George*, his Country's Champion, which atchieved that noble Conquest in vanquishing the Baron of *Chester*, he was ravished with such Joy, that he came running in all Haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his Wounds washed with white Wine and new Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting-house, where they feasted for that Evening,

ing, and afterwards kept open Court for all Comers so long as *St. George* continued there, which was for the Space of one Month: At the End whereof, he took his Lady and one Page with him, and bad *England* adieu, and then he travelled towards *Persia*, to the other *Christian* Champions, whole dangerous Journey, and strange Adventure, you may read in this Chapter following.

C H A P. XVI.

How St. George in his Journey towards Persia, arrived in a Country inhabited only by Maids, where he atchieved many strange and wonderful Adventures: Also for the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preserved her Honour from a terrible Giant.

AFTER *St. George* with his virtuous Lady departed from *England*, and had travelled through many Countries, taking their direct Courses towards *Egypt*, and the Confines of *Persia*, where the other Six Champions remained with the warlike Legions, at last they arrived in the Country of the *Amazonians*, a Land inhabited by none but Women: In which Region *St. George* atchieved many brave and princely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: For travelling up and down the Country, they found every Town

and City desolate of People, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise untilled, the Pastures uncherished, and every Field overgrown with Weeds, whereby he deemed that some strange Accident had befallen the Country, either by War, or Mortality of some grievous Plague, for they could neither set Eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed upon Roots; and instead of brave Palaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the Banks of Moss; and instead of Curtains of Silk, they had black and dark Clouds to cover them.

In this Extremity they travelled up and down for thirty Days, but at last it was their happy Fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavilion, situated and standing in the open Fields, which seemed to be the most glorious Sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest Works in the World; all of green and crimson Sattin, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cords of green Silk, and on the Top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two green Silver Griffins shining against the Sun, which seemed in Richness to exceed the Monument of *Mausolus*, being one of the World's twelve Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion

vilion there appeared a Maiden Queen crown-
ed with an Imperial Diadem, who was the
fairest Creature that ever he saw. On her
attended *Amazonian* Dames, bearing in their
Hands silver Bows of the *Turkish* Fashion,
and at their Backs hung Quivers full of gol-
den Arrows, upon their Heads they wore
Silver Cornets, beset with Pearls and preci-
ous Stones, their Attire comely and gallant,
their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their
Foreheads plain and white, the Trammels of
their Hair like burnished Gold; their Brows
small and proper, somewhat drawing to a
brown Colour, their Visage plain, neither
too long nor too round, but coloured like
Roses mixed with Lillies, their Noses long
and strait, their ruddy Cheeks somewhat
smiling, their Eyes lovely, and all the
rest of their Parts and Lineaments, by Na-
ture framed most excellent, who had made
them in Beauty without Compare: The
Queen herself was cloathed in a Gown of
Green, strait girt unto her Body, with a
Lace of Gold, so that somewhat of her
round and lilly-white Breast might be seen,
which became her wonderful well; beside
all this, she had on a crimson Kirtle, lined
with violet-coloured Velvet, and her wide
Sleeves were likewise of green Silk, em-
broidered with Flowers of Gold, and with
rich Pearls. When St. George had sufficient-
ly beheld the Beauty of this Maiden Queen,

he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her Excellency; and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner:

‘ Most Divine and Fair of all Fairs,
‘ Queen of sweet Beauty, (said he) let a
‘ travelling Knight obtain this Favour at
‘ your Hands, that both himself and his
‘ Lady, whom you behold here wearied with
‘ Travel, may take our Rest within your
‘ Pavilion for a Night: For we have wan-
‘ dered up and down this Country many a
‘ Day, neither seeing Man to give us Lodg-
‘ ing, nor finding Food to cherish us, which
‘ made us wonder that so brave a Country,
‘ and so beautified with Nature’s Ornaments
‘ as this is, should be left desolate of Peo-
‘ ple, the Cause whereof is strange I know,
‘ and full of Wonder.’

This Question being courteously demand-
ed by St. George, caused the *Amazonian*
Queen as kindly to reply:

‘ Sir Knight (quoth she) what Favour my
‘ Pavilion may afford, be assured of; but
‘ the Remembrance of my Country’s De-
‘ solation which you speak of, breeds a Sea
‘ of Sorrow in my Soul, and maketh me
‘ sigh when I remember it; but because you
‘ are a Knight of a strange Land, I will re-
‘ port it, though unto my Grief: About
‘ twelve

‘ twelve Years since it was a Necromancer’s
‘ Chance to arrive within this Country,
‘ his Name is *Osmond*, the cunningest Artist
‘ this Day living upon the Earth, for he can
‘ at his Call raise all the Spirits out of Hell,
‘ and with his Charms make Heaven to rain
‘ continually Showers of Blood: My Beau-
‘ ty at that Instant tempted him to Love,
‘ and drowned his Senses so in Desire, that
‘ he assailed by all Persuasions that either
‘ Wit or Art could devise, to win me to his
‘ Will; but I having vowed myself to *Dia-*
‘ *na*’s Chastity, to live in Singleness among
‘ these *Amazonian* Maids, contemned his
‘ Love, despised his Person, and account-
‘ ed his Persuasions as ominous as Snakes;
‘ for which he wrought the Destruction of
‘ this my Realm and Kingdom; for by his
‘ magick Art and damned Charms, he rais-
‘ ed from the Earth a mighty Tower, the
‘ Mortar whereof he mingled with Virgins
‘ Blood, wherein are such Enchantments
‘ wrought, that the Light of the Sun, and
‘ the Brightness of the Skies is quenched,
‘ and the Earth blasted with a terrible Va-
‘ pour, and black Mist, that ascended from
‘ the Tower, whereby a general Darkness
‘ overspread our Land, the Compass of twen-
‘ ty-four Leagues, so this Country is clean
‘ wasted and destroyed, and my People fled
‘ out thereof. This Tower is haunted Day
‘ and Night with ghastly Fiends; and at his

Departure into *Persia*, where he now by
Enchantment aids the *Soldan* in his Wars
against the *Cbristians*, he left the Guarding
of the same to a mighty and terrible Giant,
for Shape the ugliest Monster that ever
Eye beheld, or ever Ear heard tell of, for
he is thirty Foot in Length : His Head
three Times larger than the Head of an Ox :
His Eyes bigger than two Pewter-dishes,
and his Teeth standing out of his Mouth
more than a Foot, wherewith he will break
both Iron and Steel : His Arms big and
long without any Measure, and his Body
as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brass ;
also of such a Strength, that he is able to
carry away at once three Knights armed ;
and he never eateth any other Meat, but
raw Flesh of Mankind ; he is so light
and swift, that a Horse cannot run from
him, and oftentimes he hath assailed with
great Troops of armed Men, but all of
them could never do him any Harm, nei-
ther with Sword, Spear, Cross-Bows, nor
any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard, most noble and
courteous Knight, the true Discourse of
my utter Ruin, and the Vengeance shew-
ed upon my Country by this wicked Ne-
cromancer ; for which I have remained
ever since in this Pavilion amongst my
Maidens, where we pray both Day and
Night,

‘ Night, some unhappy Fortune or terrible
‘ Vengeance my fall upon this wicked Con-
‘ jurer.’

‘ Now as I am a true *English* Knight,
‘ (replied St. George) no sooner shall the
‘ Morning Sun appear, but I will take my
‘ Journey to that enchanted Tower, in
‘ which I’ll enter in Spight of the Giant, and
‘ break the Enchantment, or make my
‘ Grave within the Monster’s Bowels ; which
‘ if I happily perform, then will I travel
‘ into *Persia*, and fetter up the most wicked
‘ Necromancer, and like a Blood Hound
‘ lead him up and down the World in
‘ Chains.’

‘ Most dangerous is the Adventure (quoth
‘ the *Amazonian* Queen) from whence as yet
‘ did never Knight return ; but if you be so
‘ resolute and noble minded, as to attempt
‘ the Enterprize, then happy be your For-
‘ tune, and know, brave Knight, that this
‘ Tower lieth westward from hence about
‘ thirteen Miles.’

And thereupon she took him by the Hand,
and caused *Sabra* likewise to alight from her
Palfry, and led them both into her Pavilion,
where they were feasted most royally, and
for that Night slept securely. But when
the Morning Sun began to glitter, in all
Haste

Haste *St. George* arose and armed himself; where, after he had taken his Leave of the Queen, and gave her Thanks for his courteous Entertainment, he also took his Leave of *Sabra*, whom he left in Company of the Queen's Maidens till his Return with Conquest, and so rode forth till it was Noon, and then he entered into a deep Valley, and he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair Day, and the Sun shined clear; but by that Time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the Light and the Sun, and also the Sight of Heaven, for it was there as dark as Night, and more dismal than the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River, with Streams as black as Pitch, and the Banks were so high, that the Water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that ever returned back with Life: About his Head flew monstrous Birds and divers Griffins, who were able to bear away an armed Knight, Horse and all, and were in as great Multitudes as though they had been Starlings: Also there were Flies as big as Nuts, and as black as Pitch, which stung him and his Horse so grievously, that there issued down such Store of Blood, that it changed his Horse from a Sable to a Crimson Colour, likewise the Griffins struck at *St. George* with their Talons so furiously, that
had

had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the Heart.

In this dangerous Manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the enchanted Tower, whereas the Giant sat in his Iron Coat, upon a Block with a Mace of Steel in his Hand, who at the first Sight of *St. George*, beat his Teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the Stroke of an Anvil, and he ran rageing like a Fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion's Horse and all in his long Teeth, that were as sharp as Steel, and to have borne them presently into the Tower: But when *St. George* perceived his Mouth open, he took his Sword and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Giant to roar aloud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to tremble, his Mouth smoaked like a fiery Furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his Head like Brands of flaming Fire; the Wound was so great, and the Blood issued so fast from the Giant's Mouth, that his Courage began to fail, and against his Will he was forced to yield to the Champion's Mercy, and to beg for Life; to which *St. George* agreed, but upon Condition that the Giant would discover all the Secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworn his true Servant, and attend on him with all Diligence: To which the Giant swore by his own Soul,
never

never to leave him in Extremity, and to answer him truly to all Questions whatsoever. Then *St. George* demanded the Cause of the Darknes, and how it might be ceased. To which the Giant answered in this Manner.

‘ There was in the Country about twelve
‘ Years since, a cunning Necromancer, that
‘ by Inchantment built this Tower, the
‘ which you now behold, and therein caused
‘ a terrible Fire to spring from the
‘ Earth, that cast such a Smoak over the
‘ whole Land, whereby the People that
‘ were wont to dwell therein are fled and
‘ famished for Hunger : Also this Enchant-
‘ er by his Art made the River that you
‘ have passed, which did never Man before
‘ this Time, without Death : Also within
‘ the Tower, near unto the Fire, there
‘ stands a fair and pleasant Fountain, to
‘ which if any Knight be able to attain and
‘ cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then
‘ shall the Darknes ever after cease, and
‘ the Inchantment end, for which Cause I
‘ have been bound to guard and keep the
‘ Tower from the Atchievement of any
‘ Knight.’

Then when the Giant had ended his Discourse, *St. George* commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the
Country

Country from so grievous a Plague. Then went he close by the Windows of the Tower, which were sixteen Yards in Length and Breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must need enter: Yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steel as the Prickles of an Urchin's Skin, to the Intent that no Knight should approach near unto the Door, nor once attempt to enter into the Tower; yet with great Danger he opened the Wicket, whereout came such abundance of Smoak, that the Darknels of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle would burn in that Place; yet nevertheless St. *George* entered, and went downwards upon Stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt many great Blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to kneel upon his Knees, and with his Shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruised to Pieces. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a Heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire, and going a little further, he espied out the Fountain, whereat he greatly rejoiced: And so he took his Shield, and bear therein as much Water as he could, and cast it into the Fire: In Conclusion, he laboured so long till the Fire was clean quenched: Then began the Skies to receive their perfect Lightness,

ness, and the golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the Stairs many great Images of Brass, holding in their Hands mighty Maces of Steel, which had done him much Trouble at his coming down, but then their Power was ended, the Fire quenched, and the Inchantment finished.

Thus when St. *George*, through his invincible Fortitude, had performed this dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with Heat and Sweating, and the mighty Blows he received from the Brazen Images, that he returned again to the *Wicket*, whereat the deformed Giant still remained: Who when he beheld the Champion returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his Knees before him, and said :

‘ Sir Knight, you are most welcome, and
 ‘ happily returned, for you are the Flower
 ‘ of *Christendom*, and the bravest Champion
 ‘ of the World. Command my Service,
 ‘ Duty and Obedience ; for whilst I live,
 ‘ I do profess by the burning Banks of *A-*
 ‘ *cheron*, never to follow any other Knight
 ‘ but you, and hereupon I kiss your golden
 ‘ Spur, which is the noble Badge of Knight-
 ‘ hood.’

This humble Submission of the Giant caused the Champion to rejoice, not for his
 Overthrow,

Overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a Servant ; then unlaced he his Helmet, and laid down after his weary Encounter, where, after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his Journey, in Company of the Giant, to the *Amazonian* Queen, where he left his Lady in Company of her Virgins, who like a kind, modest, and virtuous Wife, during all the Time of her Husband's Absence, continually prayed to the immortal Powers of Heaven for his fortunate Success and happy Return, otherwise resolving herself, if the low'ring Destinies should cross his Intent, and unluckily end his Days before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the Remainder of her Life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden, before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, St. George arrived before the Pavilion, durifully attended on by the Giant, who bore upon his Shoulder the Body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Prowess had redeemed her Country from Darknes, and delivered her from her Sorrow, Care, and Trouble: So in Company of her Maids, very gorgeously attired, she conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his Absence they planted for his Lady's Delight. There found he *Sabra* at her divine Prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in mourning Habiliments ; but when she beheld her

Lord return in Safety, she banished Grief, and in Haste ran unto him, and in his Bosom ravished herself with Pleasure.

But to speak how the *Amazonian* Queen feasted them, and in what Manner she and her Maids devised Pastime for their Contents, were too tedious to repeat, but when Night gave End to their Pleasures, and Sleep summoned all Things to a quiet Silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, where stood a Bed framed with Ebony Wood, overhung with many Pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuffed with Down of Turtle-Doves, the Sheets of *Median* Silk, thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and stitched with Threads of Gold. But all this while the Giant never entered the Pavilion, but slept as soundly at the Root of a Pine-Tree, as *St. George* did in his embroidered Bed, for he knew not what Pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that Time beheld any Woman's Face. At last, the Night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the Morning leave to appear, whose pleasant Light caused *St. George* to forsake his Bed, and to walk some few Miles to over-view the Country; in which Journey he took such exceeding Pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of worldly Wealth,

At

At last, he climbed up to the Top of an high Mountain, being about two Miles from the Queen's Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large Woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Towns, fair Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of *Argenia* shining against the Sun, the Place where the Queen in former Time was wont to keep her Court; which City was environed with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly built, and more than five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone; also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having Tops and Spires of Gold, shining most gorgeously; with Weather-cocks of Silver, glittering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgeſſes Houses stand like Palaces closed with high and strong Walls, barred with Chains of Iron from House to House, whereat in his Heart he praised much the Nobleness and Richness of the City, and said to himself, that it might well be called *Argenia*, for it seemed to be of *Argent*, that is as much as to say, of Silver

During the Time of the Champion's Walk, which continued from the Break of Day, to the closing of the Evening, happened a woful Tragedy, near unto the Queen's Pavilion, committed by the monstrous Giant, whom St. George brought from the enchant-

ed Tower: For that same Morning, when the Sun had mounted some few Degrees unto the Firmament, seven of the Queen's Virgins, in *Sabra's* Company, walked into a pleasant Thicket of Trees adjoining to her Pavilion, not only to take the Pleasure of the Morning Air, but to hear the chirping Melody of Birds, in which Thicket or Grove, under a Pine-tree, this Giant lodged the passed Night: But no sooner came these beautiful Ladies under the Branches of the Tree, but the Giant cast his Eyes upon them, whose rare Perfections so fired the Heart of the lustful Giant, that he must either quench his Desires with the Spoils of their Chastities, or end his Days in some monstrous Manner; therefore he started up from the Place where he lay, and with a wrathful Countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight betwixt his Arms, he bore them to the further Side of the Grove, where he ravished seven of the Queen's Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his loathsome Bowels; *Sabra* being the eighth of that woful Number, which in her Sight she beheld butchered by that bloody Wolf: But during the Time of their Ravishment, she made her Supplication to the Gods, that they would in Mercy defend her Chastity from the lustful Rape of so wicked a Monster: And immediately upon these Words she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through

through which, by Policy, she saved her Life, and preserved her Honour: For she took the Toad betwixt her Hands, and crushed the Venom from her im poisoned Bowels, wherewith she besprinkled her Face, so that presently her fair Beauty was changed into loathsome Blisters, for she seemed more like a Creature deformed with Leprosy, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last of all, her Time came that she should be defloured, and the lustful Giant came to fetch her; but when he beheld her Visage so envenomed, he loathed her Sight, seeking neither to ravish her, nor proffering to devour her, but discontentedly wandering away, greatly grieved at the committed Crime, and sorely repenting himself of so wicked a Deed, not only for the Spoil of the seven Virgins, but for the Wrong proffered to so Noble a Knight; who not only granted him Liberty of Life, but received him into his Service: Therefore he ranged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations, one while cursing his Fortune and Hour of Creation, another while banning his Sire and devilish Dam: But when he remembered the noble Champion St. George, whose angry Frown he would not see for all the World, then to prevent the same, he ran his Head most furiously against a knobbed Oak, and brained himself, where we will leave him now weltering in his

Y 3 Blood,

Blood, and speak what became of *Sabra* after this bloody Accident : For after she wandered up and down the Thicket many a weary Step, incensing Heaven against the Giant's Cruelty, the Sun began to set, and the dark Night grew on, which caused her thus to complain.

‘ Oh you immortal Powers of Heaven !
‘ and you coelestial Planets, being the true
‘ Guiders of the Firmament, open your
‘ bright coelestial Gates, and send some fatal
‘ Planet, or some burning Thunder-bolt,
‘ to rid me from the Vale of Misery, for I
‘ will never more return to my Lord, since
‘ I am thus deformed, and made an ugly
‘ Creature, my loathsome Face will prove a
‘ Corrosive to his Heart, and my Body a
‘ Torment to his Soul. My Sight will be
‘ unpleasant, my Company hated, my Pre-
‘ sence loathed, and every one will shun my
‘ Sight, as from a Crocodile ; therefore I will
‘ remain within this Grove, till Heaven ei-
‘ ther bring me to my former Beauty, or end
‘ my languishing Misery ; yet Witness Hea-
‘ ven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and
‘ in what Extremity I have maintained my
‘ Chastity ; in Remembrance of my true
‘ Love, here will I leave this Chain of Gold
‘ for my beloved Lord to find, that he may
‘ know for his Sake I have endured a World
‘ of Woe.’

At

At which Speeches she took her Chain, which was doubled twenty Times about her Neck, and left it lying besmeared in the Blood of those Virgins whom the Giant had ravished and slain, and so betook herself to a solitary Life, intending never to come in the Sight of Men, but to spend her Days wandering in the Woods; where we will likewise leave her for a Time, and speak of *St. George*, who by this Time was returned to the Queen's Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had Intelligence, that she in Company of seven other Ladies, walked in the Morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the Melody of Birds, and since that Time no News hath been heard of them; for as then it grew towards Night, which caused *St. George* greatly to mistrust that some Misfortune had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Giant; but Answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since Morning; which caused him greatly to suspect the Giant's Treachery, and how by his Means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed Pleasures.

Therefore in all Haste, like a frantick Man, he ran into the Thicket, filling every Corner with Clamours, and resounding Ecchoes of her Name, and calling for *Sabra*, through every Bramble Bush: But there he could neither hear the Voice of *Sabra*, nor the Answer of any other Lady, but

but the woful Ecchoes of his Exclamations, which rattled through the Leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax somewhat melancholy and passionate, passing the Time away till bright *Cynthia* mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose glittering Beams he saw the Ground besprinkled with purple Gore; and found the Chain that *Sabra* was wont to wear about her Neck, besmeared in Blood: He bitterly complained against his own Fortune, and his Lady's hapless Destiny, for he supposed then that the Giant had murdered her.

‘ O discontented Sight (said he) here lies
 ‘ the Blood of my beloved Lady, the truest
 ‘ Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: That
 ‘ Body which for Excellency deserved a
 ‘ Monument of Gold, more rich than the
 ‘ Tomb of *Angelica*, I fear lies buried in the
 ‘ Bowels of that monstrous Giant, whose
 ‘ Life unhappily I granted. But fond Fool
 ‘ that I am, why do I talk in vain? It will
 ‘ not recompence her murdered Soul, the
 ‘ which methinks I hear how it calls for
 ‘ Revenge in every Corner of the Grove.
 ‘ It was I that left her carelessly within the
 ‘ Danger of the Giant, whom I little mis-
 ‘ trusted, therefore I will meet her in the
 ‘ *Elysium* Shades, and crave Remission for
 ‘ my committed Trespas, for on this Oak
 ‘ I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy
 ‘ Knight

‘ Knight *Melmeropolion* for the Love of *Sil-lara*.’

Which Lamentation being no sooner ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastened one End to the Arm of a great Oak, and the other End to his Neck, intending presently to strangle himself; but Heaven prevented his desperate Intent after a strange Manner: For under the same Tree the brained Giant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this Manner spake to St. George.

‘ O stay thy Hand, most noble and invincible Knight, the World’s chief Wonder for admirable Chivalry, and let my dying Soul convert thee from so wicked a Deed: Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I ravished, and buried all their Bodies in my accursed Bowels; but before I could deflour the eighth, in a strange Manner her bright Beauty was changed into a loathsome Leprosy, whereby I detested her Sight, and left her Chastity undefiled, but by her sad Complaints, I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this Hour she hath her Residence within this Thicket:’ And thereupon, with a doleful Groan, which seemed to shake the Ground, he bade Adieu to the World.

Then

Then St. George, being glad to hear such Tidings, reverted from his desperate Intent, and searched up and down the Grove till he had found *Sabra*, where she sat sorrowing under the Branches of a Mulberry-Tree, betwixt whom was a sad Greeting; and as they walked back to the Queen's Pavilion, she discoursed to him the Truth of this bloody Stratagem, where she remained till the *Amazonian* Queen had cured her Leprosy by the secret Virtue of her Skill; of whom, after they had taken Leave, and given her Thanks for her kind Courtesies, St. George with his Lady took their Journey towards *Persia*.

C H A P. XVII.

How St. George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly Boys. The Fairy-Queen's Prophecy upon the Children's Fortune. Of St. George's Return into Bohemia, where he christened his Children, and of finding his Father's Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

ST. George having atchieved the Adventure of the enchanted Tower, and *Sabra* the Fury of the lustful Giant, they took their Journey towards *Persia*, where the

the *Christian* Champions lay encamped before the Soldan's great City of *Belgor*, a Place most strongly fortified with Spirits and other ghastly Illusions, by the Enchantment of *Osmond*, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Necromancer in the World: But as the *English* Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they happened into a Desart and mighty Wilderneis, overgrown with lofty Pines, Cedar-Trees, and many huge and mighty Oaks, the spreading Branches whereof seemed to withhold the Light of Heaven from their untrodden Passages, and Tops, for exceeding Height, to reach into the Elements, the Inhabitants where Sylvan, Satyrs, Faries, and other Woody Nymphs, which by Day sported up and down the Forest, and by Night attended the Pleasures of *Proserpine* the Fairy Queen. The Musick of Silver-sounding Birds, so chearfully resounding through the Woods, and the whistling Wind made such Melody amongst the Leaves of Trees, that it ravished their Senses like Harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entered the Shades of gladsome *Elysium*: One while they wondered at the Beauty of the Woods, which Nature adorned with a Summer's Livery, another while at the green and fragrant Grass, drawn out in round Circles by Faries Dances, so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown Passages,

Passages, not knowing how, nor by what Means to recover the perfect Path of their Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness, like solitary Pilgrims, spending their Day with weary Steps, and the Night with vain Imaginations, even as the Child, when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his native Dwelling; even so it happened to these two lost disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandered many Days one Way, and finding no End of their Toils, they retired backward to the Place of their first setting forth, where they were wont to hear the Noile of People resounding in Country Villages, and to meet Travellers passing from Place to Place; but now they heard nothing but blustering of Wind, rattling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trees to groan, and now and then to meet a speckled Beast like to the Rainbow, weltering from his Den to seek his natural Sustenance; in their Travel by Night they were wont to hear the Crowing of the Cock, recording glad Tidings of the chearful Days approach, the Neighing of Horses in Pasture Fields, and the Barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: But now they were affrighted with the Roaring of Lions, Yelling of Wolves, the Croaking of Toads in Roots of rotten Trees, and the rueful
Sound

Sound of *Progne's* Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary Manner wearied they the rolling Time away, till thrice three Times the Silver Moon had returned her borrowed Light, by which Time the Burthen of *Sabra's* Womb began to grow painful, and the Hour of her Delivery drew on, wherein she required *Lucina's* Help, to make *St. George* the Father of a Princely Son: Time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother; but before the painful Hour of her Delivery approached, *St. George* had provided her a Bower of Vine-Branches which he erected between two pleasant Hills, where instead of a Princely Cabinet, behung with Arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice herself with a simple Lodging, covered with Roses, and other fragrant Flowers; her Bed he made of green Moss and Thistle-down, beset curiously round about with Olive Branches, and the Sprigs of an Orange-tree, which made it seem more beautiful than *Flora's* Pavilion, or *Diana's* Mansion: But at last, when she felt the Pain of her Womb grow intolerable, and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderness void of Womens Company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a Matter, she cast herself down upon her Mossy Bed, and with a
No. 8. Z blushing

blushing Countenance she discovered her Mind in this Manner to St. George.

‘ My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all Times and Seasons, except at this Hour, for it is the painful Hour of my Delivery, therefore depart from out of the Hearing of my Cries, and commit my Fortune to the Pleasures of the Heavens: For it is not convenient for any Man’s Eye to behold the Secrets of a Woman in such a Case; Stay not, I say, dear Lord, to see the Infant, now sprawling in my Womb, to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation; forsake my Presence for a Time, and let me, like the noble Queen of *France*, obtain the Favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this Wilderness, as was her valiant Sons *Valentine* and *Orson*, the one of them was cherished by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their Deeds.’

At which Words St. George sealed the Agreement with a Kiss, and departed silently without any Reply, but with a thousand Sighs bade her Adieu, and took his Way to the Top of a Mountain, being in Distance a Quarter of a Mile, there kneeled he, during the Time of her Travel, with his bare
Knees

Knees upon the Bosom of the Earth, never ceasing Prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easy Delivery. After whose Departure the Fury of her Heart was constrained to breathe so many scorching Sighs, that they seemed to blast the Leaves of Trees, and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened Torments caused her Star-bright Eyes, like Fountains to distil down Silver Drops, and all the rest of her Body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake.

At last, her pitiful Cries pierced down to the lowest Vaults of direful *Dis*, where *Proserpine* sits crowned amongst her Fairies, and so prevailed, that in all Haste she ascended to work this Lady's safe Delivery, and to make her Mother of three goodly Boys; who no sooner arrived in *Sabra's* Lodging, but she practised the Duty of a Midwife, eased the Burden of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World.

This courteous Deed of *Proserpine* was no sooner performed, but she laid the three Boys in three sumptuous Cradles, which she caused the Fairies to fetch invisibly; and therewithal Mantles of Silk with other Things thereunto belonging; likewise she caused a winged Satyr to fetch from the farthest Borders of *India*, a covering of Damask Taffaty embroidered with Gold, the richest

Ornament that ever mortal Eye beheld. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Lady's Child-bed, whereby it seemed to surpass in Bravery the gorgeous Bed of *Juno* the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious *Jove*. After this, *Proserpine* laid under every Child's Pillow a Silver Tablet, whereon were written in Letters of Gold their good and happy Fortunes.

Under the First was these Verses characterized, who at that Time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Soldier bold, a Man of wonderous Might,
A King likewise this Royal Babe shall die;
Three Golden Diadems in bloody Fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be:
The Towers of old *Jerusalem* and *Rome*,
Shall yield to him in happy Time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe, was characterized these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like *Cupid* upon the Lap of *Dido*, whom *Venus* transformed to the Likeness of *Ascanius*.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Time's Wonder for Device and Courtly Sport;
His Tilts and Tournaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where noble Knights resort:
Queens shall attend, and humble at his Feet,
Thus Love and Beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, under the Pillow of the third, was these Verses likewise characterized, who blush-
ed

ed in his Cradle like *Pallas*, when she strove for the golden Apple with *Venus*, and the Queen of Heaven.

The Muses Darling for true Sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his Days,
Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endless Praise:
By *Pallas's* Gifts he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his Fame, and lift him to Renown.

Thus when the Fairy Queen had ended her Prophecy upon the Children, and had left them golden Fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoicing at her safe Delivery, and wondering at the Gifts of *Proserpine*, which she conjectured to be but Shadows to dazzle her Eyes, and Things of fading Substance; but when she had laid her Hands upon the rich Covering of Damask Taffaty, which covered her mossy Bed, and felt that it was the self-same Form that it seemed, she cast her Eyes, with a chearful Look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave Thanks for received Benefits, but for his merciful Kindness in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the noble Champion *St. George*, who, after waiting some Time, returned back to her Sylvan Cabin, which he found strangely decked with sumptuous Habilliments, his Lady lying in her Child-bed,

bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the World, and three Princely Boys sweetly sleeping in their several Cradles, at whose first Sight his Heart was so ravished with Joy, that for a Time it withheld the Passage of his Tongue; but at last when he found the Silver Tablets lying under the Pillows, and read the happy Fortunes of his Children, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true Discourse of this Accident, and by whose Means the Bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the Propounder of his Childrens Prophecy; who, with a Countenance blushing like the purple Morning, replied in this manner:

• My most dear and well-beloved Lord,
• the Pains I have endured to make you the
• happy Father of three lovely Boys, hath
• not been less painful than the Stroke of
• Death, but yet my Delivery more joyful
• than the Pleasures of this World: The
• Winds carried my Groans to every Corner
• of this Wilderness, whereby both Trees
• and Herbs assisted my Complaints, Beast,
• Birds, and feathered Fowls, with every
• senseless Thing that Nature framed on
• this Earth, seemed to pity my Moans; but
• in the midst of my Torments, when my
• Soul was ready to forsake this worldly
• Habitation, there appeared to me a Queen
• crowned

‘ crowned with a golden Diadem, in State
‘ and Gesture like imperious *Juno*, and in
‘ Beauty to divine *Diana*; her Wisdom
‘ might compare with *Apollo*’s, her Judg-
‘ ment with *Pallas*, and her Skill with
‘ *Lucina*’s; for no sooner entered she my
‘ Presence, but my Travels ceased, my
‘ Babes being brought to Light by the Vir-
‘ tue of her Skill; she prepared these rich
‘ and sumptuous Cradles, which where
‘ brought invisibly to my Cabin; likewise
‘ these Mantles, and this embroidered Co-
‘ verlet, she frankly bestowed upon me, and
‘ so immediately vanished away.’

At which Words *St. George* gave her many kind Embraces: At last, her Hunger increased, and her Desire thirsted so much after Food, that except she received some comfortable Sustenance, her Life were in Danger. This extreme Desire of *Sabra* caused *St. George* to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword, ready to gore the Intrails of some Deer; who swore by the Honour of true Knighthood, never to rest in Peace, till he had purchased her Heart’s Content.

And thereupon, with his Faulchion ready charged, he traced the Woods, leaving no thorny Brake nor mossy Cave unsearched, till he had found a Herd of Fallow Deer; from which Number he singled out the fattest

to make his Lady a bountiful Banquet; but in the Time of his Absence, there happened to *Sabra* a wonderful Accident; for there came weltering into the Cabin three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lioness, a Tygress, and a She-Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which Sight, *Sabra*, like one bereft of Sense, started from her Bed, and to her Power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain; for before she could get without her Cabin, they were past Sight, and the Childrens Cry without her Hearing: Then, like a discontented Woman, she turned back, beating her Breast, rending her Hair, and ranging up and down her Cabin, using all the Rigour she could devise against herself; and had not *St. George* returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own Slaughter; but at his Return, when he beheld her Face stained with Tears, her Head disrobed of Ornaments, and her Ivory Breast all to be rent, he cast down his Venison in all Haste, and asked the Cause of her Sorrow.

‘ Oh! (said she) this is the wofullest Day
 ‘ that ever happened to me, for in the Time
 ‘ of your unhappy Hunting, a Lioness, a
 ‘ Tygress, and a Wolf came into the Cabin,
 ‘ and took my Children from their Cradles;
 what

‘ what is become of them I know not, but
‘ greatly I fear by this Time they are in-
‘ tombed within their hungry Bowels.’

‘ Oh! simple Monuments (quoth he) for
‘ such sweet Babes: Well, *Sabra*, if the Mon-
‘ sters have bereaved me of my Children,
‘ this bloody Sword that dived into the En-
‘ trails of the fallow Deer, shall rive my
‘ woful Heart in twain. Accursed be this
‘ fatal Day, the Planets that predominate,
‘ and Sun that shines thereon; Heaven blot
‘ it from the Year, and let it never more be
‘ numbered, but accounted for a dismal
‘ Day throughout the World; let all the
‘ Trees be blasted in those accursed Woods;
‘ let Herbs and Grass consume away and
‘ die, and all Things perish in this Wilder-
‘ ness. But why breathe I out these Curses
‘ in vain, when as methinks I hear my
‘ Children in untamed Lions Dens, crying
‘ for Help and Succour? I come, sweet
‘ Babes, I come, either to redeem you from
‘ Tygers wrathful Jaws, or make my Grave
‘ within their hungry Bowels.’

Then took he up his Sword besmeared in
Blood, and like a Man bereaved of Wit
and Sense, ranged up and down the Wilder-
ness, searching every Corner for his Child-
ren; but his Lady remained still in her Ca-
bin,

bin, lamenting for their Loss, washing their Cradles with her pearled Tears.

Many Ways wandered *St. George*, sometimes in Valleys, where Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes on Mountain Tops, where Lions Whelps do sport and play; and many Times in dismal Thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandered *St. George* up and down the Wilderness for the Space of two Days, hearing no News of his Children. At last he approached the Sight of a pleasant River, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Mountains, into whose Streams he purposed to cast himself; and so by a desperate Death give End to his Sorrows; but as he was committing his Body to the Mercy of the Waters, and his Soul to the Pleasure of the Heavens, he heard afar off the rueful Shriek, as he thought, of a comfortless Babe: Which sudden Noise caused him to refrain from his desperate Purpose, and with more Discretion to tender his own Safety. Then casting his Eyes aside, it was his happy Destiny to espy three inhuman Beasts lying at the Foot of a Hill, tumbling themselves against the warm Sun, and his three pretty Babes sucking from their Dugs, their most unkind Milk; which Spectacle so encouraged the Champion, that without farther Advise-ment, with his single Sword, he assailed at one Time the three Monsters, but so furiously

riously they pursued him, that he little prevailed ; and being almost breathless, was forced to get into an Orange-Tree, else he had been buried in their merciless Bowels : But when the three wild Beasts perceived him above their Reach, and that by no Means they could come near him with their wrathful Jaws, they so rent and tore the Root of the Tree, that if by Policy he had not prevented them, the Tree had been pulled in Pieces, for at that Time it was so full of ripe Oranges, and so overladen, that the Branches seemed to bend, and the Boughs to break, of which Fruit he cast such Abundance down to the Beasts, whereby they restrained their Furies, and fed so fast thereon, that in a short Time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a heavy Sleep : This happy Fortune caused St. George nimbly to leap off the Tree, and with his keen-edged Sword cut off their Heads from their Bodies ; which being done, he went to his Children, lying upon a mossy Bank, who so pleasantly smiled in his Face, that they made him greatly to rejoice, therefore taking them up in his Arms, he spake these Words following.

‘ Come, come, my pretty Babes, your
‘ safe Deliverance from these inhuman Mon-
‘ sters will add long Life unto your Mo-
‘ ther, and hath preserved your Father from
‘ a desperate

‘ a desperate Death ; from henceforth let
‘ Heaven be your Guide, and send you as
‘ happy Fortunes as *Remus* and *Romulus*, the
‘ first Founders of imperious *Rome*, which
‘ in their Infancies were nursed with the
‘ Milk of a ravenous Wolf.’

And approaching the Cabin, where he left his Lady mourning for the Loss of her Children, at his Return he found her without Sense or Moving, being not able to give him a joyful Welcome, whereat he fell into this extreme Passion of Sorrow.

‘ O Fortune ! Fortune ! (quoth he) how
‘ many Griets heapst thou upon my Head ?
‘ Wilt thou needs enjoin me to an endless
‘ Sorrow ? See *Sabra*, see, I have redeemed
‘ our Sons, and freed them from the Tyger’s
‘ bloody Jaws, whose wrathful Countenance
‘ did threaten Death.’

Which comfortable Speech caused her presently to revive, and to take the Infants in her Arms, laying them sweetly upon her Breasts. The kind Embraces, loving Speeches, and joyful Conference that passed betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed : But to be short, they remained in the Wilderness without farther Disturbance, either of wild Beasts, or other Accident, till *Sabra* had recovered

recovered her Child-bed Sickness: And then, being conducted by happy Stars, they returned back the ready Way to *Christendom*, where, after some few Days Travel, they arrived in the *Bohemian* Court, where the King of that Country, with two other bordering Princes, most royally christened his Children. The eldest they named *Guy*, the second *Alexander*, and the third *David*; which being performed, and the Triumphs ended, which in a most sumptuous Manner continued for the Space of one Month, then the *Bohemian* King, for the great Love he bare to *St. George*, provided most honourably for his Sons bringing up.

First, he appointed three several Ambassadors, with all Things necessary for so princely a Charge, to conduct the three Infants to three several Countries. The first, and eldest, whose Fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the imperial City of *Rome*, (being then the Wonder of the World for martial Discipline) there by the Emperor to be trained up. The second, whose Fortune was to be a courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Country of *England*, being the Pride of *Christendom* for all delightful Pleasures: The third and last, whose Fortune was to be a Scholar, he sent into *Germany*, unto the University of *Wittenburg*, being thought at that Time to be the excel-

lenteſt Place of Learning that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were *St. George's* Children provided for by the *Bobemian* King; for when the Ambaſſadors were in Readineſs, the Ships for their Paſſage furniſhed, and Attendance appointed, *St. George*, in Company of his Lady, the King of *Bobemia* with his Queen, and a Train of Lords, and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them on Ship-board, where the Wind ſerved them ſo proſperouſly, that in a ſhort Time they had bid adieu to the Shore, and ſailed chearfully away. But as *St. George* returned back to the *Bobemian* Court, it was his Chance to come by an old ruined Monastery, under whoſe Walls in former Time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain Verſes carved in Stone over his Grave, by the Commons of the Country (as you may read before in the Beginning of this Hiſtory.) Over the ſame he requeſted of the King that he might erect a ſtately Monument, that the Remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of Obscurity. To which reaſonable Demand, the King moſt willingly conſented, and preſently gave ſpecial Commandment that the cunningeſt Architects that remained within his Dominion, ſhould forthwith be ſent for, and with- gave a Tun of Gold forth of his own treaſury, towards the Performance thereof.

The

The sudden Report of this memorable Deed being bruited abroad, caused Workmen to come from every Place of their own Accord, with such Willingness, that they in a short Time finished it; the Foundation of the Tomb was of the purest Marble, whereon was engraven the Frame of the Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so lively pourtrayed, that it was a Wonder to behold: The Props and Pinacles of Alabaster, beset with Knobs of Jasper Stone; the Sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the Top stood four golden Lions, holding up as it were an Element, wherein was curiously contrived the golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual Courses, with many other Things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this Time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the princely Proceedings of *St. George*, who, after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their Leave of the King, thanked him for his Love, Kindness and Courtesy, and so departed towards *Egypt* and *Persia*, of whose Adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

C H A P. XVIII.

How St. George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: Of their royal Entertainment in the City of Grand Cairo; and also how Sabra was crowned Queen of Egypt.

MANY strange Accidents, and dangerous Adventures St. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the Territories of *Egypt*, which I want Memory to repeat, and Art to describe. But at last when Fortune smiled, which before had long Time crossed their Intents with her inconstant Chances, and had cast them happily upon the *Egyptian* Shore, being the Nurse and Mother of *Sabra's* first Creation; the twelve Peers unto whom St. George before Time committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before discouraged, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Steeds, and willingly surrendered up his Scepter, Crown and Regiment; and after in Company of many princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and royal Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of *Grand Cairo*, being then under the Subjection of the *Egyptian* Monarchy, and the greatest City in the World, for it was in Breadth full threescore Miles, and had by just Account, within the
Walls,

Walls, twelve thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Religion; but when *St. George* with his stately Attendants entered the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful Sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring Musick of heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of *Cæsar* in *Rome*, when he returned from the World's Conquest: The Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious Capacity, the Pavement strewn with all Manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with *Indian* Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus passed they the Streets in great Solemnity, wondering at the Curiosity of the Pageants, and listening to their learned Orationes, till they entered the Gates of the Palace, where, in the first Entry of the Court, was contrived over Head a Golden Pendant Firmament, as it were supported by an hundred Angels: From thence it seemed to rain Nectar and Ambrosia; likewise there descended, as it were from the Clouds, *Ceres*, the Goddess of Plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing Things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers, and Trees; who, at the coming by of *St. George* and his Lady, presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in Bands of Silver, to signify that they were happily

returned to a plentiful Country, both of Wealth and of Treasure. But at *Ceres* ascension up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant Fire-works shooting from Place to Place, as though the fiery Planets had descended from Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightful Pastimes : But as *St. George* with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood *Mars*, the angry God of War, invironed with a Camp of armed Soldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong Hold, or invincible City ; their Silver Trumpets seemed to sound chearfully, their thundering Drums couragiously, their silken Streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march triumphantly : All which seemed to give more content to *St. George*, than all the delightful Pleasures before rehearsed ; for there was nothing in all the World that more rejoiced his Heart, than to hear the pleasant Sound of War, and to see the Soldiers brandish forth their steeled Weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these martial Sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever Eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled ;
for

for they have been kept within the City of *Grand Cairo* for the Space of five hundred Years, and held for the richest Monuments in the Country. Also he presented *Sabra* with a Mirrour of such an inestimable Price, that it was valued at a King's Ransom; for it was made by magick Art, the Virtues and Qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report; for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, and by Art discourse what was practised in other Princes Courts; if any Hill or Mountain, within a thousand Miles of the Place where it remained, were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the Place and Country, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth; by it one might truly calculate upon the Birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and Continuance of Commonwealths, with many other excellent Gifts and Virtues, which for this Time I omit. Then in great State passed *St. George* to the third Court, which was richly beautified with all gallant Sight as the other were; for there was most lively pourtrayed the manner of *Elysium*, how *Love* and *Juno* sat invested in their royal Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddeses took their Places by Degrees in Parliament; the Sight was pleasant, and the Device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus

Thus passed St. George, with his Lady, through the three Courts till they came to the Palace; wherein was provided against their coming a statelier Banquet, than had the *Macedonian* Monarch at his Return into *Babylon*, when he had conquered the Middle-earth; the curious Cates, and well replenished Dishes, were so many, that I want Art and Eloquence to describe them; but to be short, it was the most sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld since their Departure from the *English* Court, and so artificially served, as tho' that all the World had been present. Many Days continued this sumptuous Cheer, and accompanied with such princely Triumphs, as Art herself wants Memory to describe.

The Coronation of *Sabra*, which was royally performed within three Months following, requires a golden Pen to write it, and a Tongue wash'd in the Conservatives of the Muses Honey to declare it: *Egypt* was honoured with Triumphs, and *Grand Cairo* with Tilts and Tournaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and festival Day, in the Remembrance of their new-crowned Queen; no Trademan nor Artificer was suffered to work that Day, but was charged, upon Pain of Death, to hold it for a Day of Triumph, a Day of Joy, and a Day of Pleasure. In which Royalties St. George was a principal Performer, till thirst of Honour summoned him to Arms; the Remembrance

• brance of the *Christian* Champions in *Persia* caused him to breviate the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steely Crosse, which had not glittered in the Fields of *Mars* in four and twenty Days; of which noble Deeds, and adventurous Proceedings, I will at large discourse, and leave all other Pastimes to the new-invested Queen and her Ladies.

C H A P. XIX.

The bloody Battle betwixt the Christians and Persians, and how the Necromancer, Osmand, raised up, by his magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians; how the Six Champions were enchanted, and recovered by St. George; the Misery and Death of the Conjuror, and how the Soldan brained himself against a marble Pillar.

NOW must we return to the *Christian* Champions, and speak of their Battles in *Persia*, and what happened to them in St. George's Absence; for if you remember before, being in *Egypt*, when he had News of his Lady's Condemnation in *England*, for the Murther of the Earl of *Coven-*
try, he caused them to march into *Persia*, and encouraged them to revenge their wrong-
 ful Imprisonment upon the Soldan's Pro-
 vinces; in which Country, after they had
 marched

marched about fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Soldan's Power, which was about the Number of three hundred thousand fighting Men: But the Muster-rolls of the *Christians* were likewise numbered, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able Men: At which Time, betwixt the *Christians* and *Pagans*, happened a long and dangerous Battle, the like in any Age was seldom fought; for it continued without ceasing for the Space of five Days, to the great Effusion of Blood on both Parties; but at last the *Pagans* had the worst; for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled Bodies, and that the Rivers for twenty Miles Compass did flow with crimson Blood, their Hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like Sheep before the Wolf. Then the valiant *Christians*, thirsting after Revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither young nor old, till the Ways were strowed with lifeless Bodies, like Heaps of scattered Sand; in which Pursuit and honourable Conquest they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as level with the Ground as Harvest-reapers do Fields of ripened Corn: But the Soldan himself, with many of his approved Soldiers, escaped alive, and fortified the City of *Grand Belgor*, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of *Persia*, before whose Walls we will

will leave the *Christian* Champions planting their puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable Practises of *Osmond* within the Town, where he accomplished many admirable Accidents by magick Art: For when the *Christians* Army had long Time given Assaults to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winters Hail, whereby the *Persian* Soldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yield, and commit their Lives to the Mercy of the *Christian* Champions: But when the Soldan perceived the Soldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resign his happy Government to foreign Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the *Christians* desperate Encounters, and within thirty Days, if they had not the Honour of the War, then willingly to condescend to their Country's Conquest; which princely Resolution encouraged the Soldiers to resist, intending not to yield up their City, till Death had made Triumph on their Bodies. Then departed he unto a sacred Tower, where he found *Osmond* sitting in a Chair, studying by Magick how long *Persia* should remain unconquered, who at his Entrance drove him from his Charms with these Speeches.

‘ Thou wondrous Man of Art (said the
‘ Soldon) whom for Necromancy the World
‘ hath made famous: Now is the Time to
‘ express

‘ express the Love and Loyalty thou bearest
‘ thy Sovereign: Now is the Time thy
‘ charming Spells must work for *Persia’s*
‘ Good; thou seest my Fortunes are deprest,
‘ my Soldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered,
‘ ed, my Cities burned, my Fields of Corn
‘ consumed, and my Country almost conquered: I that was wont to cover the Seas
‘ with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed
‘ to hear the *Christians* Drums, that sound
‘ forth doleful Funerals for my Soldiers:
‘ I that was wont, with armed Legions, to
‘ drink up Rivers as we marched, and made
‘ the Earth to groan with bearing of our
‘ Multitudes: I that was wont to make
‘ whole Kingdoms tremble at my Frowns,
‘ and force imperious Potentates to humble
‘ at my Feet: I that have made the Streets
‘ of many a City to run with Blood, and
‘ stood rejoicing when I saw their Buildings
‘ burnt: I that have made the Mothers
‘ Wombs the Infants Tombs, and caused
‘ Cradles for to swim in Streams of Blood,
‘ may now behold my Country’s Ruin, my
‘ Kingdom’s Fall, and mine own fatal Over-
‘ throw. Awake, great *Osmond*, from thy
‘ dreaming Trance, awake, I say, and raise
‘ a Troop of black infernal Fiends to fight
‘ against the damned *Christians*, that like
‘ swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls;
‘ prevent, I say, my Land’s Invasion, and,
‘ as I am great Monarch of *Asia*, I’ll make
‘ thee

‘ thee King over twenty Provinces, and sole
‘ Commander of the Ocean; raise up, I
‘ say, thy charmed Spirits, leave burning
‘ *Acheron* empty for a Time, to aid us in
‘ this bloody Battle.’

These Words were no sooner ended, but there rattled such a Peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake; whereat the Necromancer started from his Chair, and in this Manner encouraged the Soldan:

‘ It is not *Europe* (quoth he) nor all the
‘ petty Bands of armed Knights, nor all the
‘ Princes in the World, that shall abate your
‘ Princely Dignity: Am not I the great
‘ Magician of this Age, that can both loose
‘ and bind the Fiends, and call the Black-
‘ faced Furies from low *Cocytus*? Am not
‘ I that skilful Artist, which framed the
‘ charmed Tower amongst the *Amazonian*
‘ Dames, which all the Witches in the World
‘ could never spoil? Therefore let Learning,
‘ Art, and all the Secrets of the Deep assist
‘ me in this Enterprize, and then let frown-
‘ ing *Europe* do her worst; my Charms shall
‘ cause the Heavens to rain such rattling
‘ Showers of Stones upon their Heads,
‘ whereby the Earth shall be over-laden with
‘ their dead Bodies, and Hell over-filled
‘ with their hateful Souls; senseless Trees
No. 9. B b ‘ shall

' shall rise in human Shapes, and fight for
 ' *Persia*. If wise *Medea* was ever famous
 ' for Arts, that did the like for Safeguard
 ' of her Father's State, then why should
 ' not *Osmond* practise Wonders for his So-
 ' vereign's Happiness? I'll raise a Troop of
 ' Spirits from the lowest Earth more black
 ' than dismal Night, who in ugly Shapes
 ' shall haunt them up and down, and when
 ' they sleep within their rich Pavilions, Le-
 ' gions of fiery Spirits will I raise up from
 ' Hell, that like to Dragons spitting Flames
 ' of Fire, shall blast and burn the damned
 ' *Christians* in their Tents of War: Down
 ' from the Chrystal Firmament I will con-
 ' jure Troops of airy Spirits to descend,
 ' that like to Virgins clad in princely Orna-
 ' ments shall link those *Christian* Champions
 ' in the Charms of Love; their Eyes shall be
 ' like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, and
 ' dazzle so their warlike Thoughts, and their
 ' lively Countenance more bright than
 ' Fairies shall lead them Captive to a Tent
 ' of Love, which shall be artificially erected
 ' up by magick Spells; their warlike Wea-
 ' pons, that were wont to smoak in *Pagans*
 ' Blood, shall, in my charmed Tent, be
 ' hung upon the Bowers of Peace; their
 ' glittering Armours that were wont to shine
 ' within the Fields of *Africa*, shall hence-
 ' forth for evermore be stained with Rust;
 ' and themselves, furnamed for martial Dis-
 cipline

‘ cipline the wondrous Champions of the
‘ World, shall surfeit with delightful Loves,
‘ and sleep upon the Laps of the airy Spi-
‘ rits, that descend the Elements in Vir-
‘ gins Shapes; Terror and Despair shall so
‘ mightily oppress their merciless Soldiers,
‘ that they shall yield the honourable Con-
‘ quest to your Excellency: Such strange
‘ and wonderful Accidents by Art shall be
‘ accomplished, that Heaven shall frown
‘ at my Enchantments, and the Earth trem-
‘ ble to hear my Conjurations; therefore,
‘ most mighty *Persian*, number up thy scat-
‘ tered Bands, and To-morrow in the Morn-
‘ ing set open thy Gates, and march thither-
‘ wards with thy armed Soldiers; leave not
‘ a Man within the City, but let every one
‘ that is able to bear Arms, fight in the Ho-
‘ nour of *Persia*, and before the closing of
‘ the Night, I’ll make thee Conqueror, and
‘ yield up the bragging *Christians* as Pri-
‘ soners to thy Mightiness.’

‘ If this prove true, renowned *Osmond*,
‘ as thou hast promised (said the Soldan)
‘ Earth shall not harbour that too dear for
‘ thee; for thou shalt have myself, my Kind-
‘ doms, Crowns and Sceptres at Command:
‘ The wealthy River *Ganges* shall pay thee
‘ yearly Tribute with her Treasure, the
‘ Place where *Midas* washed her golden Wish
‘ away. All Things that Nature framed

‘ precious shall thou be Lord and sole Com-
‘ mander of, if thou prevent the Invasion
‘ of my Country.’

And thereupon he departed the Chamber, and left the Necromancer in his Study, and as he gave Commandment, his Captains made in Readiness their Soldiers, and furnished their warlike Horses, and by the Sun’s uprising marched into the Fields of *Belgor*, where, upon the North Side of the Enemy, they pitched their Camp. On the other Side, when the warlike *Christians* had Intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the *Persians* were entered the Fields ready to give them Battle, sudden Alarums sounded in their Ears, Rumours of Conquest encouraged so the Soldiers, that presently they were in Readiness to entertain the *Persians* in a bloody Banquet: Both Armies were in Fight, with blood-red Colours wavering in the Air: The *Christian* Champions, richly mounted on their warlike Coursers, placed themselves in the fore Front of the Battle, like courageous Captains, fearing neither Death nor unconstant Chance of Fortune. But the Soldan with his petty Princes, like Cowards, were environed and compassed with a Ring of armed Knights, where, instead of nimble Steeds, they sat in Iron Chariots; divers Heroical and many Princely Encouragements past between the two Armies before they entered

entered Battle : But when the Drums began to sound Alarm, and the Silver Trumpets gave dreadful Ecchoes of Death ; when the Cross of *Christendom* began to flourish, and the Arms of *Mabomet* to be advanced, even then began so terrible and bloody a Battle, that the like was never found in any Age ; for before the Sun had mounted to the Top of Heaven, the *Pagans* received so great a Massacre, and fell before the *Christian* Champions, that they were forced to wade up to the Knees in Blood, and their Soldiers to fight upon Heaps of slaughtered Men : The Fields were altered from a green Colour to a purple Hue, the Dales were steeped in Crimson Gore, and the Hills and Mountains covered with dead Mens rattling Bones. And let us not forget the wicked Necromancer *Osmond*, that during the Time of that dangerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley, near unto the Camps, with his black Hair hanging down unto his Shoulders like a Wreath of Snakes, and with his Silver Wand circling the Earth, where when he heard the Sound of Drums in the Air, and the brazen Trumpets giving dreadful Sounds of War, he entered into these fatal and damned Speeches :

‘ Now is this Battle (quoth he) furiously
‘ begun, for methinks I hear the Soldan cry
‘ for Help ; now is the Time my charming

‘ Spells must work for *Persia’s* Victory, and
 ‘ *Europe’s* fatal Overthrow :’ Which being
 said, thrice did he kiss the Earth, thrice
 beheld the Elements, and thrice besprink-
 led the Circle with his own Blood, which
 with a Silver Razor he let from his left
 Arm ; and after began again to speak in
 this Manner :

‘ Stand still, you wandering Lamps of
 ‘ Heaven, move not, sweet Stars, but lin-
 ‘ ger on till *Osmond’s* Charms be brought to
 ‘ full Effect. O thou great *Dæmon*, Prince
 ‘ of damned Ghosts, thou chief Command-
 ‘ er of those fearful Shapes, that nightly
 ‘ glide by misbelieving Travellers, even
 ‘ thou that holdest the Snaky Scepter in
 ‘ thy Hand, sitting upon a Throne of
 ‘ burning Steel, even thou that tossest burn-
 ‘ ing Fire-Brands abroad, even thou whose
 ‘ Eyes are like to unlucky Comets, even
 ‘ thee I charge to let my Furies loose, open
 ‘ thy brazen Gates, and leave thy boiling
 ‘ Cauldron empty ; send up such Legions
 ‘ of infernal Fiends that may in Number
 ‘ countervail the Blades of Grass that beau-
 ‘ tify those bloody Fields of *Belgor*.’

These fatal Speeches were no sooner fi-
 nished, but there appeared such a Simili-
 tude of Spirits, both from the Earth, Wa-
 ter, Air, and Fire, that it is almost incre-
 dible

dible to report ; which he caused to run into the *Christian* Army ; whose burning Faulchions not only annoyed the Soldiers with Fear and Terror, but also fired the Horses Manes, burned the Trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and Herbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extream Darknes, as though the Earth had been covered with eternal Night ; he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a Tempest, that it tore up mighty Oaks by the Roots, removed Hills and Mountains, and blew up Men into the Air, Horse and all : Yet neither his magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any whit daunt the most noble and magnanimous Minds of the six Champions of *Christendom* ; but like unconquered Lions they purchase Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in *Pagans* Blood, making the Earth true Witnesses of their victorious and heroical Proceedings, whom they had attired in a blood-red Livery : And though *St. George* was absent in that terrible Battle, yet merited they as much Honour and Renown as though he had been there present ; for the accursed *Pagans* fell before their warlike Weapons, as Leaves do from the Trees, when the blustering Storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Necromancer, *Osmond*, perceived that his magick Spells took no Effect, and how, in Despite of his Enchantment,

Enchantment, the *Christians* got the better of the Day, he accursed his Art, and banned the Hour and Time wherein he attempted so wicked an Enterprize, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some celestial Means; but yet not purposing to leave off at the first Repulse, he attempted another Way, by Necromancy, to overthrow the *Christians*.

First, he erected up, by magick Art, a stately Tent, outwardly in Show like to the Compass of Earth; but furnished inwardly with all the delightful Pleasures that either Art or Reason could invent, only framed to enchant the *Christian* Champions with enticing Delight, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: Then fell he again to his Conjuraton, and bound a hundred Spirits by due Obedience to transform themselves into the Likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a Moment they accomplished, and they were framed in Form and Beauty like to the Darlings of *Venus*, in Comeliness comparable with *Thetis*, dancing on the Silver Sands, and in all Proportion like *Daphne*, whose Beauty caused *Apollo* to descend the Heavens; their Limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their Cheeks to Roses dipt in Milk, and their Eyes more brighter than the Stars of Heaven; also they seemed to carry in their Hands silver Bows, and on their Backs hung Quivers of golden Arrows; likewise
upon

upon their Breasts they had pictured the God of Love dancing upon *Mars* his Knee.

Thus in the Shape of beauteous Damsels, caused he these Spirits to enter the *Christians* Army, and, with the golden Bait of their enticing Smiles, to tangle the Champions in the Snares of Love, and with their smiling Beauties, lead them from their Soldiers, and to bring them Prisoners into his enchanted Tent. Which Commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, more swift than the Winds gliding into the *Christians* Army, where their glittering Beauties so dazzled the Eyes of the Six Champions, and their sober Countenances so entrapped their Hearts with Desire, that their princely Valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent Proportions, as though *Medusa's* Shadow had been pictured upon their Faces, to whom the enticing Ladies spake in this Manner :

‘ Come, princely Gallants, come, away
‘ with Arms, forget the Sounds of bloody
‘ War, and hang you angry Weapons on the
‘ Bower of Peace: *Venus*, you see hath sent
‘ her Messengers from *Paphos* to lead you to
‘ the Paradise of Love ; there Heaven will
‘ rain down Nectar and Ambrosia, sweet for
‘ you to feed upon, and there the Melody of
‘ Angels will make you Musick : there shall
you

‘ you fight upon Beds of Silk, and encounter with enticing Kisses.’

These golden Promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their Loves, and vowed to take their last Farewel of Knighthood and magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies, to the Necromancer’s enchanted Tent, leaving their Soldiers without Guiders, in Danger of Confusion. But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the *Christians*, that the same Time St. *George* arrived in *Persia*, with a fresh Supply of Knights, of whose noble Atchievements I purpose now to speak; for no sooner had he entered the Battle, and placed his Squadrons, but he had Intelligence of the Champions Misadventures, and how they lay enchanted in a magick Tent, sleeping in Pleasure upon the Laps of infernal Furies, which *Osmond* had transformed, by his Charms, into the Likeness of beautiful Damsels; which unexpected News constrained St. *George* to breathe from his sorrowful Heart this woful Lamentation :

‘ Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter News?
 ‘ Are my fellow Champions come from *Christianity* to win immortal Honour with their
 Swords,

‘ Swords, and lie they now bewitch’d with
‘ Beauty? O Shame and great Dishonour
‘ to *Christendom*! O Spot to Knighthood and
‘ true Chivalry! this News is far more bit-
‘ ter to my Soul, than was the poisoned
‘ Dregs that *Antipater* gave to *Alexander* in
‘ his Drunkenness, and a deadlier Pain unto
‘ my Heart, than was that Juice that *Han-*
‘ *nibal* suck’d from his fatal Ring. Come,
‘ Soldiers, come, you Followers of those
‘ cowardly Champions, unsheath your war-
‘ like Weapons, and follow him whose Soul
‘ hath vowed either to redeem them from the
‘ Necromancer’s Charms, or die with Ho-
‘ nour in that Enterprize. If ever mortal
‘ Creatures warred with damned Furies, and
‘ made a Passage to enchanted Dales, where
‘ Devils dance, and warlike Shadows in the
‘ Night: Then Soldiers let us march unto
‘ that Pavilion, and chain the cursed Char-
‘ mer to some blasted Oak, that hath so
‘ highly dishonoured *Christendom*.’

These resolute Speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with Fear, grew so courageous, that they protested to follow him through more Dangers than did the *Grecian* Knights with noble *Jason* in the Isle of *Colcos*. Now began the Battle again to renew, and the Drums to sound fatal Knells, for the Pagan Soldiers, whose Souls the *Christians* Swords by Numbers

bers sent to burning *Acheron*: But *St. George*, with his Sword made Lanes of slaughtered Men, and with his angry Arm made Passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though that Death had been Commander of the Battle: He caused Crowns and Sceptres to swim in Blood, and headless Steeds with jointless Men to fall as fast before his Sword, as Drops of Rain before Thunder, and ever in great Danger he encouraged his Soldiers in this Manner: ‘Now, for the
‘Fame of *Christendom*, fight; Captains, be
‘now triumphant Conquerors, or *Christian*
‘Martyrs.’

These Words so encouraged the Soldiers Hearts, that they neither feared the Necromancer’s Charms, nor all the flaming Dragons, nor fierce Drakes, that filled the Air with burning Lights, nor daunted at the strange Encounters of hellish Legions, that like to armed Men with burning Faulchions haunted them; so fortunate were their Proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the enchanted Tent, whereas the other Champions lay surfeiting in Love, whilst thousands of their Friends fought in Coats of Steel, and merited Renown by their noble Atchievements; for no sooner arrived *St. George*, with his warlike Followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the Melody of the Muses; likewise his Ears were almost ravished with the sweet
Songs

Songs of the enchanted Virgins: So pleasant and heavenly were the Sights in the Tent, and so delightful in his Eyes, that he had been enchanted with their Charms, if he had not continually borne the Honour of Knighthood in his Thoughts, and that the Dishonour would redound to *Christendom's* Reproach; therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, and cut it in a thousand Pieces; which being done, he apparently beheld where the Necromancer sat upon a Block of Steel, feeding his Spirits with Drops of Blood; whom, when the Champion beheld, he caused his Soldiers to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the Root of an old blasted Oak, from whence neither Art, nor Help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his Devils could ever after loose him, where we leave him to his Lamentations, filling the Air with Ecchoes of Cries, and speak how St. *George* redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments:

First, when we beheld them disrobed of their warlike Attire, their Furniture hung up, and themselves secretly sleeping upon the Laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Speeches:

• O Heaven (said he) how my Soul abhors
• this Spectacle! Champions of *Christendom*
• arise, brave Knights stand up, I say, and
No. 9. C c look

‘ look about like Men: Are you the chosen
‘ Captains of your Countries, and will you
‘ bury all your Honours up in Ladies Laps?
‘ For Shame arise, I say they have the
‘ Tears of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens
‘ to enchant: To Arms, brave Knights,
‘ let Honour be your Loves: Blush to be-
‘ hold your Friends in Arms, and blush to
‘ see your native Countrymen steeping the
‘ Fields of *Mavors* with their Blood:
‘ Champions, arise, St. George calls, the
‘ Victory will tarry till you come: Arise,
‘ and tear the womanish Attire, surfeit not
‘ in silken Robes; put on your steely
‘ Crosetts, your glittering Burgonets, and
‘ unsheath your conquering Weapons, that
‘ *Mavors* Field may be converted into a
‘ purple Ocean.’

These heroical Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions, like Men amazed, rose from their Ladies Bosoms, and being ashamed of their Follies, they submissively craved Pardon, and vowed by Protestations never to sleep in Beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary Arms, till they had won their Credits in the Field again, nor never would be counted his deserved Followers, till their Triumphs were enrolled amongst the Deeds of martial Knights. So arming themselves with approved Crosetts, and taking their trusty

trusty Swords, they accompanied St. George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Necromancer chained to the Tree, who at their Departure breathed forth these bitter Curses:

‘ Let Hell’s Horror, and tormenting Pains
‘ (quoth he) be their eternal Punishment;
‘ let flaming Fire descend the Elements,
‘ and consume them in their warlike Tri-
‘ umphs, and let their Ways be strowed
‘ with venomous Thorns, that all their
‘ Legs may rangle to the Knees, before they
‘ march to their native Country. But why
‘ exclaim I thus in vain, when Heaven it-
‘ self preserves their Happinefs? Now all
‘ my magick Charms are ended, and all my
‘ Spirits forsaken me in my Need, and here
‘ am I fast chained up to starve and die.
‘ Have I had Power to rend the Vale of
‘ Earth, and shake the mighty Mountains
‘ with my Charms? Have I had Power to
‘ raise up dead Mens Shapes from Kingly
‘ Tombs, and can I not unchain myself
‘ from this accursed Tree? O no, for I am
‘ fettered up by the immortal Power of the
‘ *Christians* God; against whom, because I
‘ did rebel, I am now condemned to ever-
‘ lasting Fire. Come all ye Necromancers
‘ in the World, come all you Sorcerers and
‘ Charmers, come all you Scholars from
‘ the learned Universities, come all you
‘ Witches, Beldames, and Fortune-Tellers,
C c 2 and

‘ and all that practise devilish Arts, come
‘ take Example by the Story of my Eyes.’

This being said, he violently, with his own Hands, tore his Hair from his Head, as a sufficient Revenge, because by the Direction of their Wills, he was first trained in that damned Art: Then betwixt his Teeth he bit in two his loathsome Tongue, because it muttered forth so many Charms: Then into his thirsty Bowels he thrust his Hands, because they had so often held the silver Wand, wherewith he had made his charmed Circles; and for every Letter, Mark, and Character that belonged to his Conjurat[i]on, he inflicted a several Torment upon himself: And at last, with sightless Eyes, speechless Tongue, handle[s]s Arms, and dismembered Body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghost; where after his Air of Life was vanished from his earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden Fall, and Hell began to roar at the Conquest of his Death; the Ground whereon he died, was ever after that Time unfortunate, and to this present Time, it is called in that Country *A Vale of walking Spirits*.

Thus have you heard the damnable Life, and miserable Fall of this accursed Necromancer *Osmond*, whom we will now leave to the Punishments due to such a wicked Offender,

der, and to speak of the Seven noble and magnanimous *Christian* Champions.

After St. George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the Subversion of *Persia* was accomplished, and the Soldan with his petty Kings was taken Prisoners. Seven Days the Battle continued without ceasing; they slew 200,000 Soldiers, besides a Number that fled away and drowned themselves; some cast themselves headlong down from the Top of high Trees; some made Slaughter of themselves, and yielded to the Mercy of the *Christians*; but the Soldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the *Christians* Encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by Force and Violence they were compelled to yield. The Soldan happened into the Hands of St. George, and six Viceroys to the other Six Champions; where, after they had sworn Allegiance to the *Christian* Knights, and had promised to forsake their *Mahomet*, they were not only set at Liberty, but used most honourably; but the Soldan himself, having a Heart fraught with Despight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions Courtiesies, and utterly disdained their *Christian* Governments, protesting, that the Heavens should first lose their wonted Brightness, and the Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his Heart should yield to their intend-

ed Desires; whereupon St. George, being resolved to revenge his Injuries, commanded that the Soldan should be disrobed from all his Princely Attire, and in base Apparel sent to Prison, even to the Dungeon where he himself had endured so long Imprisonment, as you heard in the Beginning of this History, which strict Commandment was presently performed; in which Dungeon the Soldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry Stomach with the Bread of musty Bran, and stanching his Thirst with Channel-water, but he began to grow desperate and weary of his Life, and at length ran his Head against a marble Pillar, standing in the Middle of the Dungeon, and dashed out his Brains; the News of whose Death, when it came to the Champions Ears, they offered no Violence to his lifeless Body, but entombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre; and after that St. George took upon him the Government of *Persia*, and there established good and *Christian* Laws; also he gave to the other Six Champions six several Kingdoms belonging to the Crown of *Persia*, and surnamed them six Viceroyes or petty Kings. This being done, he took Truce with the World, and triumphantly marched towards *Christendom* with the Conquest of three Imperial Diadems, that is to say, of *Egypt*, *Persia*, and *Morocco*; in which Journey he erected many stately Monuments,

Monuments, in Remembrance of his Victories and heroical Atchievements; and through every Country that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable Company of *Pagans* that desired to follow him into *Christendom*, and to be christened in their Faith, protesting to forsake their Gods, whose Worshippers were none but Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of Blood: To whose Requests, St. George presently condescended, not only in granting them their Desires, but also in honouring them with the Favour of his princely Countenance.

In this princely Manner marched St. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of *Africa* and *Asia*. But when the *Christian* Champions approached the watery World, and began to go on Board their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their Farewels, and the Seas to rejoice at their Presence; the Waves couch'd as smooth as chrystal Ice, and the Winds blew such gentle Gales, as though the Sea-Gods had been the Directors of their Fleet.

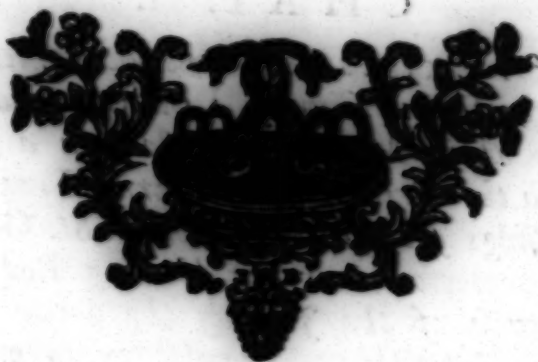
Thus in great Pleasure they pass'd the Time away, committing their Fortunes to the Mercy of the Winds and the Waters, who did so favourably serve them, that in a short Time they arriv'd upon the Banks of *Christendom*; where, being no sooner come on Shore,

Shore, and past the Dangers of the Seas, but *St. George*, in Presence of thousands of his Followers, kneeled down on the Ground, and gave God Praise for his happy Arrival. After which he gave Command that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his Desert; which within seven Weeks was performed to the Honour of *Christendom*.

After this, *St. George* earnestly requested the other Six Champions, that they would honour him with their Presence home to his Country of *England*, and there receive the Comfort of joyful Ease, after the bloody Encounters of so many dangerous Battles. This Motion of *St. George*, not only obtained their Consents, but added a Forwardness to their willing Minds; so incontinently they set forward towards *England*, upon whose chalky Cliffs they in a short Time arrived; and after this, took their Journey towards the City of *London*, where their Entertainments were so honourably performed, that I want the Eloquence of *Cicero*, and the Rhetorick of *Caliope* to describe it.

Thus, gentle Reader, hast thou heard the First of the princely Atchievements, noble Adventures, and honourable Lives of these renowned and worthy Champions. The Second Part relates the noble Atchievements and strange Fortunes of *St. George's* three Sons; the Loves of many gallant Ladies;

Ladies; the Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the noble Adventures of the renowned Seven Champions; also the Manner and Place of their honourable Deaths, and how they came to be called *The Seven Saints of Christendom.*



THE

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

How St. George's three Sons were entertained in the famous City of London, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood, with the Pricks of a Thorny Brake; her Blessings she gave her Sons; St. George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body; and likewise of the Journey the Seven Champions intended to Jerusalem to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.

AFTER St. George, with the other Six Champions of *Christendom*, had brought into Subjection all the Eastern Parts, as you heard in the former Part of the History, they returned

land, where in the famous City of *London* they sojourned, a Place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of valiant Knights, and gallant Gentlemen.

Here the *Christian* Champions laid their Arms aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bower of Peace, here their glittering Crosets rusted in their Armouries, here was not heard the warlike Sound of Drums nor Silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor barbed Steeds prepared to the Battle, but all Things tended to a lasting Peace.

But at last *St. George's* three Sons, *Guy*, *Alexander*, and *David*, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderness, and sent into three several Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up; being grown to some Ripeness of Age, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies.

This Request so pleased their Tutors, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into *England*, where they arrived all three at one Time in the famous City of *London*, where their Entertainments were most princely, and their Welcome so honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Memory to express.

I omit

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightful Shews the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of *London* were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bells that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the Silver-strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Father's Joy, who prized their Sights more precious in his Eyes, than if he had been made sole Monarch of the Golden Mines of rich *America*. Also their Mother's Welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more Kisses, than she breathed forth Groans at their Deliveries from her painful Womb in the Wilderness.

The other Champions Courtesies were not of the least, nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen; but to be short, *St. George* in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, where they spent that Day and the Night following in royal Banquetting amongst their princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning-sun upon the Mountain Tops, and the clear Countenance of the Elements made Mention of some ensuing Pastime, but *St. George* commanded a solemn Hunting for the Welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to arm themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well-armed Boar-spears
in

in their Hands, prepared for the Game on Foot ; but *St. George*, with his Sons clad in green Vestments, like *Adonis*, with silver Horns hanging at their Backs, in Scarfs of coloured Silk, were still the foremost in this Exercise. Likewise *Sabra* (intending to see her Sons Valour displayed in the Field, whether they were in Courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfry to be provided, whereon she mounted, to be Witness of these Sylvan Sports ; she was armed with a curious Breast plate, wrought like to the Scales of a Dolphin, and in her Hand she bear a silver Bow of the *Turkish* Fashion, like an *Amazonian* Queen, or *Diana* hunting in the Groves of *Arcadia*.

Thus, in this gallant Manner, rode forth these Hunters to their princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden about six Miles from the City of *London*, there fell from *St. George's* Nose three Drops of Blood ; whereat he suddenly started, and therewithal he heard the Croaking of a Flight of Night Ravens, that hovered by the Forest Side, all which he judged to be dismal Signs of some ensuing Tragedy ; but having a princely Mind, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor little mistrusted the woful Accident that after happened, but with a noble Resolution entered the Forest, accounting such foretelling Tokens for old Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the Com-

pass of half a Mile, but they started a swift Stag, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Bridle to their Horses; but now behold how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy; for *Sabra* proffering to keep Pace with them, delighting to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sons, and being careless of herself, through the over Swift-ness of her Steed, she slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly upon a Thorney Brake of Brambles, the Pricks whereof (more sharp than Spikes of Iron) entered to every Part of her delicate Body; some pierce the lovely Closets of her Star-bright Eyes, whereby (instead of Chrystal pearled Tears) there issued Drops of purest Blood; her Face before that blushed like the Morning's radiant Countenance, was now changed into a crimson Red; her milk-white Hands that lately strained the Ivory Lute, did seem to wear a bloody scarlet Glove, and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sons with the Milk of Nature, were all rent and torn with those accursed Brambles, from whose deep Wounds there issued such a Stream of purple Gore, that it turned the Grass from a lively Green to a crimson Hue, and the Abundance of Blood that trickled from her Breast began to enforce her Soul to give the World a woful Farewel. And when she perceived that she must of Force commit herself

herself to the Fury of imperious Death, she
breathed forth this dying Exhortation :

‘ Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappy
‘ Hunting must you lose the truest Wife
‘ that ever lay by any Prince’s Side ; yet
‘ mourn not you, nor grieve you, my Sons,
‘ nor you brave *Christian* Knights ; but let
‘ your warlike Drums convey me royally
‘ to my Tomb, that all the World may
‘ write in brazen Books, how I have follow-
‘ ed my Lord, thro’ many a bloody Field,
‘ and for his Sake have left my Parents,
‘ Friends, and Country, but now the cruel
‘ Fates have wraught their last Spight, and
‘ finished my Life, because I am not able
‘ to perform what Love he hath deserved of
‘ me. And now to you my Sons this
‘ Blessing do I leave behind, even by the
‘ Pains that forty Weeks I once endured
‘ for your Sakes, when as you lay enclosed
‘ in my Womb, and by a Mother’s Love
‘ that ever since I have borne you, imitate
‘ and follow your Father in all his honoura-
‘ ble Attempts, harm not the silly Infant,
‘ nor the helpless Widow, defend the Ho-
‘ nour of distressed Ladies, and give freely
‘ unto wounded Soldiers, seek not to stain
‘ the unspotted Virgins with your Lust,
‘ and adventure evermore to redeem true
‘ Knights from Captivity ; live evermore
‘ professed Enemies to Paganism, and spend
‘ your

D d 2

‘ your Lives in the Quarrel and Defence
‘ of *Christ*, that Babes, (as yet unborn)
‘ in Time to come may speak of you, and
‘ record you in the Books of Fame to be
‘ true *Christian* Champions. This is my
‘ Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave
‘ behind; for now I feel the Chilness of pale
‘ Death closing the Closets of mine Eyes:
‘ Farewel, vain World; dear Lord, Fare-
‘ wel; sweet Sons, you famous Followers
‘ of my *George*, and all true *Christian*
‘ Knights, adieu.’

These Words were no sooner ended, but with a heavy Sigh she yielded up the Ghost, whereat *St. George* fell upon her lifeless Body, tearing his Hair, and rending his Hunter’s Attire from his Back into many Pieces.

His Sons likewise, whose Sorrows were as great as his, protested never to neglect one Day, but daily to weep some Tears upon their Mother’s Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournful Flower, to bear Remembrance of her Death, as did the Violet that sprung from chaste *Adonis*’s Blood, where *Venus* wept to see him slain. Likewise the other Six Champions began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested, by the Honour of true Knighthood, to accompany *St. George* unto the Holy Land bare-footed, without either Hose or Shoe,

Shoe, only clad in russet Gaberdines, like the usual Pilgrims of the World, and never to return till they had paid their Vows at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowful Manner wearied they the Time away, filling the Wood with Ecchoes of their Lamentations, and recording their Dolours to the whistling Winds ; but at last, when black Night began to approach, and with her sable Mantle to overspread the chrystal Firmament, they retired with her dead Body, back to the City of *London*, where the Report of this tragical Accident drowned their Friends in a Sea of Sorrow ; for the News of her untimely Death was no sooner bruited abroad, but the same caused both old and young to lament the Loss of so sweet a Lady.

This general Grief of the Citizens continued for the Space of thirty Days ; at the End whereof, *St. George* with his Sons and the other Champions interred her Body very honourably, and erected over the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State, like the Tomb of *Mausoleus*, which was called one of the Wonders of the World) for thereon was portray'd the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, bathing themselves in a chrystal Fountain, as a Witness of her wondrous Chastity, against the lustful Assailments of all lascivious Attempts.

Thereon was also lively pictured a Turtle Dove sitting upon a Tree of Gold, in Sign of true Love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

I leave to speak of the curious Workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jet, enamelled with Silver and Jasper Stones : And I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Escutcheons of Princes, and the Arms of Countries that beautified her Tomb. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alabaster, and laid as it were upon a Pillow of green Silk, like to *Pigmalion's* Ivory Image, and directly over the same hung a Silver Tablet, whereon in Letters of Gold was this Epitaph written :

Here lies the Wonder of this worldly Age,
For Beauty, Wit, and princely Majesty,
Whom spiteful Death in his imperious Rage,
Procur'd to fall through curst Cruelty ;
For as she sported in a fragrant Wood,
Upon a thorny Brake she spilt her Blood.

Let Ladies fair, and Princes of great Might,
With silver pearled Tears bedew this Tomb ;
Accuse the fatal Sisters of Despight,
For blasting thus the Pride of Nature's Bloom ;
For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,
Whose Worth deserves a Golden Tomb to have.

Seven Years she kept her pure Virginity,
In Absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did pursue her Chastity,
Whilst he remained in Prison Day and Night ;

But yet we see that Things of purest Prize,
Forfake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with doleful Melody,
And make this Monument your settled Bower ;
Here shed your brakith Tears eternally,
Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour ;
For here she rests whose Like can ne'er be found,
Here Beauty's Pride lies buried in the Ground.

Her wounded Heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd seven Knights a Journey for to take,
To fair *Jerusalem*, in Pilgrims Weeds,
The Fury of her angry Ghost to slack ;
Because their Sylvan Sport was chiefest Guilt,
And only 'cause her Blood was timeles Spilt.

Thus after the Tomb was erected, and
all Things performed according to *St. George's*
Direction, he left his Sons in the City of
London, under the Government of the *Eng-*
lish King ; and in Company of the other
Six Champions, he took his Journey to-
wards *Jerusalem*.

They were attired after the Manner of
Pilgrims, in Russet Garberdines down to
their Feet, in their Hands they bore Staves
of Ebon-wood, tipt at the Ends with
Silver, the Pikes whereof were of the strong-
est *Lydian* Steel, of such a Sharpness, that
they were able to pierce a Target of Tor-
toishell ; upon their Breasts hung Crosses
of crimson Silk, to signify they were *Chris-*
tian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre
of *Christ*.

In this Manner set they forward from *England* in the Spring Time of the Year, when *Flora* had beautified the Earth with Nature's Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of *Hesperides*, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the Silver Waves seemed to lie as smooth as chrystal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the Waters as a Sign of a prosperous Journey. In travelling by Land, the Ways seemed so short and easy, and the chirping Melody of Birds made them such Musick as they passed, that in a short Season they arrived beyond the Borders of *Christendom*, and had entered the Confines of *Africa*.

There were they forced, instead of Downy-Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon Heaps of Sun-burnt Moss, and instead of silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legs and bare Feet, that had wont to stride the stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of *Pagans* Blood, were forced to climb the craggy Mountains, and to endure the Torments of pricking Briars, as they travelled through the desert Places, and comfortless solitary Wilderesses.

Many were the Dangers that happened to them in their Journey, before they arrived in *Judea*, princely their Atchievements, and
most

most honourable their Adventures; which for this Time I pass over, leaving the Champions for a Time in their Travel towards the Sepulchre of *Christ*, and speak what happened to St. *George's* three Sons in visiting their Mother's Tomb in the City of *London*.

C H A P. II.

Of the strange Gifts that St. George's Sons offered at their Mother's Tomb, and what happened thereupon; how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the Pursuit of their Father; also how the King of England installed them with the Honour of Knighthood, and furnished them with Habilliments of War.

THE swift-footed Steeds of *Titan's* fiery Car had almost finished a Year since *Sabra's* Funeral was solemnized; in which Time St. *George's* three Sons had visited their Mother's Tomb oftner than there were Days in the Year, and had shed more sorrowful Tears thereon, than are Stars in the glittering Horizon; but at last these three young Princes fell at a civil Discord and mortal Strife, which of them should bear the truest Love to their Mother's dead Body, and which of them should be held in greatest Esteem: For before many Days were expired, they concluded to offer up
their

their several Devotions at her Tomb; and he that devised a Gift of the rarest Price, and of the strangest Quality, should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all.

The first thinking to exceed his Brothers in the Strangeness of his Gift, repaired unto a cunning Enchantress, who abode in a secret Cave adjoining to the City, whom he procured (through many rich Gifts and large Promises) by Art to devise a Means to get the Honour from his Brethren, and to give a Gift of that strange Nature, that all the World might wonder at the Report thereof.

The Enchantress (being won with his Promises) by Art and magick Spells, devised a Garland containing all the Diversity of Flowers that ever grew in earthly Gardens, and though it were then in the dead Time of the Winter, when as the Silver Iſicles had disrobed both Herbs and Flowers of their Beauties, and the Snow lay freezing on the Mountain Tops; yet was this Garland contrived after the Fashion of a rich Imperial Crown, with as many several Flowers as ever *Flora* placed upon the Downs of rich *Arcadia*; in Diversity of Colours like the glittering Rain-bow, when it shineth in greatest Pride, and casting such an odoriferous Scent and Savour, as though the
Heavens

Heavens had rained down Showers of Camphire, Bifs, or sweet-smelling Ambergrease.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered into his Hands, but he left the Enchantress sitting in her Ebon Chair, and upon a Block of Steel (practising her fatal Arts) with her Hair hanging about her Shoulders like Wreaths of Snakes, or envenomed Serpents, and so returned to his Mother's Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the Middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mother's Tomb, and brought in his Hand an Ivory Lute, whereon he played such inspiring Melody, that it seemed like the Harmony of Angels, or the Celestial Musick of *Apollo*, when he descended Heaven for the Love of *Daphne*, whom he turned into a Bay-tree; the Musick being finished, he tied his Lute in a Damask Scarf, and with great Humility he hung it at the West End of the Tomb, upon a Knob of a Jasper-stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward Devotion or worldly Gift; but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his Hand an Instrument of Death, like an innocent Lamb going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Love of his Mother's Soul.

This

This strange Manner of Repair caused his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his Purpose.

First, After he had (submissively, and with great Humility) let fall a Shower of silver Tears from the Cisterns of his Eyes, in Remembrance of his Mother's timeless Tragedy; he prick'd his naked Breast with a silver Bodkin, which he brought in his Hand, from whence there trickled down about thirty Drops of Blood, which he after offered to his Mother's Tomb in a silver Basin, as an evident Sign that there could be nothing more dear, nor of more precious Price, than to offer up his own Blood for her Love. This ceremonious Gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in Hatred like to chafed Lions, and run with Fury upon him, intending to catch him by the Hair of the Head, and drag him round about their Mother's Tomb, till his Brains were dashed against a Marble Pavement, and his Blood sprinkled upon her Grave; but this wicked Enterprize moved the Majesty of Heaven, that e'er they could accomplish their Intents, or stain their Hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the Noise of dead Mens Bones rattling in the Ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of itself to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible ghastly Shape, pale like unto Ashes, in
Countenance

Countenance resembling their Mother, with her Breast besmeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a Number of Scars, and so with a dismal and rueful Look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this Manner :

‘ Oh you degenerate from Nature’s Kind !
‘ Why do you seek to make a Murther of
‘ yourselves ? Can you endure to see my
‘ Body rent in twain, my Heart split in
‘ sunder, and my Womb dismembered ? A-
‘ bate this Fury, stain not your Hands with
‘ your own Blood, nor make my Tomb a
‘ Spectacle of more Death. Unite your-
‘ selves in Concord, that my discontented
‘ Soul may sleep in Peace, and never more
‘ be troubled with your unbridled Hu-
‘ mours. Make Haste, I say, arm your-
‘ selves in steel Croslets, and follow your
‘ valiant Father to *Jerusalem*, he is there
‘ in Danger and Distress of Life ; away, I
‘ say, or else my angry Ghost shall never
‘ leave this World, but hunt you up and
‘ down with ghastly Visions.’

This being said, she vanished from their Sight into the brittle Air, whereat for a Time they stood amazed, and almost bereft of Wits, through the Terrors of her Words; but at last recovering their former Senses, they all vowed a continual Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again, but to

live in brotherly Concord, till the Dissolution of their earthly Bodies.

So in Haste they went unto the King, and certified him of all Things that had happened; and falling upon their Knees before his Majesty, requested at his Hands the Honour of Knighthood, with Leave to depart in Pursuit of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfil their Requests, presently condescended, and not only gave them the Honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with rich Habiliments of War, answerable to their magnanimous Minds: First, he frankly bestowed upon them three stately Palfreys, bred upon the bright Mountains of *Sardinia*, in Colour of an Iron-grey, beautified with Silver Hairs, and in Pace swifter than *Spanish* Jennets, for Boldness and Courage like to *Bucephalus*, the Horse of *Alexander the Macedonian*, or *Cæsar's* Steed, that never daunted in the Field; and they were trapped with rich Trappings of Gold, after the *Morocco* Fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron Chairs, with Backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes of purple Feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendants: The King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords wrought of purest *Lybian*

Lybian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the Tops whereof hung silken Streamers, beautified with the *English* Cross, being the crimson Badge of Knight-hood and Honour of adventurous Champions. Thus, in this royal Manner, rode these three young Knights from the City of *London*, in Company of the King, with a Train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, who conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the *English* Court.

Now are *St. George's* Sons floating upon the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after Ages might applaud their Atchievements, and enroll their Names in the Records of Honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for three braver Knights, did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countries.

C H A P. III.

How St. George's Sons, after they were knighted by the English King, travelled towards Barbary; and how they redeemed the Duke's Daughter of Normandy from Ravishment, that was assailed in a Wood by three Tawny-Moors.

MA N Y Days had not these three magnanimous Knights endured the Danger of the swelling Waves, but with a prosperous and successful Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of *France*, where being no sooner safely set on Shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Mariners, and betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scudding Winds, and with their warlike Hoofs to thunder on the beaten Passages; now began true Honour to flourish in their princely Breasts, and the Renown of their Father's Achievements to encourage their Desires. Although tender Youth sat but budding on their Cheeks, yet portly Manhood triumphed in their Hearts; and although their childish Arms as yet never tried the painful Adventures of Knighthood, yet bore they high and princely Cogitations in as great Esteem, as when their Father slew the

the

the burning Dragon in *Egypt*, for Preservation of their Mother's Life.

Thus travelled they to the farther Part of the Kingdom of *France* (guided only by the Direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last, riding through a mighty Forest standing on the Borders of *Lusitania*, they heard (as far off as it were) the rueful Cries of a distressed Woman ; which in this Manner filled the Air with Ecchoes of her Moans :

‘ O Heavens ! (said she) be kind and
‘ pitiful unto a Maiden in Distress, and
‘ send some happy Passengers that may
‘ deliver me from these inhuman Monsters.’

This woful and unexpected Noise caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the Event of this Accident : So after they had tied their Steeds to the Body of a Pine-tree, by the Reins of their Bridles, they walked on Foot into the thickest of the Forest with their Weapons drawn, ready to withstand any Assailment whatsoever ; and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breathe forth this pitiful moving Lamentation the second Time :

‘ Come, come, some courteous Knight, or
‘ else I must forego that precious Jewel
E e 3 ‘ which

‘ which all the World can never again
‘ recover.’

These Words caused them to make the more Speed, and to run the nearest Way for the Maiden’s Succour. Where, approaching her Presence, they found her tied by the Locks of her own Hair to the Trunk of an Orange Tree, and three cruel and inhuman *Negroes* standing ready to despoil her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspotted Virginity.

But when *St. George’s* Sons beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in Dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as *Roses* in Milk, and her chrystal Eyes embrewed in Floods of Tears, at one Instant they ran upon the *Negroes*, and sheathed their angry Weapons in their loathsome Bowels ; the Leachers being slain, their Blood sprinkled about the Forest, and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for ravenous Beasts to feed on, they unbound the Maiden, and like courteous Knights demanded the Cause of her Captivity, and by what Means she came into that solitary Forest :

‘ Most noble Knights, (quoth she) and
‘ true renowned Men at Arms, to tell the
‘ Cause of my passed Misery were a Trou-
‘ ble unto my Soul, for the Discourse there-
‘ of

‘ of will burst my Heart with Grief; but
‘ considering your Nobilities, the which I
‘ do perceive by your princely Behaviour;
‘ and kind Courtesies extended towards me,
‘ being a Virgin in Distress, under the
‘ Hands of these lustful *Negroes*, whom you
‘ have justly murdered, shall so much embolden me, though unto my Heart’s great
‘ Grief, to discourse the first Cause of my
‘ miserable Fortune.

‘ My Father, (quoth she) whilst gentle
‘ Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke and
‘ sole Commander of the State of *Normandy*, a Country now situated in the Kingdom of *France*, whose Lands and Revenues in his Prosperity was so great, that
‘ he continually kept as stately a Train,
‘ both of Knights and Gentlemen, as any
‘ Prince in *Europe*; wherefore the King of
‘ *France* greatly envied, and by bloody
‘ Wars deposed my Father from his princely
‘ Dignity, who for Safeguard of his Life,
‘ in Company of me, his only Heir and
‘ Daughter, betook us to these solitary
‘ Woods, where ever since we have secretly
‘ remained in a poor Cell or Hermitage,
‘ which by our industrious Pains hath been
‘ built with Plants of Vines and Oaken
‘ Boughs, and covered over-head with Clods
‘ of Earth, and Turfs of Grass: Seven
‘ Years we have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hunger with the
‘ Fruits

• Fruits of Trees, and quenching of our
• Thirst with the Dew of Heaven, falling
• nightly upon fragrant Flowers ; and here,
• instead of princely Attire, embroidered
• Garments, and Damask Vestures, we have
• been constrained to cloath ourselves with
• Flowers, which we have painfully woven
• up together : Thus in this Manner conti-
• nued we in this solitary Wilderness, mak-
• ing both Birds and Beasts our chief Com-
• panions ; these merciless Tawny-Moors,
• who as you see, came into our Cell, think-
• ing to have found some Store of Treasure ;
• but casting their gazing Eyes upon my
• Beauty, they were presently enchanted with
• lustful Desires, only to crop the sweet
• Bud of my Virginity ; then with furious
• and dismal Countenances, and with Hearts
• more cruel than was *Nero's* the tyrannous
• *Roman* Emperor, when he beheld the
• Entrails of his natural Mother laid open
• by his inhuman and merciless Command-
• ment, or when he stood upon the highest
• Top of a mighty Mountain, to see that
• famous and imperial City of *Rome* set on
• fire by the remorseless Hands of his un-
• relenting Ministers, that added unhallow-
• ed Flames to his unholy Furies. In this
• Kind, I say, these merciless and wicked
• minded *Negroes* with violent Hands took
• my aged Father, and most cruelly bound
• him to the blasted Body of a withered
Oak,

‘ Oak, standing before the Entry of his
‘ Cell; where neither the reverend Honour
‘ of his silver Hairs, glittering like the
‘ frozen Ificles upon the northern Moun-
‘ tains, nor the strained Sighs of his Breast,
‘ wherein the Pledge of Wisdom was en-
‘ thronized, nor all my Tears of Exclama-
‘ tions could any whit abate their Cruelties,
‘ but (grim Dogs of *Barbary*) they left my
‘ Father fast bound unto the Tree, and like
‘ egregious Vipers took me by the Tram-
‘ mels of my golden Hair, dragging me
‘ like a silly Lamb unto this slaughtering
‘ Place, intending to satisfy their Lust with
‘ the Flower of my Chastity. Being used
‘ thus, I made my humble Supplication
‘ to the highest Majesty, to be revenged
‘ upon their Cruelties: I reported to them
‘ the Rewards of bloody Ravishments, yet
‘ neither the Fears of Heaven, nor the ter-
‘ rible Threats of Hell could mollify their
‘ bloody Minds; but they protested to per-
‘ severe in that Wickedness, and vowed,
‘ that if all the Leaves of the Trees, that
‘ grew within the Wood, were turned into
‘ *Indian Pearls*, yet should they not redeem
‘ my Chastity from the Stain of their in-
‘ satiable and lustful Desires. This being
‘ said, they bound me with the Trammels
‘ of mine own Hair to this Orange-tree,
‘ and at the very Instant they proffered to
‘ defile my unspotted Body, you happily ap-
‘ proached,

' proached, and not only redeemed me from
 ' their tyrannous Desires, but quit the
 ' World from three of the wickedest Crea-
 ' tures that ever Nature framed ; for which
 ' (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever
 ' Virgin's Prayers may pravail, humbly
 ' will I make my Supplications to the Dei-
 ' ties that you may prove as valiant Cham-
 ' pions as ever put on Helmet, and that
 ' your Fames may ring to every Princes
 ' Ear, as far as bright *Hiperion* doth shew
 ' his golden Face.'

This tragical Tale was no sooner ended,
 but the three Knights embraced the sorrow-
 ful Maiden betwixt their Arms, and earnest-
 ly requested her to conduct them unto the
 Place where she left her Father bound unto
 the withered Oak ; to which she willingly
 consented, and thanked them highly for
 their Kindness ; but before they approached
 to the old Man's Presence, what for the
 Grief of his Banishment, and violent Usage
 of his Daughter, he was forced to yield up
 his miserable Life to the Mercy of un-
 avoidable Death.

When St. George's valiant Sons, in Com-
 pany of this sorrowful Maiden, came to the
 Tree, and (contrary to their Expectations)
 found her Father cold and stiff, void of
 Sense and Feeling, also his Hands and Face
 covered with green Mosa, which they sup-
 posed

posed to be done by the Robin-Red-Breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare Parts of any Body that they find dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused Extremity of Grief; but especially his Daughter, having lost all Joy and Comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentations. Thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless Sorrow of the Virgin, and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the Remnant of her Days in Company of her Father's dead Body, they courteously assisted her to bury him under a Chesnut-tree, where they left her behind them bathing his Grave with her Tears, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the Entry of the Forest tied to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their Journey, where we will leave them for a Time, and speak of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of *Jerusalem*, and what strange Adventures happened to them in their Travel.

C H A P. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in Damasco; how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Giant; and how after they were delivered by St. George; and also how he redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison; with divers other strange Accidents that happened.

LET us now speak of the favourable Clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the *Christian* Champions in their Travels to *Jerusalem*; for after they were departed from *England*, and had journied in their Pilgrims Attire through many strange Countries, at last they arrived upon the Confines of *Damasco*, which is a Country not only beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of Man's Device, but also furnished with all the precious Gifts that Nature in her greatest Liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long Time the *Christian* Champions rested their weary Steps, and made their Abode in the House of a rich and courteous *Jew*, a Man that spent his Wealth chiefly for the Succour and Comfort of Travellers and wandring Pilgrims; his House was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with Quarries of blue Stones, and supported with many

ny stately Pillars of the purest Marble ; the Gates and Entry of his House were continually kept open, in Sign of his bountiful Mind, over the Portal thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the Picture of *Ceres*, the Goddess of Plenty, deck'd with Garlands of Wheat, Wreaths of Olives, Bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitful Things ; the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly Reposes and golden Sleep, was garnished with as many Windows of chrystal Glass, as there were Days in the Year, and the Walls painted with as many Stories as were Years since the World's Creation ; it was likewise built four-square, after the manner of Pyramids in *Greece* ; on the North Side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose Tops seem'd to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods over-hung with Silver Icicles, which is the Nature of the Northern Climate. Lastly, upon the West Side of the Chamber sat the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphin's Back, a Troop of Mermaids following him, with their golden Trammels floating upon the Silver Waves : Thus in this Chamber rested these weary Champions a long Season, where their Food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their Services not curious, but comely : The courteous *Jew*, their friendly Host, whom Nature had honoured

with seven comely Sons, daily kept them Company, and not only shewed them the Curiosities of his Habitation, but also describing the pleasant Situation of his Country.

Some Days were spent in this Manner, to the exceeding great Pleasure of the *Christian* Knights, and when the dark Night approached, and the wonted Time of Sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet Rests, the Jew's Children, being seven as brave and comely Boys as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the Seven Champions Ears with such sweet and delicate Melodies, gently strained from their ivory Lutes, that not *Arion* (when all the Art of sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voice and Hand, when he won Favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of Men) was comparable thereto; whereby the *Christians* were enchanted with such Delights, that their Sleeps seemed to be, as pleasant as was the sweet Joys of *Elysium*: But upon a Time, after the courteous Jew had Intelligence how they were *Christian* Knights, and such admired martial Champions, whom Fame had canonized to be the Wonders of the World for martial Discipline and Knightly Adventures; and finding a fit Opportunity as he walked in their Companies, upon an Evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the Secrets of his Soul, and the Cause of his so sad and solitary Dwelling. So standing

ing Bare-headed in the Middle of the Champions, with his white Hair hanging down to his Shoulders, in Colour like the silver Swan, and softer than the Down of Thistles, or *Median* Silk untwisted, he began with a sober Countenance, and gallant Demeanour to speak as followeth.

‘ I am sure, (quoth he) you invincible
‘ Knights, that you marvel at my solitary
‘ Course of Living, and that you greatly
‘ muse wherefore I exempt myself from the
‘ Company of Worldings, except my seven
‘ Sons, whose Sights are my chief Comfort,
‘ and the only Prolongers of my Life;
‘ therefore prepare your Ears to entertain the
‘ strangest Discourse that ever Tongue pro-
‘ nounced, or wearied old Man in the Height
‘ of his Extremity delivered: I was in my
‘ former Years (whilst Fortune smiled upon
‘ my Happiness) the principal Commander,
‘ and chief Owner of a certain Fountain, of
‘ such wonderful and precious Virtue, that
‘ it was valued to be worth the Kingdom
‘ of *India*; the Water thereof was so strange
‘ in the Operation, that in four and twenty
‘ Hours it would convert any Metal, as
‘ Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead or Tin, into
‘ rich refined Gold; the stony Flint into
‘ pure Silver, any kind of Earth into excel-
‘ lent Metal: By the Virtue thereof, I have
‘ made the Leaves of Trees a flourishing

• Forest of Riches, and the Blades of Grass
• valuable to the Jewels that be found in
• the Country of *America*. The Virtue there-
• of was no sooner noised through the World,
• but it caused many foreign Knights to try
• the Adventure, and by Force of Arms to
• bereave me of the Honour of this Foun-
• tain. But at that Time Nature graced me
• with one and twenty Sons, whereof seven
• be yet living, and the only Comfort of my
• Age; but the other fourteen (whom frown-
• ing Fortune hath bereaved me of) many
• a Day by their valiant Prowess and match-
• less Fortitudes defended the Fountain from
• many great and furious Assailers; for
• there was no Knight in all the World that
• was found so hardy or of such invincible
• Courage, that if they but once attempted
• to encounter with any of my valiant Sons,
• they were either taken Prisoners, or slain
• in the Combat. The Fame of their Va-
• lours, and the Riches of the Fountain
• run through many strange Countries, and
• lastly, came to the Ears of a furious Giant,
• dwelling upon the Borders of *Arabia*,
• who at the Report thereof came armed
• with his steely Coat, with a mighty Bar
• of Iron on his Neck, like to furious *Her-*
• *cules* that burst the brazen Gates of *Cer-*
• *berus*, and bore the mighty Mountain
• *Atlas* upon his Shoulders; he was the Con-
• queror of my Sons, and the first Causer of my
my

‘ my sudden Downfal: But when I thus
‘ had Intelligence of the Overthrow of four-
‘ teen of my Sons, and that he had made
‘ Conquest of my wealthy Fountain, I, with
‘ the Rest of my Children, thinking all
‘ Hope of Recovery to be past, betook our-
‘ selves to this solitary Course of Life, where
‘ ever since in this Mansion or Hermitage
‘ we have made our Abode and Residence,
‘ spending our Wealth to the Relief of tra-
‘ velling Knights and wandering Pilgrims,
‘ hoping once again that smiling Fortune
‘ would advance us to some better Hap;
‘ and, to be plain, right worthy Champions,
‘ since then my Hope was never at the
‘ Height of full Perfection till this present
‘ Time, wherein your excellent Presences
‘ almost assure me that the hideous Monster
‘ shall be conquered, my Fountain restored,
‘ and my Sons Death (for dead sure they
‘ are) revenged.’

The Champions with great Admiration,
give ear to the strange Discourse of this re-
verend *Jew*, and intended, in Requital of
his extraordinary Kindness, to undertake
this Adventure; and the more to encourage
the other, *St. George* began in this manner
to utter his Mind, speaking both to the *Jew*
their Host, and his valiant Fellow-Cham-
pions:

‘ I have

‘ I have not without great wonder (most
‘ reverend and courteous old Man) heard
‘ the strange Discourse of thy admirable
‘ Fountain, and do not a little lament that
‘ one of so kind and liberal a Disposition
‘ should be dispossessed of such exceeding
‘ Riches, neither am I less sorry that so
‘ inhuman a Monster, and known Enemy
‘ to all Courtesy and Kindness, should have
‘ the Fruition of so exceeding great Treas-
‘ ure; for to the wicked, Wealth is the
‘ Cause of their more Wickedness. But
‘ that which most grieveth me is, that
‘ having had so many valiant Knights to
‘ thy Sons, they all were so unfortunate to
‘ fall into the Hands of that relentless Mon-
‘ ster; but be comforted, kind old Man,
‘ for I hope, by the Power of my Maker,
‘ we were directed hither to punish that
‘ hateful Giant, revenge the Injuries offer-
‘ ed to thine Age, satisfy with his Death
‘ the Death of thy Children, if they be
‘ dead, and restore to thy bounteous Pos-
‘ session that admirable rich Fountain again.

‘ And now to you, my valiant Champi-
‘ ons, I speak, that with me through many
‘ Dangers have adventured; let us couragi-
‘ ously attempt this rare Adventure, where-
‘ in such Honour to our Names, such Hap-
‘ piness to our Friends, such Glory to God
‘ consists, in recovering Right to the wrong-
‘ ed,

‘ ed, and punishing rightfully the Wrong-
‘ ers of the Oppressed ; and that there be
‘ no Contention among us who shall begin
‘ this Adventure, for I know all you thirst
‘ after Honour, therefore let Lots be made,
‘ and to whomsoever the chief Lot falleth,
‘ let him be foremost in assailing the Giant,
‘ and so good Fortune be our Guides.’

The Champions without more Words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims Attire, every one elected forth an Armour fitting to their portly Bodies, then ready in the Jew’s House ; instead of their Ebon Staves tipt with Silver, they wielded in their Hands steeled Blades, and their Feet that had wont to endure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare Ground, were now ready dress’d to mount the lofty Stirrup ; but, as I said, they purposed not generally to assail the Giant, but singly every one to try his own Fortune, thereby to obtain the greater Honour, and their Deeds to merit the higher Fame ; therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to *St. Denis*, the noble Champion of *France*, who greatly rejoiced at his Fortune, and so departed for that Night to get Things in Readiness ; but the next Morning no sooner had the golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but *St. Denis* arose from his sluggish

gish Bed, and attired himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron-grey, with a spangled Plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the azure Firmament, beautified with glittering Stars. Where after he had taken Leave of the other Champions, had demanded of the Jew where the Giant had his Residence, he departed forward on his Journey, and before the Sun had mounted to the Top of Heaven, he approached the Giant's Presence, who as then sat upon a Block of Steel directly before the Golden Fountain, satisfying his Hunger with raw Flesh, and quenching his Thirst with the Juice of ripe Grapes.

The first Sight of this ugly and deformed Proportion almost daunted the Valour of the *French* Champion, that he stood in Amaze, whether it was better to try the Adventure, or return with Dishonour back to his other fellow Knights; but having a Heart furnished with true Magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the Encounter, than to return with Infamy; so committing his Trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth his Horse, and assailed the Giant so furiously, that the Strokes of his Sword sounded like a weighty Blow hammered upon an Anvil. But so smally regarded the Giant the puissant Force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from
the

the Place where he sat; but yet remembering a strange Dream that a little before he had in his Sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Climates of the Earth, which should alone end the Adventure of the Fountain, and vanquish him by Fortitude; therefore not minding to be taken at an Advantage, he suddenly started up, and with a grim Countenance he ran upon *St. Denis*, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all under his Arm; as lightly, as a strong Man would take a sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with Bars of Iron, standing near unto the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountains; in which Prison he closed the *French* Champion, amongst fourteen other Knights, that were Sons to the courteous *Jew*, as you heard before discoursed; and being proud of that Attempt, he returned to the Block of Steel, where we will leave him sitting glorying in his own Conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the *Jew's* House, expecting the *French* Knight's fortunate Return; but when Night had taken Possession of the Elements, and no News was heard of the Champion's Success, they judged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or else discomfited and taken Prisoner; and therefore they cast Lots again which of them
the

the next Morning should try his Fortune, and revenge the *French Knight's* Quarrel ; so the Lot fell to *St. James*, the noble Champion of *Spain*, whereat his princely Heart rejoiced more than if he had been made King of the Western World. So in like Manner, on the next Morning by Break of Day, he attired himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a *Spanish* Gennet, in Pace most swift and speedy, and in portly State like to *Bucephalus* the proud Steed of *Macedonian Alexander* ; his Caparison was in Colour like to the Waves of the Sea ; his Burgonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers, and upon his Breast he bore the Arms of *Spain*. Thus in this gallant Manner departed he from the the *Jew's* Habitation, leaving the other Champions at their divine Contemplations for his happy Success ; but his Fortune chanced contrary to his Wishes, for at the Giant's first Encounter he was likewise borne to the Rock of Stone, to accompany *St. Denis*.

This Giant was the strongest and hardiest Knight at Arms that ever set foot upon the Confines of *Damasco* ; his Strength was so invincible, that at one Time he durst encounter with an hundred Knights : But now return we again to the other Champions, whom, when Night approached, and like-
wise

wife missing *St. James*, they cast Lots the third Time, and it fell to the noble Champion of *Italy*, *St. Anthony*, who on the next Morning attired himself in costly Habili-ments of War, and mounted upon a *Bar-
barian* Palfrey, as richly as did the valiant *Jason* when he adventured into the Isle of *Colcos* for the golden Fleece, and for *Medea's* Love; his Helmet glittered like an icy Mountain deck'd with a Plume of Ging-ger-coloured Feathers, and beautified with many Silver Pendants. But his shining Glory was soon blemished with a Cloud of Mischance, for although he was as valiant as ever brandish'd Weapon in the Field of *Mars*, yet he found a Disability in his Forti-tude, to withstand the furious Blows of the Giant, in such Sort that he was forced to yield himself Prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast chanced to *St. Andrew* of *Scotland*, a Knight as highly honoured for martial Discipline as any of the rest; his Steed was clad with a Capari-son after the Manner of the *Grecians*; his Armour varnished with green Oils, like the Colour of the Summer Fields, upon his Breast he bore a Cross of purple Silk, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Fea-thers; but yet Fortune so frowned upon his Enterprize, that he nothing prevailed, but committed his Life to the Mercy of the Gi-ant, who likewise imprisoned him with the
other

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other Knights. The fifth Lot fell to St.
Patrick of *Ireland*, as brave a Knight as ever
Nature created, and as adventurous in his
Atchievements : If ever *Hector* upon his
Pbrygian Steed pranced up and down the
Streets of *Troy*, and made that Age admire
his Fortitude, this *Irish* Knight might coun-
tervail his Valour : For no sooner had the
Moon forsook the azure Firmament, and
had committed her Charge to the golden
burnish'd Sun, but St. *Patrick* approached
the Sight of the Giant, mounted upon his
Irish Hobby, clad in a Croslet Proof, beau-
tified with Silver Nails ; his Plume of Fea-
thers of the Colour of Virgin's Hair ; his
Horse covered with a Vail of Orange-tawny
Silk, and his Saddle bound about with Plates
of Steel, like an Iron Chair. The Sight of
this valiant Champion so daunted the Cou-
rage of the Giant, that he thought him to
be the Knight that the Vision had revealed,
and by whom the Adventure should be ac-
complished ; therefore with no cowardly
Fortitude he assailed the *Irish* Knight, who
with as princely Valour endured the En-
counter ; but the unkind Destinies not in-
tending to give him the Honour of the Vic-
tory, compelled the Champion to yield to
the Giant's Force, and like a Captive to ac-
company the other imprisoned Champions.
The next Lot fell to St. *David* of *Wales*,
who nothing discouraged at the other *Chris-*
tian

tian Knights, but at the Morning Sun's Uprise into the azure Firmament glittered in his Silver Armour before the Fountain, with a golden Griffin shining on his Breast, where he endured a long and dangerous Combat with the Giant, making the Skies resound with Ecchoes of their Strokes; but at last, when the Giant perceived that St. *David* began to grow almost breathless, in defending the huge and mighty Blows of his steeled Bat, and chiefly through his long Encounter, the Giant renewed his Strength, and so redoubled his Strokes, that St. *David* was constrained, like to the other *Christian* Champions, to yield to the Giant's Mercy.

But now the heroical Champion of *England*, St. *George*, he that was Fame's true Knight, and the World's Wonder, remaining in the *Jew's* Pavilion, and pondering in his Mind the bad Success of the other six Champions, and that it was his Turn to try his Fortune the next Morning in the Adventure, he fell into great Contemplation: Said he, ' I that have fought for *Christian*
' Knights in Fields of purple Blood, and
' made my Enemies to swim in Streams of
' crimson Gore, shall I not now confound
' this bloody and inhuman Monster, that
' hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights
' that ever Nature framed; I slew the burning
' Dragon in *Egypt*; I conquered the
No. 10. G g terrible

‘terrible Giant that kept the enchanted
‘Castle amongst the *Amazonians*: Then,
‘Fortune, let me accomplish this dangerous
‘Adventure, that all *Christians* and *Christi-*
‘*an* Knights may applaud my Name.’

In this manner spent he away the Night, hoping for the happy Success of the next Day’s Enterprize, whereon he vowed, by the Honour of his golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with Honour valiantly. And when the Day began to beautify the Eastern Elements with a fair purple Colour, he repaired to the *Jew’s* Armory, and clad himself in a black Crosslet, mounting himself upon a pitchy-coloured Steed, adorned with a blood-red Caparison, in Sign of a bloody and tragical Adventure; his Plume of Feathers was like a Flame of Fire quenched in Blood, as a Token of speedy Revenge; he armed himself not with a sturdy Lance, bound about with Plates of Brass, but took a Javelin made of Steel, the one End sharpened like the Point of a Needle, at the other End a Ball of Iron in Fashion of a Mace or Club. Being thus armed, according to his wished Desires, he took Leave of the *Jew* and his seven Sons, all attired in black and mournful Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate Success, and so departed speedily to the golden Fountain, where he found the Giant sleeping carelessly

carelessly upon his Block of Steel, dreading no ensuing Danger. But when the valiant Champion St. George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed Proportion of the Giant, how the Hair of his Head stood staring upright like the Bristles of a wild Bore, his Eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his Teeth long and sharp, like to Spikes of Steel, the Nails of his Hands like the Tallons of an Eagle, over which was drawn a Pair of Iron Gloves; and every other Limb huge and strongly proportioned, like to the Body of some mighty Oak, the worthy Champion awakened him in this Order: Arise, (said he) 'unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make Delivery of the Captive Knights, whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost Force of my war like Arm and Death-prepared Weapon.'

At which Words the furious Giant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his Sleep, and without making any Reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his Hands, and with great Terror let drive at the most worthy *English* Champion, who with exceeding Cunning and Nimbleness defended himself from the Danger, by speedy avoiding the violent Blows; and withal returned on his Adversary a mighty

Thrust with the sharp End of the Javelin, which rebounded from the Giant's Body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar. Which *St. George* perceiving, turned his heavy round-ball-end of his massy Javelin, and so mightily assailed the Giant, redoubling his heavy Blows with such courageous Fortitude, that at last he beat his Brains out of his deformed Head, whereby the Giant was constrained to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous Roar, as though the whole Frame of the Earth had been shaken with the Violence of some Clap of Thunder. This being done, *St. George* cast his loathsome Carcase as a Prey to the Fowls and ravenous Beasts to seize upon; and after diligently searched up and down, till he found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned; which with his steely Javelin he burst in sunder, and delivered them presently from their Servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the *Jew's* Pavilion, in as great Majesty and Royalty as *Vespasian* with his *Roman* Nobles and Peers returned into the Confines of flourishing *Italy*, from the admired and glorious Conquest of *Jerusalem* and *Judea*.

But when the reverend *Jew* saw the *English* Champion return with Victory, together with his other Six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered,

livered, his Joy so mightily exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that he suddenly swooned, and lay for a Time in a dead Trance, with the great exceeding Pleasure he conceived. But having a little recovered his decayed Senses, he gladly conducted them into their several Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their Wounds washed in white Wine and new Milk, and after banqueted them in the best Manner he could devise; at which Banquet there wanted not all the Excellency of Musick that the *Jews* seven younger Sons could devise, extolling in their sweet Sonnets the excellent Fortitude of the *English* Champion, that had not only delivered their captivated Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Giant's deserved Death, their aged Father to the Repossession of his golden Fountain. Thus after St. *George* with the other Six Champions had sojourned there for the Space of thirty Days, having placed the *Jew* with his Sons in their former desired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the golden Fountain, they cloathed themselves again in their Pilgrims Attire, and so departed forward on their intended Journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*.

C H A P. V.

Of the Champions Return to Jerusalem, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood; and how St. George obtained them Food by his Valour in a Giant's House.

THE Champions, after this Battle of the golden Fountain, never rested travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of *Sion*, and had visited the Sepulchre, which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Jet. The Temple Gates were of burnished Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver; and in it commonly burns a sweet-smelling Taper, always maintained by twelve of the noblest Virgins dwelling in *Judea*, clad in silken Ornaments; many Days offered up these worthy Champions their ceremonious Devotions to that sacred Tomb, washing the marble Pavements with their true and unfeigned Tears, and witnessing their true and hearty Zeal, with their continual Volleys of discharged Sighs. But at last upon an Evening, when *Titan's* golden Beams began to descend the western Element, as those princely-minded Champions, in Company of these twelve admired Maidens, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Orisons,
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an unseen Voice from a hallow Vault in the Temple uttered these Words :

‘ You magnanimous Knights of *Christendom*, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whose bare Feet for the Love of our sweet Saviour have set more weary Steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canopy of Heaven, return, return into the bloody Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your Time in this ceremonious Manner, for great Things by you must be accomplished, such as in Time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your Atchievements. And you chaste Maidens, that spend your Time in the Service of God, even by the plighted Promise you have made to true Virginitie, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by these travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of *Christendom*. This is the Pleasure of high Fates, and this for the Redress of all wrong’d Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate Dispatch forthwith accomplished.’

This unexpected Voice was no sooner ended, but the Temple seemed strangely to
‘ resound,

resound, like the Melody of Celestial Angels, or the holy Harmony of Cherubims ; whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Contemplations, and conducted the Seven Champions to the further Side of Mount *Sion*, and there bestowed upon them seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with martial Furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such Esteem : Thus the *Christian* Champions, being proud of their good Fortunes, attired themselves in rich and sumptuous Crosets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the World's wide Journey.

This Travel began at that Time of the Year, when the Summer's Queen began to spread her beauteous Mantle amongst the green and fresh Boughs of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all Kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the Beauty of the Day, and with their well-turned Notes making a sweet and heavenly Melody : At which Time, I say, these mighty and well-esteemed Knights, the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, took their Way from *Jerusalem*, which they thought to be most used ; in which they had not many Days travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountain-top, but they grew feeble for lack of their accustomed Victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their

their great Hunger. But one Evening, when they had spent the Day in great Extremity, and Night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty Trees, when as the silver Moon with her bright Beams glittered most clearly, yet to them it seemed to be as dark as Pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their Faces did shew and declared the Perplexities of their Stomach. So they sat them down upon the green and fresh Herbs, very pensive of their extreme Necessity, providing to take their Rest that Night; but all was in vain, for that their corporal Necessities would not consent thereunto; but without sleeping for that Night, till the next Day in the Morning that they turned to their accustomed Travel and Journey, thinking to find some Food for the cherishing of their Stomachs, and had their Eyes alway gazing about to spy some Village or House, where they might satisfy their Hunger, and take their Rest. Thus in this helpless Manner spent they away the next Day, till the closing of the Evening Light, by which Time they grew so faint they fell to the Ground with Feebleness.

But the next Morning by that Time the golden Sun had almost mounted to the Top of Heaven, and the glorious Prime of the Day began to approach, travelled on till they came into a Field very plain, where in
the

the Midst of it was a little Mountain, out of which there appeared a great Smoak, which gave them to understand that there should be some Habitation in that Place. Then the Princely-minded *St. George* said to the other Champions : ‘ Take Comfort
‘ with yourselves, .and by little and little
‘ come forward with an easy Pace, for I
‘ will ride before to see who shall be our
‘ Host this ensuing Night ; and of this,
‘ brave Knights and Champions, be all assured, whether he be pleased or no, he
‘ shall give us Lodging and Entertainment
‘ like travelling Knights ;’ and therewithal he set Spurs to his Horse, and swiftly scoured away ; his Beast was so speedy, that in a short Time he approached the Mountain, whereat the Noise and Rushing of his Horse in Running, there arose from the Ground a terrible Giant, of so great Height, that he seemed to be a big-grown Tree, and for Hugeness like to a Rock of Stone ; but when he cast his staring Eyes upon the *English* Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen Plates, or two Torches ever flaming, he laid his Hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great Lightness to meet *St. George* ; but when he approached his Presence, he thinking him to be a Knight of but small Valour and Fortitude, he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with
his

his Fists to buffet and beat out his Brains ; but the Courage of the *English* Champion so exceeded, that he forgot the Extremity of Hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised himself in his Stirrups, otherwise he could not reach his Head, and gave him such a Blow upon the Forehead with his Faulchion, that he cut his Head half in sunder, and his Brains in great Abundance ran down his deformed Body, so that amazed he fell to the Ground and presently died : His Fall seemed to make the Ground to shake, as though a stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oak blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous Whirlwind.

At that Instant the rest of the Champions came to that Place, with as much Joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And when St. *Denis* with the other Knights saw the Greatness of the Giant, and the Deformity of his Body, they advanced his Valour beyond Imagination ; but after some few Speeches passed, St. *George* desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what Store of Victuals the Giant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giant's House, which was cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock : Therein they found a very
large

large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Trevet of Steel, the Feet and Supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillars; under the same burned a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning *Acheron*.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the Flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Giant's Dinner; the Sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such Comfort, that every one fell to Work, hoping for their Travel to eat Part of the Meat; one turned the Beef in the Cauldron, another encreased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coals, so that there was not any idle, in Hope of the Benefit to come.

The Hunger they had, and their Desire to eat, caused them to fall to their Meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over-fodden; the two Knights of *Wales* and *Ireland* not intending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hallow Cave, wherein they found two great Loaves of Bread, as big in Compass as the Circle of a Well, and two great Flaggons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, which with great Joy and Pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the exceeding Contentment of the other Champions: And after they had thus gratified their Hunger, *St. George* requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey,

frey, they travelled from thence through a narrow Path, which seemed to be used by the Giant, and so with great Delight they travelled all the rest of that Day, till Night closed in the Beauty of the Heavens; at which Time they had got to the Top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before Night they did discover marvellous great Plains, which were inhabited with fair Cities and Towns, at which Sight these *Christian* Champions received great Contentment and Joy; and so without any Staying they made Haste onward on their Journey, till such Time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers, where in the Midst of the Way they found an Image of fine Chrystal, the Picture and lively Form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the Hands of some most excellent Workman, all bespotted with Blood.

And it appeared by the Wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible cutting of Irons, as cruel Whippings; the Lady's Legs and Arms did seem as tho' they had been wrung with Cords, and about the Neck as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Napkin. The Chrystal Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloths, under an Arbour of purple Roses: By the curious fair-formed Image sat a

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a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypress Wood ; his Attire was after the Manner of the *Arcadian* Shepherds, not curious but comely, yet of a black and fable Colour, as a sure Sign of some deadly Discontentment, his Hair hung down below his Shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in Whiteness like Down of Thistles, his Beard over-grown, dangling down as it were frozen Icicles upon a Hawthorn-tree ; his Face wrinkled and over-worn with Age, and his Eyes almost blind, bewailing the Griefs and Sorrows of his Heart.

Which strange and woful Spectacle, when the *Christian* Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any Manner of Means refrain from the shedding some few Tears, in seeing before them the Picture of a Woman, of such excellent Beauty, which had been oppressed with Cruelty ; but the pitiful *English* Knight had the greatest Compassion when he beheld the Counterfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking Truce with his sorrowful Heart, he courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this woful Spectacle, to tell the Cause of his Sorrow, and the Discourse of that Lady's passed Fortunes, for whose Sake he seemed to spend his Days in that solitary Order ; to whom the old Man with a Number of Sighs thus kindly reply'd :

• Brave Knights, to tell the Story of my
• bitter Woes, and the Causes of my end-
• less Sorrows, will constrain a Spring of
• Tears to trickle from the Conduits of my
• aged Eyes, and make the Mansion of my
• Heart rive in twain, in remembering of
• my undeserved Miseries ; but now Fortune
• I see hath smil'd upon me, in sending you
• hither to work just Revenge for the inhu-
• man Murder of my Daughter, whose per-
• fect Image lieth here carved in fine Chry-
• stal, as the continual Object of my Grief ;
• and because you shall understand the true
• Discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have
• written it down in a Paper-Book, which
• my sorrowful Tongue is not able to
• reveal.'

And thereupon he pulled from his Bosom
a golden-covered Book, with silver Clasps,
and requested St. George to read it to the rest
of the Knights, to which he willingly con-
descended, so sitting down amongst the other
Champions upon the green Grass, he opened
the Book, and read over the Contents,
which contained these sorrowful Words
following.

C H A P. VI.

What happened to the Champions after they had found an Image of fine Chrystal, in the Form of a murdered Maiden, where St. George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written the true Tragedies of two Sisters; and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy Revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the Deaths of the two Ladies.

IN former Times whilst Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepherd, dwelling in this unhappy Country, not only held in great Estimation for my Wealth, but also for two fair Daughters which Nature had made most excellent in Beauty, in whom I took such exceeding Joy and Delight, that I accounted them my chiefest Happiness; but yet in the End, that which I thought should most content me, was the Occasion of these my endless Sorrows.

My two Daughters were endued with wonderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less Modesty; the Fame of whose Virtues was much blazed in many Parts of the World; by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepherd's Cottage divers strange and worthy Knights, with great Desire to marry with my Daughters, but above them all, there was one named *Leoger*, a Knight
of

of a black Castle, (where he now remaineth) being in Distance from this Place two hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This *Leoger*, I say, was so intangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage; when I, little mistrusting the Treason and Cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great Honour that might redound therefrom, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much Fortitude, I quickly fulfilled his Desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after *Hymen's* holy Rites were solemnized in great Pomp and State, she was conducted in Company of her new-wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princess in State, than a Shepherd's Daughter of such low Degree.

But still I retained in my Company the youngest, being of far more Beauty than her eldest Sister, of which this traitorous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small Time he forgot his new-married Wife and sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughter's Love, without Consideration that he had married her Sister: So this inordinate and lustful Love kindled and encreased in him every Day more and more, and he was so troubled

with this new Desire, that he daily devised with himself by what Means he might obtain her, and keep her in Despite of all the World: In the End he used this Policy and Deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the Time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should be delivered, he came in great Pomp, with a stately Train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with very fair and loving Words that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that Contentment which she desired, for that she did love her more dearly than her own Soul: Thus his crafty and subtle Persuasions so much prevailed, that I could not frame an Excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his Demands; so straitway when he had in his Power that which his Soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me to understand that he would carry her to his Wife, for whose Sight she had so much desired, and at whose coming she would receive so much Joy and Contentment; her sudden Departure bred such Sorrows in my Heart (being the only Stay and Comfort of my declining Age) that the Fountains of my Eyes rained down a Shower of salt Tears upon my aged Breast, so dear is the Love of a Father unto his Child; but to be short, when this lustful-minded
Caitiff

Caitiff, with his pompous Train, came in Sight of his Cattle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might have private Conference. And entering along with her into the most private Part of a thick Wood, he there began to open his lustful Thoughts unto her, persuading her to submit to his wicked Desires; but when his fair Words and enticing Speeches could not prevail, he whipped her tender Body, after stripping her to the Waist, with the Reins of his Bridle, in such a cruel Manner, that she fainted away. After she had a little recovered herself, he thus expostulated with her :

‘ Hadst not thou better consent to my
‘ Pleasure, than thus suffer thyself to be
‘ tormented? Dost thou think it better to
‘ endure this Torment, than to live a most
‘ loving, sweet and contented Life ?’

And therewith his Anger so encreased, that he staring on her Face with his accursed Eyes, fixed in such sort that he could not withdraw them back. Which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of Death than of Life, with a furious Voice, she said, ‘ Oh Traitor, thou wicked
‘ Monster, thou utter Enemy to all Huma-
‘ nity, thou shameless Creature, more cruel
‘ than the Lion in the Desarts of *Hircania*;
‘ thou

' thou Stain of Knighthood, and the bloodiest
 ' Wretch that ever Nature framed in the
 ' World, wherein dost thou contemplate
 ' thus thyself? Thou fleshly Butcher, thou
 ' unmerciful Tyger, thou lecherous Hog,
 ' and Dishonour of thy Progeny; make an
 ' End (I say) of these my Torments, for
 ' now it is too late to repent thee, gore my
 ' unspotted Breast with thy bloody Weapon,
 ' and send my Soul into the Bosom of *Diana*,
 ' whom I behold sitting in her Celestial
 ' Palace, accompanied with numberless
 ' Troops of vestal Virgins, ready to enter-
 ' tain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant
 ' Mansion.'

This merciless Knight seeing the Stedfast-
 ness that she had in the Defence of her Ho-
 nour, with a cruel and infernal Heart took
 a filken Scarf which the Damsel had girded
 at her Waist, and with a brutal Anger
 doubled it about her Neck, and pinched it
 so strait that her Soul departed from her ter-
 restial Body. O you valiant Knights, that
 by your Prowess come to the Reading of
 this dismal Tragedy, and come to the Hear-
 ing these bloody Lines contained in this
 golden Book, consider the great Constancy
 and Chastity of this unfortunate Maiden,
 and let the Griet thereof move you to take
 Vengeance of this Cruelty shewed without
 any Desert.

So

So when this infernal Knight saw that she was dead, he took his Horse and rode after his Fellows, and in a short Time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and ireful a Countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his 'Squires, that bore me great Affection for the Kindness and Courtesy I offered to him at his Lady's and my Daughter's Nuptials, who having a Suspicion by the great Alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, because he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any Sight of her, he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the Footings of the Horse, and ceased not until he came to the Place where this Cruelty was wrought; whereas he found the Maiden dead, at the View whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such sort, that he had well near fallen to the Ground: The sorrowful 'Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak; but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a dolorous Complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great Cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel. And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unloosed her from the Tree, and laid her upon Part of her Apparel which he found lying

lying by, all besmeared in Blood. He afterwards cut down Branches from the Trees, and gathered Grass from the Ground to cover the Body, and left it laying so, that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himself, in the best Manner that he could, to dissemble the Knowledge of the bloody Fact: So he took his Horse and rode the next Way towards the Castle, in which he rode so fast, that he overtook the Knight and his Company at the entering of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any Person, entered into his Closet, by Reason whereof this kind and courteous 'Squire had Time to declare all Things he had seen to the new-married Lady, and the dolorous End of her Sister.

This sudden and unlook'd-for Sorrow mixed with Anger and Wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the 'Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such Time as more Occasion served, and to keep all Things in Secret that he had seen; she herself remained very sorrowful, making great Lamentation to herself in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft Voice, she said;

‘ Oh unfortunate Lady! born in a sorrowful Hour, when some blazing and unlucky

‘ lucky Comet reigned : Oh ! unhappy
‘ Destinies that made me Wife unto so cruel
‘ a Knight, whose foul Misdeeds have made
‘ the very Elements to blush ; but yet I
‘ know that Fortune will not be so far un-
‘ kind, but that he will procure a strange
‘ Revenge upon his purple-stained Soul :
‘ Oh you immortal Powers ! Revenge me
‘ on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear
‘ that I will with mine own Hands put in
‘ Practice such an Enterprize, and so stain
‘ my unspotted Heart with wilful Murder,
‘ that all the Fates above, and all the bright
‘ Celestial Planets shall sit, and look from
‘ their immortal Palaces, and tremble at the
‘ Terror of my Hate.’

This being said, she took in her Hand a
Dagger of the Knight’s, and in her Arms
her young Son, being but of the Age of
forty Days, saying, ‘ Now do I wish so
‘ much Evil unto the World, that I will not
‘ leave a Son, of so wicked a Father alive,
‘ for I will wash my Hands in their accursed
‘ Bloods, were they in Number as many
‘ as King *Priam*’s Children :’

And entering the Chamber, where the
Knight her Husband was, and finding him
tumbling upon his Bed from one Side to the
other, without taking any Rest, but in his
Fury rending and tearing the silken Orna-
ments,

ments, where with a sorrowful Weeping, and terrible Voice she called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tygres, with the Dagger that she brought in her Hand, before his Face she cut the Throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithal said, ' Take there (thou Tray-
' tor) the Fruit that thy wicked Seed creat-
' ed in my Body,' and then she threw the Dagger at him also in hope for to have killed him; but Fortune would not that it should take Effect, for it struck against the Tester of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her Hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she turned upon herself her outrageous Fury; so taking the bloody Dagger, she thrust it into her Heart in such sort, that it parted in two Pieces, and she fell down dead betwixt his Arms that was the Occasion of all this bloody Cruelty. The great Sorrow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew not what Countel to take, but thinking upon a severe Vengeance that might succeed these cruel Acts, he straitway devised that the Body of the Lady should be secretly buried; which being done by himself, in the saddest Time of the Night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle Wall, he heard a hollow Voice breathe from the deep Vaults of the Earth, this Manner of Speech following.

• For

‘ For the bloody Fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy Life draws near to a shameful End; and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein, shall be destroyed, or fall into the Hands of him whose Daughter thou hast so cruelly murdered.’

Upon this, he determined to use a secret Policy, which was to set Watch and Ward in every Passage near unto his Castle, and to arrest all such Travellers as by Adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass until such Time as they had promised by Oath to aid and assist him, even unto Death, against all his Enemies. In the mean Time, the aforementioned ‘Squire which had seen and heard all the tragical Dealings that had been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy News: Judge here then, gentle Knights, and ye Beholders of this woful Tragedy, what Sorrow I unfortunate Wretch sustained, and what Anguish I received; for at the Hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless Swoon, and being come again to myself, I besmeared my milk-white Hairs in Dust, that before were as clean as tried Silver, and with my Tears, being the true Signs of Sorrow, I bathed the Bosom of my Mother Earth, and my Sighs passed with such Abundance

No. 11. I i

bundance from my tormented Heart, that they stayed the Passage of my Speech, and my Tongue could not reveal the Grief that my woful Thoughts conceived. In this dumb Silence and Sorrow of Mind I remained three Days and three Nights, numbering my silent Passions with the Minutes of the Day, and my nightly Grievs with the Stars when frosty-bearded Winter had clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds; but at last, when my amazed Grievs were something abated, my Eyes, (almost blind with weeping) requiring some Sleep, thereby to mitigate the Sorrows of my Heart, I made my Repair into a certain Meadow adjoining near unto my Cottage, where amongst the green springing Downs I purposed to take some Rest, and to lock up the Closets of my fearful Eyes with golden Slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest Content my sobbing Heart required; but before I could settle my Senses to a quiet Sleep, I was constrained to breathe this woful Lamentation from my oppressed Soul:

‘ Oh unhappy Chance! (quoth I) Oh
‘ cruel and most spiteful Fortune; why
‘ didst thou not make me lose this bitter
‘ and sorrowful Life in my Childhood? Or
‘ why didst thou not permit and suffer me
‘ to be strangled in my Mother’s Womb, or
‘ to have perished in my Cradle; or at
‘ my

‘ my Nurse’s Pap? then had my Heart
‘ never felt this Sorrow, my Ears heard the
‘ Murther of my Children, nor mine
‘ Eyes had never wept so many helpless
‘ Tears.’

At the End of this sorrowful Lamentation, what for Grief, and what for Want of natural Rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heavy Sleep.

But as I lay slumbering in the green Meadows, I dream’d that there was a great and fierce wild Man, which stood before me with a sharp Faulchion in his Hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat methought I was so frightened, that I gave many terrible Shrieks, calling for Succour to the empty Air. Then methoughts there appeared before my Face a Company of courteous Knights which said unto me; Fear not old Man, for we be come from thy Daughter to aid and succour thee; but yet for all this the wild Man vanished not away, but struck with his Faulchion upon my Breast, whereas it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaur put his Hand into the gaping Wound, and pulled out my bleeding Heart: Where, at the same Instant, methought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my Heart, and they strove together with much Contention, who should pull it from the others Hands; but in the

End, each of them remained with a Piece in his Hand, and my Heart parted in two.

Then the Piece which remained in the wild Man's Keeping, turned into a hard Stone, and the Piece which remained in the Power of the Knight, converted into red Blood, and so they vanished away. Then strait after this, there appeared before mine Eyes the Image of my murdered Daughter, in the self-same Manner and Form as you behold her portray'd, who, with a naked Body besmeared in Blood, reported unto me the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what Place, and where her Body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for Want of Burial: Also desiring me not of myself to attempt the Revenge, for it was impossible, but to intomb her Corpse by her Mother, and cause the Picture of her Body to be most lively portray'd and wrought of fine Chrystal, in the same Manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erected it near unto a common Passage, where adventurous Knights do usually travel. And assuring me that thither would come some certain *Christian* Champions that should revenge this Injury and inhuman Murder. Which Words being finished, methought she vanished away with a grievous and heavy Groan, leaving behind her certain Drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grass: Whereat, with great Perplexity and Sorrow, I awaked
out

out of my Dream, bearing it in my grieved Mind, not telling it to one, not so much as to the vast Air, but with all Expedition performed her bleeding Soul's Request. Where ever since, most courteous and noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely Death, and my unhappy Fortune, spending the Time in writing her doleful Tragedy in Blood-red Lines, which I see with great Grief you have read in this Book of Gold. Therefore most curious Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you, with your magnanimous Fortitudes, to assist me to take Revenge for that great Cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowful History, *St. George* with the other Champions shed many Tears, wherewith there did encrease in them a further Desire of Revenge, and being moved with great Compassion, they protested by their Promises made to the Honour of Knighthood, to persevere speedily on their vowed Revenge and determined Purpose; so sealing up a Promise to their plighted Oaths, protesting that sooner should the Lives of all the famous *Romans* be raised from Death, from the Time of *Romulus* to *Cæsar*, and all the rest unto this Time, than to be persuaded to return from their Promises, and never to travel back into *Christen-*

dom till they had performed their Vows; and thus burning with Desire to see the End of this sorrowful Adventure, St. George clasped up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepherd, and so they proceeded forward towards the Island where the Knight of the Black-castle had his Residence, guided only by the Direction of the old Man, whose aged Limbs seemed so lustily in travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky Event; in which Journey we will leave the Champions for a Time, with the wonderful Provision that the Knight of the Black-castle made in his Defence, the Success whereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and return and speak of St. George's three Sons in the Pursuit of their Father; where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the Confines of *Barbary*, where they redeemed the *Norman* Lady from the Tawny-Moors.

C H A P. VII.

A wonderful and strange Adventure that happened to St. George's Sons, in the Pursuit of their Father, by finding certain Drops of Blood, with Virgins Hair scattered in the Field, and how they were certified of the injurious Dealing of the Knight of the Black-castle against the Queen of Armenia.

MANY and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young Princes in the Pursuit of their Father St. George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished Sight of his martial Countenance, but all to small Purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where he with the famous Champions had their Residence, nor luckily sounded in their Ears the Place of their Arrival. In which Pursuit I omit and pass over many noble Adventures that these three Princes atchieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an Accident that happened to them in an Island bordered upon the Confines of *Armenia*, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black-castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter; upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight Path, until such Time as they came
to

to a very fair and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry creeping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shroud themselves from the parching Heat of the golden Sun, filling the Air with the Pleasures of their shrill-tuned Notes. In this Forrest they travelled almost two Hours, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at Hand, from the which they discovered very fair and well towered Towns, princely Palaces, very sumptuous to behold; likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Spouts running with Water, which fell into a great Cistern, and coming to it, they washed their Hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they had looked round about them on every Side, and toward their right Hand they espied, amongst a Company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their Courses, with an easy Pace, but when they had entered the Tent, and saw no Body therein, they remained silent a while, hearkening if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any Thing, but only they found the Print of certain little Feet upon the Sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose Footsteps they were, for that they

they seemed to be some Ladies or Damsels : So finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to haste, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the End they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scattered about certain Locks of yellow Hair, which seemed like Threads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with Drops of Blood, whereby they well understood, hat in great Anger they were pulled from some Lady's Head : Likewise they saw in divers Places how the Earth was spotted with Spots of Crimson Blood : Then with a more Desire than they had before, they went up to the Top of that little Mountain, and having lost the Foot-steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the Hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Waters-side they heard a grievous Complaint, which seemed to be the Voice of a Woman in great Distress, and the Words which the Knights did understand were these :

‘ O Love ! now shalt thou no more re-
‘ joice, nor have any longer Dominion over
‘ me, for Death I see is ready to cut my
‘ Thread of Life, and finish these my sor-
‘ rowful Lamentations : How often have I
‘ ask’d

ask'd Revengement at the Hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the Caufer of my Banishment, but yet she will not hear my Request: How oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell, yet have the fatal Furies stopt their Ears against my mournful Cries.' And with this she held her Peace, giving a sorrowful Sigh, which being done, the three *Christian* Knights turned their Eyes to the Place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered among certain green Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent that it almost deprived them of their Hearts, and captivated their Senses in the Snares of Love, which Liberty as yet they never lost: She had her Hair about her Ears, which hung diffusedly down her comely Shoulders through the Violence she used against herself, and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white Hand that was bespotted with Blood, which was occasioned by the scratching of her Nails upon her rosy-coloured Face: By her stood another Damsel, which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin-coloured Silk as white as the Lillies of the Fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glittering Moon in a clear Winter-freezing Night; notwithstanding all this delectable Sight, the three Princely Knights would not discover

cover themselves, but stood closely behind three Pine-trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the Event of this sad Accident; where, as they stood cloaked in Silence, they heard her thus to confer with her beautiful Daughter :

‘ Oh my *Rosana* (quoth she) the unhappy
‘ Figure of him, that without Pity hath
‘ wounded my Heart, and left me comfort-
‘ less with the greatest Cruelty that ever
‘ Knight or Gentleman left Lady : How
‘ hath it been possible that I have had the
‘ Force to bring up thee, the Child of such
‘ a Father which hath bereaved me of my
‘ Liberty ! O you Sovereign Powers, grant
‘ that I may establish in my Mind the Re-
‘ membrance of the Love of thy adulterous
‘ Father ? O Girl, born to a further Grief,
‘ here do I desire the Guiders of thy For-
‘ tunes, that thy glittering Beauty may have
‘ such Force and Power, whereby the shining
‘ Beams thereof may take Revengement of
‘ the Dishonour of thy Mother : Give Ear,
‘ dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother,
‘ thou that art born in the Dishonour of thy
‘ Generation, by the Loss of my Virginity,
‘ here do I charge thee upon my Blessing,
‘ even at my Hour of Death, and swear
‘ thee by the Band of Nature, never to suf-
‘ fer thy Beauty to be enjoyed by any one,
‘ until

‘ until thy disloyal Father’s Head be offered
 ‘ up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby
 ‘ somewhat to appease the Fury of my dis-
 ‘ contented Soul, and recover Part of my
 ‘ former Honour.’

These and such like Words spake the af-
 flicted Queen, to the wonderful Amazement
 of the three young Knights, which as yet
 intended not to discover themselves, but still
 to mark the Event, for they conjectured
 that her woful Complaints were the Induc-
 tion of some strange Accident. Thus, as
 they stood obscurely behind the Trees, they
 saw the young and beautiful Damsel give
 unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and
 Ink, the which she pulled from her fair Bo-
 som, with which the grieved Queen sub-
 scribed certain sorrowful Lines unto him
 that was the Causer of her Banishment, and
 making an end of her Writing, they heard
 her (with a dying Breath) speak unto her
 Daughter these sorrowful Words following :

‘ Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy
 ‘ Mother at her latest Gasp, and imprint
 ‘ my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a
 ‘ Table of Brass, that it never may be for-
 ‘ gotten; Time will not give longer Respite,
 ‘ that with Words I may shew unto thee
 ‘ my deep Affections, for I feel my Death
 ‘ approaching, and the fatal Sisters ready to
 ‘ cut

‘ cut my Thread of Life asunder between
‘ the Edges of their Shears, insomuch that
‘ I most miserable Creature do feel my Soul
‘ trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart
‘ quivering at this my last and fatal Hour,
‘ but one Thing (my sweet and tender
‘ Child) do I desire of thee before I die,
‘ which is, that thou wouldest procure
‘ that this Letter may be given to that cruel
‘ Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to
‘ understand of this my troublesome Death,
‘ the Occasion whereof was his unreasonable
‘ Cruelty :’

And making an End of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, not having any more Strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her Hand, the which her sorrowful Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mother’s Breast, she replied in this sorrowful Manner :

‘ O, my sweet Mother, tell me not that
‘ you will die, for it adds a Torment more
‘ grievous unto my Soul than the Punishment
‘ which *Danaus* his Daughters feel in
‘ Hell : I had rather be torn in Pieces by
‘ the Fury of some merciless Monster, or to
‘ have my Heart parted in twain by the
‘ Hands of him that is my greatest Enemy,
‘ than to remain without your Company.
‘ Sweet Mother, let these my youthful
No. 11. K k ‘ Years

‘ Years and this green budding Beauty en-
 ‘ courage you still to revive, and not to
 ‘ leave me comfortless, like an Exile in
 ‘ the World ; but if the gloomy Fates do
 ‘ triumph in your Death, and abridge your
 ‘ breathing Trunk of Life, and your Soul
 ‘ must needs go wander in the *Elizian*
 ‘ Shades, with *Trusa’s* Shadow, and with
 ‘ *Dido’s* Ghost ; here I protest, by the great
 ‘ and tender Love I bear you, and by the
 ‘ due Obedience that I own unto your Age,
 ‘ either to deliver this your Letter into the
 ‘ Hand of my unkind Father, or with these
 ‘ my ruful Fingers to rend my Heart in
 ‘ sunder ; and before I will forget my Vow,
 ‘ the silver-streamed *Tygris* shall forsake her
 ‘ Course, the Sea her Tides, and the glit-
 ‘ tering Queen of Night her usual Changes,
 ‘ neither shall any Forgetfulness be an Oc-
 ‘ casion to withdraw my Mind from per-
 ‘ forming your dying Requests :’

Then this weak Queen, whose Power
 and Strength was wholly decayed, and her
 Hour of Death grew near at Hand, with a
 feeble Voice (she said) ‘ O you sacred and
 ‘ immortal Gods ! and all you bright cele-
 ‘ stial Powers of Happiness, into your di-
 ‘ vine Bosoms now do I commend my dy-
 ‘ ing Soul, asking no other Revengement
 ‘ against the Causer of my Death, but that
 ‘ he may die like me for want of Love.’

After

After this, the dying Queen never spake a Word more, for at that Instant the cruel Destinies gave an End unto her Life ; but when *Rosana* perceived her to be dead, and she left to the World devoid of Comfort, she began to tear the golden Trammels from her Head, and most furiously to beat her white Ivory Breast, filling the empty Air with Clamours of her Moans, making the Skies like an Eccho to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mother's Letter into her Hands, washing it with Floods of Tears, and putting it next unto her naked Breast, she said, ' Here lie thou, ' near adjoining to my bleeding Heart, never ' be removed until I have performed my ' dying Mother's Testament. Oh Works ' and the last Work of those her dying ' Hands, here do I swear by the Honour ' of true Virgins, not to part it from my ' grieved Bosom, until such Time as Love ' has rent the disloyal Heart of my unkind ' Father ; and speaking this, she kissed it ' a thousand Times, breathing forth Millions of Sighs, and so with a blushing Countenance, as red as *Aurora's* glittering Beams, she rose, and said to herself, What ' is this, *Rosana* ? Dost thou think to recal thy Mother's Life with ceremonious Complaints, and not perform that which ' by her was commanded thee ? Arise, arise, ' I say, gather unto thyself Strength and
K k 2 ' Courage,

‘ Courage, and wander up and down the
 ‘ World, till thou hast found thy disloyal
 ‘ Father, as thy true Heart hath promised
 ‘ to do.’

These Words were no sooner finished, but
 St. George’s Sons, like Men whose Hearts
 were almost overcome with Grief, came
 from the Pine-trees, and discovered them-
 selves to the Damsel, and courteously re-
 quested her to discourse the Story of all her
 passed Miseries, and as they were true *Chri-
 stian* Knights they promised her (if it lay in
 their Power) to release her Sorrows, and to
 give End unto her Miseries. *Rosana*, when
 she beheld these courteous and well-demean-
 our’d Knights, which in her Conceit carried
 relenting Minds, and considering how kind-
 ly they desired to be Partners in her Grievs,
 she stood not upon curious Terms, nor up-
 on Excellencies, but most willingly conde-
 scended to their Requests; so when they
 had prepared their Ears to entertain her sad
 and sorrowful Discourse, with a sober Coun-
 tenance, she began in this manner :

‘ Lately I was (quoth she) whilst Fortune
 ‘ smiled on me, the only Child and Daugh-
 ‘ ter of this lifeless Queen that you behold
 ‘ here lying dead, and she before my Birth,
 ‘ whilst Fortune granted her Prosperity,
 ‘ was the Maiden Queen of a Country called
 ‘ *Armenia*,

‘ *Armenia*, adjoining near unto this unhappy Island, whom in her young Years when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high Renown to mount upon the Wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden Bait of blind *Cupid*, and so intangled with the Love of a disloyal Knight, called the Knight of the Black-castle, who after he had flourish’d in the Spoil of her Virginitie, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her Womb, grew weary of her Love, and most discourteously left her as a Shame unto her Country, and a Stain unto her Kindred, and after gave himself to such lustful and lascivious Manner of Life, that he unlawfully married a Shepherd’s Daughter in a foreign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to a most inhuman Slaughter in a desert Wood : This being done, he fortified himself in his Black-castle, and only consorted with a cunning Necromancer, whose Skill in Magick is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in Despite of the whole Earth.’

‘ But now speak I of the tragical Story of my unhappy Mother, when as I, her unfortunate Babe, began first to struggle in her Womb, wherein I wish I had been

‘strangled, she heard News of her Knight’s
‘ill Demeanour, and how he had given
‘himself to the Spoil of Virginity, and had
‘for ever left her Love, never intending to
‘return again, the Grief whereof so troubled
‘her Mind, that she could not in any wise
‘dissemble it; and so upon a Time being
‘amongst her Ladies, calling to Remem-
‘brance her spotted Virginity, and the
‘Seed of Dishonour placed in her Womb,
‘she fell into a wonderful and strange
‘Trance, as though she had been oppressed
‘with sudden Death, which when her La-
‘dies and Damsels beheld, they presently
‘determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments,
‘and to carry her unto her Bed, but she
‘made Signs with her Hands that they
‘should depart and leave her alone, whose
‘Commandment was straitways obeyed, not
‘without great Sorrow of them all, for
‘their Loves were dear unto her; this af-
‘flicted Queen, when she saw that she was
‘alone, began to exclaim against her For-
‘tune, reviling the Fates with bitter Excla-
‘mations.’

‘Oh unconstant Queen of Chance (said
‘she) thou that hast warped such strange
‘Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest
‘my Honour to that Tyrant’s Lust, which
‘without all Remorse hath left me com-
‘fortless, it is thou that didst constrain me

‘ to set my Life to Sale, and to sell my
‘ Honour as it were with the Cryer, com-
‘ pelling me to do that which hath spotted
‘ my princely Estate, and stained my bright
‘ Honour with black Infamy : Woe is me
‘ for Virginity ! that which my Parents
‘ gave me Charge to have Respect unto,
‘ but I have carelessly kept it, and smally re-
‘ garded it : I will therefore chastise my
‘ Body, for thus forgetting of myself, and
‘ be so revenged for the little Regard that
‘ I have made of my Honour, that it shall
‘ be an Example to all noble Ladies and
‘ Princes of high Estate in the whole World.
‘ Oh miserable Queen ! oh fond and un-
‘ happy Lady ! thy Speeches be too foolish,
‘ for although thy desperate Hand should
‘ pull out thy despised Heart from thy
‘ bleeding Breast, yet can it not make Sa-
‘ tisfaction for thy Dishonour. O you
‘ Clouds, why do you not cast some fiery
‘ Thunderbolt down upon my Head ? Or
‘ why doth not the Earth gape and swallow
‘ my infamous, Body ? Oh false and deceived
‘ Lord, I would thy loving and amorous
‘ Words had never been spoken ! nor thy
‘ quick-sighted Eyes ever gazed upon my
‘ Beauty, then had I flourish’d still with
‘ Glory and Renown, and lived a happy
‘ Virgin of chaste *Diana’s* Train.’

With

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the Time from Day to Day, till she grew big with Child : At which she received double Pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing herself in this Case, like a Woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover herself publickly unto her Subjects, and deliver her Body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods ; and with this Determination one Day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straitway came, according to her Commandment ; but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she covered herself with a rich Robe, and sat upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all they that saw her had great Compassion upon her Sorrow ; being all set round about her Bed, and keeping Silence, she revealed to them the Cause of her Grief in this Manner :

‘ My Lords, (quoth she) I shame to entitle myself your Queen and Sovereign,
 ‘ in that I have defamed the Honour of my
 ‘ Country, and little regarded the Welfare
 ‘ of my Commonwealth, my glittering
 ‘ Crown methinks is shaded with a Cloud
 ‘ of black Disgrace, and my princely Attire converted into unchaste Habilliments,
 ‘ in

‘ in which I have both lost the Liberty of
‘ my Heart, and withal my wonted Joy,
‘ and now am constrained to endure perpetual Pain, and an ever-pining Death; for
‘ I have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but Shame and Infamy. To conclude, I have foregone the Liberty of a
‘ Queen, and sold myself to a slavish Sin, only mine own is the Fault, and mine own shall be the Punishment. Therefore, without making any Excuse, I here surrender up my Body into your Powers, that you may (as an evil Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods, for now, my Lords, you shall understand, that I am dishonour’d by the Knight of the Black-castle; he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my Consent I must needs confess, and left me for a Testimony of this my evil Deed, big with Child, by which my Virgin’s Glory is converted to a monstrous Scandal: And with this she made an End of her lamentable Speech.’

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queen had said unto them, like Men greatly amazed, they changed their Colours, in Sign of Anger, looking one upon another, without speaking any Words, but printing in their Hearts the Fault done by their Queen, to the great
Disgrace

Disgrace of their Country, they, without any further Consideration, deprived her from all princely Royalty, both of Crown and Dignity, and pronounced her perpetual Banishment from *Armenia*, like Subjects not to be govern'd by such a defam'd Princess.

So at the Time appointed, like a Woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stored herself with sufficient Treasure, and betook herself to her appointed Banishment. After whose Departure, the *Armenians* elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandering in unknown Islands, big with Child, void of Succour and Relief, where instead of her princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly Reposes upon the green Grass, shadowed with the sable Curtains of the Skies, and the Nurses that were provided against her Delivery were Nymphs and Fairies dancing in the Night by *Proserpine's* Commandment. Tho' in great Grief continued she many Days, contenting herself with her appointed Banishment, making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her Conceit to re-answer her Complaints: At length the glittering Moon had ten Times borrowed Light of golden *Phæbus*, and the Night's clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which Time approached the Hour of her labour-
some

some Travel, where, without Help of a Woman, she was delivered of me her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many Times, when I came to Years of Discretion, my woful Mother would discourse unto me this lamentable Story of both our Miseries, which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise she told me, that many Times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lioness and sometimes a she-Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the Nature of wild Beasts, they would many Times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preserved me for strange Fortune : Likewise at my Birth Nature had pictured upon my Breast directly betwixt my two Paps the lively Form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautify my Bosom with a Vermillion Colour, and this was the Cause that my Mother named me *Rosana*, answerable to my Nature's Mark. After this, we lived many a Year in great Distress, Penury and Want, intreating Time to redress our Woes, more often than we had lived Hours ; the Abundance of our Tears might suffice to make watry Seas, and our Sighs countervail the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sisters listening to my Mother's Moans,
and

and to my great Sorrows, deprived her of Life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the Time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black-castle, where my disloyal Father hath his Residence, that I may there perform my Mother's dying Will.

These Words being finished, *Rosana* stood silent, for that her extreme Grief hindered the Passage of her Tongue, and her Eyes rained such a Shower of pearly Tears upon the lifeless Body of her Mother, that it constrained *St. George's* Sons to express the like Sorrow: Where after they had let fall a few Tears from their Eyes, and had taken Truce for a Time with Grief, they took *Rosana* by the Hand, and protested never to depart from her Company till they had safely conducted her to the Black-castle. Thus after this, when the *Christian* Knights had pitifully bewailed the Misery and untimely Death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a Grave under a Bay-tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Bears tear it in Pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devour it, and after, with the Point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the Bark of the Bay-tree.

Here

Here lies the Body of a helpless Queen,
Whose great Good-Will to her small Joy did bring ;
Her willing Mind requited was with Teen,
Though she deserv'd, for Love, a Regal King :
And as her Corpse inclosed here doth lie,
Her luckless Fate, and Fame shall never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph,
and covered her Grave with green Turfs,
they departed forward on their Journey to-
wards the Black-castle, where we will leave
them in their Travels, and return to the
disloyal *Leoger*, and how he fortified his
Castle by Magick Art, according to the
learned Skill of a cunning Necromancer.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Preparations that the Knight of the Black-castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the Seven Champions entered the same Castle, where they were enchanted into a deep Sleep so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the Water of an enchanted Fountain.

TH E wicked *Leoger*, when he grew detested and abhorred in every Company, as well by noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the Spoil and Murder of those three Virgin Dames, whose pitiful Stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden Vengeance to fall upon his Head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Giants to defend it; wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he consorted with a wicked Necromancer, that he with Charms and Spells should work Wonders in his Castle: Which magical Accomplishments we will pass over till a more convenient Time, because I purpose to explain the History in good Order to the Reader.

First, speak we of *St. George* with the other *Christian* Knights that came in Revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate Daughter,

Daughter, who with good Success arrived upon the Shore of the Island, where this wicked *Leoger* and the Magician had fortified their Black-castle, in which Country the Champions, like the invincible Followers of *Mars*, fearing no Danger, nor the Frowns of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest Way towards the Castle; in which Journey they were almost ravished with the Pleasure of the Island, for entering into a narrow and strait Line, garnished on both Sides with Trees of divers Sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant Melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs without Fear of any Man to molest them. In which Row of pleasant Trees, that delighted them on both Sides, there wanted not the green Laurel, so much esteemed among learned Scholars, nor the sweet Myrtle Tree, loved by Ladies, nor the high Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers, nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing Height is called the Prince of Trees: Whereby they judged it to be rather an Habitation for Gods and Goddeses, than a terrestrial Country, for that the golden Sun with his glittering Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees without any Hindrance of black Clouds, for the Skies were clear as tried Silver: Likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the shivering Leaves, whereby

it made as sweet a Harmony as if they had been Celestial Cherubims: A thousand little streamed Brooks ran upon the enamelled Ground, making sundry fine Works by their crooked Turnings, and joining one Water with another, with a very gentle Meeting, make such Silver Musick, that the Champions with the Pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and smally regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this Sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvellous great and wide Meadow, being of such exceeding Fairness, that I am not able with a Pen to paint out the Excellency thereof; whereas were feeding both wild and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged Horns: Likewise the furious wild Boar, the fierce Lion, and the simple Lambs, were altogether feeding with so great Friendship, as on the contrary by Nature they were Enemies.

Whereat the noble Champions were almost overcome in their own Conceits, and amazed in their Imaginations, to see so strange Love, clean contrary to Nature, and that there was no Difference betwixt the Love of wild Beasts and tame; in this Manner they travelled along, till on a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black-castle. Below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and was compassed about
with

with a Moat or Ditch, and was almost two hundred Paces broad, and every Gate had his Draw-bridge, all made of red Boards, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in Blood. After this, the Champions rode to the other Side of this goodly Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous Workmanship, where they espied a Pillar of beautiful Jasper Stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange Works, which Pillar was of great Value, and was garnished with Chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Silver Trumpet, with certain Letters carved about the same, which contained these Words following :

If any dare attempt this Place to see,
By sounding this, the Gate shall open'd be ;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with Fear the proudest Champion's Heart ;
Look thou for Blows that interest in this Gate,
Return in Time, Repentance comes too late.

Which when *St. George* beheld, and had understood the Meaning of those mystical Letters, without any more tarrying, he set the Silver Trumpet to his Mouth, and founded such a vehement Blast, that it seemed to eccho in the Foundation of the Castle ; whereat the principal Gate presently opened, and the Draw-bridge was let down,

without the Help of any visible Hand, which made the Champions wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange Accident; but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a Puff of Wind, they alighted from their warlike Steeds, and delivered them in the old Shepherd's Hands, to be fed upon the fragrant and green Grass, till they had performed the Adventure of the Castle, which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to return: So locking down their Beavers, and drawing forth their keen-edged Falchions, they entered the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked about them to see if they could espy any Body, but they saw nothing but a Pair of winding Stairs, whereat they descended; they had not gone many Steps, but therein was so great a Darkness, that scarce they could see any Light, so that it rather seemed the Similitude of Hell, than any other worldly Place, yet groping by the Walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning Stairs, which were very dark, and at such Length, that they thought they descended in the Middle of the Earth.

They spent a great Time in descending those Stairs, but in the End they came into a very fair and large Court, compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a Palace provided to keep untamed Lions, wherein
casting

casting their Eyes up to the Top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Necromancer upon a large Gallery, supported with great Pillars of Brass; likewise there were attending upon them seven Giants cloathed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their Hands Bats of Steel, to whom the bold and venturous Champion of *England* spake with an undaunted Courage and loud Voice in this Manner, saying,
' Come down, thou wicked Knight, thou
' Spoil of Virginity, thou that art invironed
' with these monstrous Giants, these wondering Works of Nature. Come down,
' I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take
' to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a
' Heart to commit a Virgin's Rape, for
' whose Revenge we come; now likewise
' have a Courage in thy Defence, for we
' vow never to depart out of thy Castle,
' till we have confounded thee, or be thy
' Force by discomfited.'

At which Words he held his Peace, expecting an Answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard *St. George*, began to fret and fume like a starved Lion, famished with Hunger, even so raged *Leoger* the Knight of the Black-castle, threatening forth Fury from his sparkling Eyes, and in this vile Manner re-answered the noble Champion of *England*;

‘ Proud

‘ Proud Knight (quoth he) or Peasant,
‘ whatsoever thou art, I pass not the smal-
‘ lest Hair of my Head, for thy upbraiding
‘ me with thy unruly Tongue, I will re-
‘ turn thy Speeches on thyself, for the
‘ Pavements of my Castle shall be sprink-
‘ led with thy cursed Blood, and the Bones
‘ of those thy unhappy Followers shall be
‘ buried in the Sinks of my Channels. If
‘ thou hadst brought the Army of *Cæsar*,
‘ that made all Lands to tremble where he
‘ came, yet were they but as a Blast of
‘ Wind unto my Force; seest thou not my
‘ Giants which stand like Oaks upon our
‘ brazen Gallery? they at my Command
‘ shall take you from the Places where you
‘ stand, and throw you over the Walls of
‘ this my Castle, in such Sort, that they
‘ shall make you flee into the Air, more
‘ than ten Fathoms high. And for that
‘ thou hast upbraided me with the Disgrace
‘ done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had
‘ thy Mother here, of whom thou tookest
‘ first the Air of Life, my Hand should
‘ split her Womb, that thou mightest see
‘ the Bed of thy Conception, as *Nero* did
‘ in *Rome*: Or if thy Wife and Children
‘ were here present before thy Face, I would
‘ abridge their Lives, that thy accursed
‘ Eyes might be Witnesses of their bloody
‘ Murthers, so much Wrath and Hate
rageth

‘rageth in my Heart, that all the Blood in
‘thy Body cannot wash it thence.’

At which Words the Giants, who he hired to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed, with Weapons in their Hands, and requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so incensed Anger, and they would fetch unto his Presence all those braving Knights that were the Occasion of his Disquietness and Anger; and so, without tarrying for an Answer, they departed down to the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery to behold the following Encounters. But when the Giants approached the Champions Presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, Knights of so gallant Statures, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the Time in Words but in Blows.

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Giants of them all (which was called *Brandamond*) seeing *St. George* to be the forwardest in the Enterprize, and judged him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a stern Countenance to speak unto him in this Manner :

‘Art thou that bold Knight (said the Giant) that with thy witless Words hath so
‘anger’d

‘ anger’d the mighty *Leoger*, the Lord of
 ‘ this Castle? If thou be, I advise thee by
 ‘ Submission to seek to appease his furious
 ‘ Wrath before Revenge be taken upon
 ‘ thy Person. Also I do charge thee (if
 ‘ thou wilt remain with thy Life) that thou
 ‘ dost leave thy Armour and yield thyself
 ‘ with all these Followers, with their Hands
 ‘ bound behind them, and go and ask For-
 ‘ giveness at his Feet :’

To which *St. George*, with a smiling Coun-
 tenance, answered, ‘ Giant (said he) thy
 ‘ Counsel I do not like, nor thy Advice
 ‘ will I receive, but rather do we hope to
 ‘ send thee and all thy Followers without
 ‘ Tongues to the infernal King of fiery
 ‘ *Pblegeton*, and for that you shall not have
 ‘ any more Time to speak such Folly and
 ‘ Foolishness, either return your Ways from
 ‘ whence you came, and repent of this
 ‘ which you have said, or else prepare your-
 ‘ selves to a mortal Battle.’

The Giants when they heard the Cham-
 pions Resolutions, and how slightly they re-
 garded their Proffers, without any longer
 tarrying, they straitway fell upon *St. George*
 and his Company, intending with their
 knotty Bats of Steel to beat them as small
 as Flesh unto the Pot : But the Queen of
 Chance so smiled upon the *Christian Cham-*
 pions,

pions, that the Giants finally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battle, in such Danger, that the Victory hung wavering on both Sides, not knowing to whom it would fall; the Bats and Falchions made such a Noise upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the Blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils; and at every Blow that they gave, Fire flew from their steeled Croslets, like Sparkles from their flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies resounded back the Echoes of their Strokes, the Ground shook as though it had been oppressed with an Earthquake; the Pavement of the Court was overspread with an intermixing of Blood and Sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Giants Clubs; by the Time that glittering *Sol* began to decline from the Top of Heaven, the Giants began to faint, whereat the *Christian* Knights with more Courage began to encrease in Strength, and with such Vigour assailed the Giants, that before the golden Sun had dived to the Western World, the Giants were quite discomfited and slain: Some lay with their Hands dismembred from their Bodies, weltering in purple Gore; some had their Brains sprinkled against the Walls; some lay in Channels with their Intraills trailing down in Streams of Blood; and some jointless, with Bodies cut in Pieces,

so

so that there was not one left alive to withstand the *Christian* Champions.

Whereat *St. George* with the other six Knights fell upon their Knees, and thanked the immortal Rector of all good Chance for their Victory. But when the Knight of the Black-castle who stood upon the Gallery during all the Time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Giants were slain by the Prowess of those strange Knights, he raged in great Wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the Hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the Top of the Gallery, thereby to have dash'd out his Brains against the Pavement, had not the Necromancer, who likewise beheld the Event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended Drift, promising to perform by Art what the Giants could not do by Force. So the Necromancer fell to his Magick Spells and Charms, by which the *Christian* Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in Danger of their Lives, by a fearful and strange Manner, as shall be hereafter shown: For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armours to take the fresh Air, and dress their bloody Wounds received in their last Conflict, the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the Likeness of a Lady, of a marvellous and fair Beauty,

to look through an Iron Grate, who seemed to lean her Face upon her Hand very pensively, and distilled from her Chrystal Eyes great Abundance of Tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great Admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard Misfortune she was imprisoned: At which this Lady did seem to open her fair and crystalline Eyes, looking earnestly upon St. George, and giving a grievous Sigh, she withdrew herself from the Gate; whose sudden Departure caused the *Christian* Knights to have a great Desire to know who it should be, suspecting that by the Force of some Enchantment, they should be overthrown: But casting up their Eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same Place, a Woman of great and princely Stature, who was all armed in silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her Waist, sheathed in a golden Scabbard, and had hanging at her Neck an Ivory Bow and a gilt Quiver: This Lady was of so great Beauty, that she seemed almost to exceed the other; but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their Thoughts than before they were. The *Christian* Knights had not long Time bewailed the Absence of the two Ladies, but that, without seeing any body, they were stricken

with such furious Blows upon their Backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one Knee upon the Ground; yet with a Trice they rose again, and looking then to see who they were that struck them, they perceived them to be the Likeness of certain Knights, which in great Haste seemed to run in at a Door that was at one of the Corners of the Court, and with the great Anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardly entreated, they followed with their accustomed Lightness after the Knights, in at the same Door; wherein they had not entered three Steps, but that they fell down into a deep Cave which was covered over in such subtle sort, that whoever did tread on it, it traitway fell into the Cave, except he was advertised thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent Night, and no Light at all appeared: But when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betray'd in the Trap, they greatly feared some further Mischief would follow, to their utter Overthrow; so with their Swords drawn, they stood ready charged to make their Defence against whatsoever should after happen: But by reason of the great Darknes that they could not see any Thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against something, either Post, Pillar, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every

every Place for some other Door that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and down, they found that they did tread upon no other Things but dead Men's Bones, which caused them to stand still, and not long after they espied a secret Window, at which entered a little Clearness and gave some Light into the Den, where they were, by which they espied a Bed most richly furnished with Curtains of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret Room of the Cave, hung with rich Tapestry of a Sable Colour; which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long Fight which they had with the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required some Rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed, but not all at one Instant, for they feared some Danger to be at Hand; and therefore St. George, as one most willing to be their Watchman, and keep Sentinel in so dangerous a Place, caused the other Champions to take their Repose upon the Bed, and he would be as wakeful as the Cock against all dangerous Accidents; so the six *Christian* Knights repaired to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid, but presently they fell into a heavy enchanted Sleep, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of Violence. The Bed was in-

chanted by the Necromancer's Charms in such Manner, that whosoever but sate upon the Sides, or but touched the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavy a Sleep, as if they had drank the Juice of O-waile, or the Seed of Poppy: Where we will leave them for a Time like Men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible Adventure that happened to St. *George* in the Cave, who, little mistrusting of their Enchantments, stood like a careful Guard, keeping the furious Wolf from the Spoil of the silly Sheep: But upon a sudden his Heart began to throb, and his Hair to stand upright upon his Head, yet having a Heart fraught with invincible Courage, he purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himself to withstand whatsoever happened; so being in these princely Cogitations, there appeared unto him as he thought, the Shape of a Magician, with a Visage lean, pale, and full of Wrinkles, with Locks of black Hair hanging down to his Shoulders, like to Wreaths of envenomed Snakes, and his Body seemed to have nothing upon it but Skin and Bones, who spake unto St. *George* in this despiteful Manner:

‘ In an evil Hour (said the Magician)
‘ camest thou hither, and so shalt thy Lodg-
‘ ings be, and thy Entertainment worse;
‘ for now thou art in a Place where thou
‘ shalt

‘ shalt look for no other Thing but to be
‘ Meat unto some furious Beast, and thy
‘ surmounting Strength shall not be able to
‘ make any Defence.’

The *English* Champion, whose Heart was
oppressed with extreme Wrath, answered,
‘ O false and accursed Charmer, whom ill
‘ Chance confound for thy condemned Arts,
‘ and for whom the Fiends have digged an
‘ everlasting Tomb in Hell, what Fury
‘ hath incens’d thee, that with thy false and
‘ devilish Charms thou dost practise so much
‘ Evil against travelling and adventurous
‘ Knights? I hope to obtain my Liberty in
‘ Despite of all thy Mischief, and with the
‘ Strength of this Arm to break all thy
‘ Bones in funder.’

‘ All that thou dost and wilt do I suffer
‘ at thy Hands, (reply’d the Necromancer)
‘ only for Revenge that I will take of thee
‘ for the Slaughter of my Master’s Giants,
‘ which as yet lie murdered in the Court,
‘ and that very quickly;’ and therewithal
he went invisibly out of the Cave: So not
long after at his Back he heard a sudden
Noise, and beheld as it were a Window
opening by little and little, whereas there
appeared a clear Light, by which St. *George*
plainly perceived that the Walls were dash’d
with Blood, and likewise that the Bones

whereon they did tread at their first Entry into the Den were of human Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their Flesh was torn off; but this Consideration could not long endure with him, for that he heard a great Rushing, and looking what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in Body as an Elephant, she had only two Feet, which appeared out of that monstrous Body, but of a Span Length, and each Foot had three Claws of three Spans in Length, she came with open Mouth, of so monstrous and huge Bigness, and so deformed, that a whole armed Knight, Horse and all might enter in thereat: She had upon her Jaws two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as Needles, and all her Body was covered with sharp Scales of divers Colours, and with great Fury she came with her Wings all abroad: St. George, although he had a valiant and undaunted Mind, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the Sight of so monstrous a Beast. But considering with himself, that it was then Time to have Courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his Defence, he took his good cutting Sword in his Hand, and shrouded himself under his hard and strong Shield, and tarried the coming of that ugly Monster. But when the furious Beast saw that there was a Prey whereon she might employ

employ her sharp Teeth, she struck with her venomous Wings, and with her piercing Claws she griped, and laid fast hold upon St. *George's* hard Shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this couragious Warri-er, and fastening her sharp Tusks upon his Helmet, which she found so hard that she let go her Hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such Strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the *English* Knight struck at her Head a mighty and strong Blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her by reason of the hard Scales wherewith it was covered, and though he gave her no Wound, yet for all that she felt the Blow in such sort, that it made her to recoil to the Ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous Tail: Then this valiant Knight made great Haste to redouble his Force to strike her another Blow, but all was in vain, for that upon a sudden she stretched herself so high, that he could not reach her Head: But yet kind Fortune so favoured his Hand, that he struck her upon the Belly, where she had no Defence with Scales, nor any other Thing but Feathers, whereout issued such Abundance of black Blood, that it sprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt herself so sore wounded, struck at St. *George* such a terrible Blow with her Tail, that if he had not seen it coming, it had

had been sufficient to have parted his Body in Pieces; the Knight, to clear himself from the Blow, fell flat upon the Ground; for he had no Time to make any other Defence: But that terrible Blow was no sooner passed over him, but straitway he recovered his Feet, at such Time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here *St. George*, having a great Confidence in his Strength, performed such a valiant Exploit, that all former Adventures that have been ever done by any Knight, may be put in Oblivion, and this kept in perpetual Memory: For that he threw his Sword out of his Hand, and ran upon the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arms, and did so squeeze her, that the furious Beast could not help herself with her sharp Claws, but only with her Wings she beat him on every Side. This valiant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his Arms, continuing this perilous and dangerous Fight, till all his bright Armour was imbrued with her beastial Blood, by which Occasion she lost a great Part of her Strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long endured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant Breast of the *English* Knight, till such Time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to
wax

wax faint, and to lose her Strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but St. George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former Fight he had so lately with the Giants. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great Weakness of the Serpent, he animated himself with Courage, and having Opportunity, by reason of the Quantity of Blood that issued from her Wounds, he took his trusty Sword and thrust it into her Heart with such Violence, that he clove it in two Pieces: So this infernal Monster fell down dead unto the Ground, and carried the *Christian* Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together; but by Reason that the Serpent lacked Strength, he quickly cleared himself of her Claws, and recovered his Sword. But when he saw certainly he was clear from the Monster, and that she had yielded up her detested Breath into the brittle Air, he kneeled down, and gave Thanks to the happy Queen of Chance for his Delivery.

After the Victory was obtained, and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well, which was full of Water, standing in a Corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the enchanted Bed, whereon the six Champions lay sleeping,
and

and dreamed of no such strange Accident that had happened unto him, to whom he purposed to reveal the true Discourse of all Dangers that had befallen him in that Accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and setting himself down upon one End thereof, and thinking to begin his Discourse, he presently fell into a heavy and dead Slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the enchanted Bed, not to be wakened by any Means, and return to the Necromancer, that was busied all the Time of the Serpent's Encounter with *Leoger*, in burying of the dead Giants; but he knew by his Art that the Serpent was slain, and likewise *St. George* oppressed with a charmed Sleep in Company of the other Champions upon the enchanted Bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their Fortunes in eternal Sleeps.

Whereupon by his devilish Arts he caused Lamps to burn continually before the Entry of the Cave, the Properties whereof were so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the Fires should never be quenched but by the Water of an enchanted Fountain, which he likewise by Magick Art had erected in the Middle of the Court,
guarded

guarded most strongly with Sprights : And the Water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth should have the Form of a Rose lively pictured upon her Breast.

These Things being performed by the Secrets of the Magician's Skill, added such a Pleasure to *Leoger's* Heart, that he thought himself elevated higher than the Towers of his Dwelling ; for he accounted no Joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies captivated in his Power, and that the Magician had done by his Art, more than all the Knights in *Asia* could perform by Prowess. We will now not only leave the Champions in their Sleeps, dreaming of no Mishap, but also the Magician with *Leoger* in the Black-castle, spending their Time securely, careless of all ensuing Danger, and speak now of the old Shepherd whom the Champions, at their first entering in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike Palfreys, as they fed upon the green Grass ; which old Man, when he could hear no News of the Champions Return, he greatly mistrusted their Confusion, and that by some Treachery they were intercepted in their vowed Revenge ; therefore he protested secretly with his own Soul, if that for his Sake so many brave Champions had lost their Lives, never to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his Days in Sorrow.

row. In this deep Distress will my weary Muse likewise leave this old Shepherd mourning for the long Absence of the *English* Champion, and the other *Christian* Knights, and turn unto St. George's valiant Sons, whom we left travelling from the Queen of *Armenia's* Grave with her unhappy Daughter *Rosana*, to take Revenge of her disloyal Lord, being the Knight of the Black-castle, of whose Villanies you have heard so much before.

C H A P. IX.

How St. George's three Sons after their Departure from the Queen of Armenia's Sepulchre, in Company of her Daughter Rosana, met with a wild Man, with whom there happened a strange Adventure.

THE valiant Sons of St. George, to perform their knightly Promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to *Rosana*, at the Queen her Mother's Grave, which was to bring her safely unto the Black-castle, where her unkind Father had his Residence. First they provided her a Palfrey or Jennet, which was furnished with black Caparisons, in Sign of her heavy and discontented Mind, and his Forehead beautified with a spangled Plume of Feathers.

Where

Where in her Company they travelled Day and Night from the Confines of *Armenia*, with successful Fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Island of the Black-castle, where they were constrained to rest themselves many Nights under the Shadows of green-leaved Trees, where, instead of delicate Fare, they were forced to satisfy their Hunger with sweet Oranges and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Island.

But at last, upon a Morning, when the Skies appeared in their Sight very clear and pleasant, and at such Time as when the Sun began to spread his glittering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their Journey, hoping before the closing-in of the Day's bright Countenance, to arrive at the Black-castle, being their long-wish'd-for Haven and desired Port. But entering into an unknown Way and narrow Path, not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrodden Passages, spending the Time in pleasant Conference, without mistrusting of any Thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Island, upon a sudden (not knowing the Occasion) their Horses started, and rose up with their fore Feet, and turned

No. 12. N n back-

backward into the Air in such Sort, that they had almost unsaddled their Masters : Whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much Fear ; but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the Occasion of such Terror, they grew wonderfully troubled in Mind. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying, ‘ Believe me, Brethren, I much
‘ wonder what should be the Cause of this
‘ Alteration in our Horses, hath some Spirit glided by us ? Or remaineth some Devil
‘ among these Bushes ? Whatsoever it be,
‘ let us by the Power and Favour of all
‘ good Luck attempt to know, and with
‘ our warlike Weapons revenge the Fright-
‘ ing of our Horses, for our Minds are not
‘ daunted by the Prowess of Men, nor are
‘ we afraid of the Fury of Devils.’

These Words being spoken with great Courage and Majesty, caused *Rosana* to smile, and to embolden her Heart against all ensuing Accidents : So presently they came to a River which was both clear and deep, which they judged to run quite thorough the Middle of the Island : And so travelling along by the River-side, where within a little while their Horses began again to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid :
Where-

Whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant Eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be, that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the Shape and Form of a Satyr or a wild Man, who did cross over the Island, of a wonderful great and strange Make, who was as big and broad as any Giant; for he was almost four-square: His Face was three Foot in length, and had but one Eye, and that was in his Forehead, which glittered like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet, his Body was covered all over with long and shagged Hair, and in his Breast there was as though it had been Glass, out of which there seemed a great and shining Light to proceed.

This Monster directed his Way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by Reason of the stragling and great Noise that the Horses made, he cast his Head aside, and espied the three Knights travelling in Company of the Lady: Upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing Eye, but with a Devilish Fury he ran towards them, and instead of a Club, he bare in his Hand a great and knotty Maple-tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayed at the Sight of this deformed Creature, but against his Coming, they cheared up their Horses, and pricked their Sides with their

Spurs, giving a great Shout, as in Sign of Encouragement, and withal drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the Fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light Leaps cleared themselves from his violent Blows, so that his Club fell down to the Ground with a terrible Fall, as though with the Violence it would have overthrown a Castle.

With that, the Knights presently alighted from their Horses, thinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more Courage to assail the Satyr. Many were the Blows on both Sides, and dangerous the Encounter, without Sign of Victory inclining to either Party.

But St. George's Sons so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the Prowess of their Father in Mind, that they made very deep Wounds in the Monster's Flesh, and such terrible Gashes in his Body, that the green Grass was covered with his black Blood, and the Ground besmeared and strewed with his mangled Flesh.

When the devilish Monster felt himself wounded, and saw how his Blood stood upon the Earth like congealed Gore, he fled from them more swift than a Whirlwind, or like an Arrow forced from a Musket, and
ran

ran in great Haste to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which closed up the Entry, which was done with so great Lightness, that the Knights had no Time to strike him; but after a while wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden Thing, they assailed by Strength to remove the Stone, and clear the Mouth of the Cave, which they did not without great Difficulty.

Yet for all that, they could not find which Way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lions fraught with Anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock, to see if they could espy any Entry, and at last they found a great Cliff on the one Side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, espied the Monster lying upon the Floor, licking of his bleeding Wounds with his purple Tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said,
• O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the
• Highways! O thou infernal Devil and
• Enemy unto the World: Thou that art
• the Devourer of human Flesh, and Drinker
• of Man's Blood, think not that this thy
• strong and fast closing up of thyself in
• this Rock of Stone shall avail thee, or
• that thy devilish Body shall escape un-
• slaughtered out of our Hands: No, no,

‘ our bloody Weapons shall be sheathed in
 ‘ thy detested Bowels, and rive thy damned
 ‘ Heart asunder ;’ and therewithal they
 thrust their Weapons through the Cliff of
 the Rock, and pierced his Throat in such
 Sort, that the Monster presently died, which
 being done, they returned in Triumph like
 Conquerors to *Rosana*, where they found
 her half dead lying upon her Palfrey.

The next Morning, by break of Day, they
 approached the Sight of the Black-castle,
 before whose Walls they found seven portly
 Steeds, feeding within a green Pasture, and
 by them an antient Man, bearing in his
 Face the true Picture of Sorrow, and carving
 in the Barks of Trees the true Subject of all
 his passed Grief : This Man was the old
 Shepherd which the Seven Champions of
Christendom (before their enchanted Sleeps in
 the Castle) left without the Gates to look
 after their Horses, as you heard before in
 the last Chapter.

But *St. George’s* Sons (after they had a
 while beheld the Manner of the Shepherd’s
 silent Lamentations) demanded the Cause
 of his Grief, and wherefore he remained so
 near the Danger of the Castle ? To whose
 Demands the courteous old Man answer’d
 in this Manner.

‘ Brave Knights, (said he) for you seem
 ‘ to be no less by your princely Demeanors,
 ‘ within

‘ within this Castle remaineth a bloody
‘ Tyrant, and a wicked Homicide called
‘ *Leoger*, whose Tyranny and Lust hath
‘ not only ravished, but murdered two of
‘ my Daughters, with whom I was honour-
‘ ed in my young Years, in whose Revenge
‘ there came with me Seven *Christian* Knights
‘ of seven several Countries, that entered
‘ his accursed Castle about seven Days since,
‘ appointing me to stay without the Gates,
‘ and to have a vigilant Care of their Horses
‘ till I heard either News of the Tyrant’s
‘ Confusion, or their Overthrows: But
‘ never since by any Means could I learn
‘ whether good or bad were befallen them.’

These Words struck such a Terror to their Hearts, that for a Time they stood speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, in whose Pursuits they had travelled so many Countries. But at last, when *St. George’s* Sons had recovered their Speech, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the old Shepherd:

‘ That likewise they came to be revenged
‘ upon that accursed Knight, for the Spoil
‘ of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queen,
‘ done by the same Lust-inflamed Tyrant.’

Then

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Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses, and likewise committed them to the Keeping of the old Shepherd ; who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous Proceedings.

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